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THE LIVES, HEROIC DEEDS & SAYINGS OF GARGANTUA & HIS SON PANTAGRUEL

VOLUME III: BOOKS IV & V

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The Lives, Heroic Deeds & Sayings of
GARGANTUA & his Son
PANTAGRUEL by

DR. FRANCIS RABELAIS

Translated from the French into English
by Sir THOMAS URQUHART &
PETER LE MOTTEUX

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BOOKS IV & V

ΕΥΝΟΕΙ ΕΥΛΟΓΕ ΚΑΙ ΕΥ ΠΡΑΤΤΕ
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THE FOURTH BOOK

THE AUTHOR'S EPISTLE DEDICATORY TO THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE AND MOST REVEREND ODET, CARDINAL DE CHASTILLON

You know, Most Illustrious Prince, how often I have been and am daily prest by great Numbers of eminent Persons to proceed in the Pantagruelian Fables; they tell me that many languishing, sick, and disconsolate Persons perusing them, have deceiv'd their Grief, pass'd their Time merrily, and been inspir'd with new Joy and Comfort. I commonly answer, That I aim'd not at Glory and Applause, when I diverted my self with writing; but only design'd to give by my Pen, to the absent who labour under Affliction, that little Help which at all times I willingly strive to give to the Present that stand in need of my Art and Service. Sometimes I at large relate to them, how Hippocrates in several places, and particularly in Lib. 6. *Epidem.* describing the Institution of the Physician his Disciple, and also Soranus of Ephesus, Orbasius, Galen, Hali, Abbas, and other Authors, have descended to Particulars in the Prescription of his Motions, Deportment, Looks, Countenance, Gracefulness, Civility, Cleanliness of Face, Cloaths, Beard, Hair, Hands, Mouth, even his very Nails; as if he were to play the Part of a

Lover, in some Comedy, or enter the Lists to fight some Enemy. And indeed the Practice of Physic is properly enough compar'd by Hippocrates to a Fight, and also to a Farce acted between three Persons, the Patient, the Physician, and the Disease. Which Passage has sometimes put me in mind of Julia's saying to Augustus her Father. One Day she came before him in a very gorgeous loose lascivious Dress; which very much displeas'd him, though he did not much discover his Discontent. The next Day, she put on another, and in a modest Garb, such as the chast Roman Ladies wore, came into his presence. The kind Father could not then forbear expressing the Pleasure which he took to see her, so much alter'd, and said to her, Oh! how much more this Garb becomes, and is commendable in the Daughter of Augustus! But she, having her Excuse ready, answered, This day, Sir, I drest my self to please my Father's Eye; yesterday to gratifie that of my Husband. Thus, disguis'd in Looks and Garb, nay even, as formerly was the Fashion, with a rich and pleasant Gown with four Sleeves, which was called Philonium, according to Petrus Alexandrinus in 6. *Epidem.* a Physician might answer to such as might find the Metamorphosis indecent: Thus have I accoutred my self, not that I am proud of appearing in such a Dress; but for the sake of my Patient, whom alone I wholly design to please, and no ways offend or dissatisfie. There is also a Passage in our Father Hippocrates, in the Book I have nam'd, which causes some to sweat, dispute, and labour; not indeed to know whether the Physician's frowning, discontented, and morose Look render the Patient sad, and his joyful, serene, and pleasing Countenance rejoyce him, for Experience teaches us that this is most certain; but whether such Sensations of Grief, or Pleasure, are produc'd by the Apprehension of

the Patient observing his Motions and Qualities in his Physician, and drawing from thence conjectures of the end, and catastrophe of his Disease, as by his pleasing Look, joyful and desirable Events, and by his sorrowful and unpleasing Air, sad and dismal Consequences; or whether those Sensations be produced by a transfusion of the serene or gloomy, aerial or terrestrial, joyful or melancholic Spirits of the Physician, into the Person of the Patient, as it is the Opinion of Plato, Averroes and others.

Above all things the best Authors have given particular Directions to Physicians about the Words, Discourse, and Converse, which they ought to have with their Patients, every one aiming at one Point, that is, to rejoyce them without offending God, and in no ways whatsoever to vex or displease him. Which causes Herophilus much to blame that Physician, who being ask'd by a Patient of his, Shall I die? impudently made him this Answer:

Patroclus dy'd, whom all allow,
By much, a better Man than you.

Another who had a mind to know the state of his Distemper, asking him after our merry Patelin's way: Well, Doctor, do's not my Water tell you I shall die? He foolishly answered, No; if Latona the Mother of those lovely Twins, Phœbus and Diana, begot thee. Galen, lib. 4. *Comment.* 6. *Epidem.* blames much also Quintus his Tutor, who, a certain noble Man of Rome, his Patient, saying to him, You have been at breakfast, my Master, your Breath smells of Wine; answered arrogantly, Yours smells of Fever, which is the better smell of the two? Wine or a putrid Fever? But the Calumny of certain Cannibals, Misanthropes, perpetual Eaves-droppers, has been so foul and excessive, that it had conquered my

Patience; and I had resolv'd not to write one jot more. For the least of their Detractions were, that my Books are all stuffed with various Heresies, of which nevertheless they could not show one single Instance; much indeed of Comical and facetious fooleries, neither offending God nor the King: (And truly I own they are the Subject, and only Theme of these Books.) But of Heresie not a Word, unless they interpreted wrong and against all use of Reason, and common Language, what, I had rather suffer a thousand Deaths, if it were possible, than have thought; as who should make Bread to be Stone, a Fish to be a Serpent, and an Egg to be a Scorpion. This, my Lord, emboldned me once to tell you, as I was complaining of it in your Presence, that if I did not esteem my self a better Christian, than they show themselves towards me, and if my Life, Writings, Words, nay Thoughts betray'd to me one single spark of Heresie, or I should in a detestable manner fall into the Snares of the Spirit of Detraction, Διάβολος, that by their means raises such Crimes against me; I would then like the Phœnix gather dry Wood, kindle a Fire, and burn my self in the midst of it. You were then pleas'd to say to me, That King Francis of Eternal Memory, had been made sensible of those false Accusations: And that having caused my Books, (mine, I say, because several false, and infamous have been wickedly laid to me,) to be carefully and distinctly read to him by the most learned and faithful Anagnost in this Kingdom, he had not found any Passage suspitious; and that he abhorr'd a certain envious, ignorant, hypocritical Informer, who grounded a mortal Heresie on an N put instead of an M by the carelessness of the Printers.

As much was done by his Son, our most gracious, virtuous and blessed Sovereign, Henry, whom Heaven

long preserve; so that he granted you his Royal Privilege, and particular Protection, for me against my slandering Adversaries.

You kindly condescended since, to confirm me these happy News at Paris, and also lately when you visited my Lord Cardinal du Bellay, who for the benefit of his Health, after a lingring Distemper, was retired to St. Maur, that Place (or rather Paradise) of Salubrity, Serenity, Conveniency, and all desirable Country-Pleasures.

Thus, my Lord, under so glorious a Patronage, I am emboldened once more to draw my Pen, undaunted now and secure; with hopes that you will still prove to me against the Power of Detraction, a second Gallic Hercules in Learning, Prudence and Eloquence, and Alexicacos in Virtue, Power and Authority; you, of whom I may truly say what the wise Monarch Solomon saith of Moses that great Prophet, and Captain of Israel, *Ecclesiast.* 45. A Man fearing and loving God, who found favour in the sight of all flesh, whose Memorial is blessed. God made him like to the glorious Saints, and magnified him so, that his Enemies stood in fear of him; and for him made Wonders: made him glorious in the sight of Kings, gave him a Commandment for his People, and by him shew'd his light; he sanctified him in his faithfulness, and meekness, and chose him out of all Men. By him he made us to hear his Voice, and caused by him the Law of Life and Knowledge to be given.

Accordingly, if I shall be so happy as to hear any one commend those merry Composures, they shall be adjur'd by me to be oblig'd, and pay their Thanks to you alone, as also to offer their Prayers to Heaven for the continuance and encrease of your Greatness; and to attribute no more to me, than my humble and ready Obedience to

your Commands: For by your most honourable Incouragement, you at once have inspir'd me with Spirit, and with Invention; and without you my Heart had fail'd me, and the Fountain-head of my Animal Spirits had been dry. May the Lord keep you in his blessed Mercy.

My Lord, Your most humble and most devoted Servant,

FRANCIS RABELAIS,
Physician.

Paris this 28th of
January, MDLII.

THE AUTHOR'S PROLOGUE TO THE FOURTH BOOK

Good People, God save and keep you: Where are you? I can't see you; stay—I'll saddle my Nose with Spectacles—Oh, Oh! 'twill be fair anon, I see you. Well, you have had a good Vintage, they say; this is no bad News to Frank you may swear; you have got an infallible Cure against Thirst, rarely perform'd of you, my Friends! You, your Wives, Children, Friends, and Families are in as good Case as Heart can wish; 'tis well, 'tis as I'd have it: God be praised for it, and if such be his Will, may you long be so. For my part I am thereabouts, thanks to his blessed Goodness; and by the means of a little Pantagruelism, (which you know is a certain Jollity of Mind pickled in the scorn of Fortune) you see me now Hale, and Cheery, as sound as a Bell, and ready to drink, if you will. Would you know why I'm thus, Good People? I'll e'en give you a positive answer—such is the Lord's Will, which I obey and revere; it being said in his Word, in great Derision to the Physician, neglectful of his own Health, Physician, heal thy self.

Galen had some knowledge of the Bible, and had convers'd with the Christians of his time, as appears Lib. 11. *de Usu Partium*; Lib. 2. *de differentiis Pulsuum*, cap. 3. and *ibid.* Lib. 3. cap. 2. and Lib. *de rerum affectibus* (if it be Galen's) yet 'twas not for any such Veneration of Holy Writ that he took Care of his own Health. No, 'twas

for fear of being twitted with the Saying so well known among Physicians.

Ἰατρὸς ἄλλων, αὐτὸς βρύων.
He boasts of healing Poor and Rich,
Yet is himself all over Itch.

This made him boldly say, that he did not desire to be esteem'd a Physician, if from his twenty eighth Year to his old Age he had not liv'd in perfect Health, except some ephemerous Fevers, of which he soon rid himself; yet he was not naturally of the soundest Temper, his Stomach being evidently bad. Indeed, as he saith, Lib. 5. *de Sanitate tuenda*, that Physician will hardly be thought very careful of the Health of others, who neglects his own. Asclepiades boasted yet more than this; for he said that he had articled with Fortune not to be reputed a Physician, if he could be said to have been sick, since he began to practise Physic, to his latter Age, which he reach'd, lusty in all his Members and victorious over Fortune, till at last the old Gentleman unluckily tumbled down from the Top of a certain ill-propp'd and rotten Stair-Case; and so there was an end of him.

If by some Disaster Health is fled from your Worships to the right or to the left, above or below, before or behind, within or without, far or near, on this side or t'other side, wheresoever it be, may you presently, with the help of the Lord meet with it; having found it, may you immediately claim it, seize it and secure it. The Law allows it; the King would have it so: nay, you have my Advice for't; neither more nor less than the Law-Makers of Old did fully impower a Master to claim and seize his run-away Servant where-ever he might be found. Ods-bodikins, is it not written and warranted by the Ancient Customs of this so noble, so rich, so flourishing Realm of France, That the Dead seizes the

Quick ? See what has been declar'd very lately in that Point by that Learned, Wise, Courteous, and Just Civilian Andre Tiraquell, one of the Judges in the most Honourable Court of Parliament at Paris. Health is our Life, as Antiphron the Sicyonian wisely has it, without Health Life is no Life, 'tis not living Life. Ἀβίος βίος, βίος ἀβίοτος. Without Health Life is only a Languishment and an Image of Death. Therefore, you that want your Health, that is to say, that are Dead, seize the Quick ; secure Life to your selves, that is to say, Health.

I have this hope in the Lord, that he will hear our Supplications, considering with what Faith and Zeal we Pray, and that he will grant this our Wish, because 'tis moderate and mean. Mediocrity was held by the ancient Sages to be Golden, that is to say, precious, prais'd by all Men, and pleasing in all Places. Read the Sacred Bible, you'll find, the Prayers of those who ask'd moderately were never unanswer'd. For Example, little dapper Zacheus, whose Body and Reliques the Monks of St. Garlick, near Orleans, boast of having, and nickname him St. Sylvanus : he only wished to see our Blessed Saviour near Jerusalem. 'Twas but a small Request, and no more than any Body then might pretend to. But alas ! he was but low built, and one of so diminutive a Size among the Croud couldn't so much as get a Glimpse of him : well then he struts, stands on Tip-Toes, bustles and bestirring his stumps, shoves and makes way, and with much ado clambers up a Sycamore. Upon this, the Lord who knew his sincere Affection, presented himself to his sight, and was not only seen by him, but heard also : Nay, what's more, he came to his House, and blest his Family.

One of the Sons of the Prophets in Israel, felling Wood

near the River Jordan, his Hatchet forsook the Helve and fell to the Bottom of the River; so he pray'd to have it again ('twas but a small Request, mark ye me,) and having a strong Faith, he did not throw the Hatchet after the Helve, as some Spirits of Contradiction say by way of scandalous Blunder, but the Helve after the Hatchet, as you all properly have it. Presently two great Miracles were seen, up springs the Hatchet from the Bottom of the Water, and fixes it self to its old Acquaintance the Helve. Now had he wish'd to coach it to Heaven in a Fiery Chariot like Elias, to multiply in Seed like Abraham, be as rich as Job, strong as Sampson, and beautiful as Absalom, would he have obtain'd it, d'ye think? I' troth, my Friends, I question it very much.

Now I talk of moderate Wishes in point of Hatchet (But hark 'e me, be sure you don't forget when we ought to drink) I'll tell you what's written among the Apologues of wise Æsop the Frenchman, I mean the Phrygian and Trojan, as Max. Planudes makes him; from which People, according to the most faithful Chroniclers, the noble French are descended: Ælian writes that he was of Thrace, and Agathias after Herodotus, that he was of Samos; 'tis all one to Frank.

In his time liv'd a poor honest Country Fellow of Gravot, Tom Wellhung by Name, a Wood-cleaver by Trade, who in that low Drudgery made shift so, to pick up a sorry Lively-hood. It happen'd that he lost his Hatchet. Now tell me who had ever more Cause to be vex'd than poor Tom? Alas, his whole Estate and Life depended on his Hatchet; by his Hatchet he earn'd many a fair Penny of the best Wood-mongers or Log-merchants, among whom he went a Jobbing; for want of his Hatchet he was like to starve, and had Death but met him six Days after without a Hatchet, the grim

Fiend would have mow'd him down in the Twinkling of a Bedstaff. In this sad Case he began to be in a heavy Taking, and call'd upon Jupiter with most eloquent Prayers (for you know, Necessity was the Mother of Eloquence) with the Whites of his Eyes turn'd up towards Heaven, down on his Marrowbones, his Arms rear'd high, his Fingers stretched wide, and his Head bare, the poor Wretch without ceasing was roaring out by way of Litany at every Repetition of his Supplications, my Hatchet, Lord Jupiter, my Hatchet, my Hatchet; only my Hatchet, O Jupiter, or Money to buy another, and nothing else; Alas, my poor Hatchet!

Jupiter happen'd then to be holding a grand Council about certain urgent Affairs, and old Gammer Cybele was just giving her Opinion, or if you had rather have it so, it was Young Phœbus the Beau: but in short, Tom's Out-cry and Lamentations were so loud that they were heard with no small Amazement at the Council Board, by the whole Consistory of the Gods. What a Devil have we below, quoth Jupiter, that howls so horridly? By the Mud of Styx, haven't we had all along, and haven't we here still enough to do to set to rights a World of damn'd puzzling Businesses of Consequence? We made an end of the Fray between Presthan King of Persia, and Soliman the Turkish Emperor; we have stopp'd up the Passages between the Tartars and the Muscovites; answer'd the Xeriff's Petition, done the same to that of Golgots Rays; the State of Parma's dispatch'd, so is that of Maydemburg, that of Mirandola, and that of Africa, that Town on the Mediterranean which we call Aphrodisium; Tripoli by carelesness has got a new Master, her hour was come.

Here are the Gascons cursing and damning, demanding the Restitution of their Bells.

In yonder Corner are the Saxons, Easterlings, Ostrogoths, and Germans, Nations formerly invincible, but now Aberkeids, Bridled, Curb'd and brought under by a Paultry Diminutive crippled Fellow: they ask us Revenge, Relief, Restitution of their former good Sense and Ancient Liberty.

But what shall we do with this same Ramus and this Galland with a Pox to 'em, who surrounded with a swarm of their Scullions, Blackguard Ragamuffins, Sizers, Vouchers and Stipulators, set together by the Ears, the whole University of Paris? I am in a sad quandary about it, and for the Heart's Blood of me can't tell yet with whom of the two to side.

Both seem to me notable Fellows, and as true Cods as ever piss'd; the one has Rose-Nobles, I say fine and weighty ones; the other would gladly have some too. The one knows something: the other's no Dunce. The one loves the better sort of men, the other's belov'd by 'em. The one is an old cunning Fox, the other with Tongue and Pen, Tooth and Nail, falls foul on the ancient Orators and Philosophers, and barks at them like a Cur.

What think'st thou of it, say, thou bawdy Priapus? I have found thy Council just before now, *Et habet tua mentula mentem.*

King Jupiter, answer'd Priapus, standing up and taking off his Cowle, his Snout uncas'd and rear'd up, fiery and stifly propt, Since you compare the one to a yelping snarling Cur, and the other to a sly Reynard the Fox, my Advice is with submission, that without fretting or puzling your Brains any further about 'em, without any more ado you e'en serve 'em both as in the Days of Yore you did the Dog and the Fox. How! ask'd Jupiter, when? who were they? where was it? You have a rare

Memory for ought I see, return'd Priapus! This right Worshipful Father Bacchus, whom we have here Nodding with his Crimson Phyz, to be reveng'd on the Thebans, had got a Fairy Fox, who whatever Mischief he did, was never to be caught or wrong'd by any Beast that wore a Head.

The Noble Vulcan here present had fram'd a Dog of Monesian Brass, and with long Puffing and Blowing put the Spirit of Life into him: he gave it you, you gave it your Miss Europa, Miss Europa gave it Minos, Minos gave it Procris, Procris gave it Cephalus. He was also of the Fairy Kind, so that like the Lawyers of our Age, he was too hard for all other sorts of Creatures, nothing could escape the Dog: Now who should happen to meet but these two? What do you think they did? Dog by his Destiny was to take Fox, and Fox by his Fate was not to be taken.

The Case was brought before your Council; you protested that you would not act against the Fates; and the Fates were contradictory. In short, the End and Result of the Matter was, that to reconcile two Contradictions was an impossibility in Nature. The very Pan put you into a sweat, some Drops of which happ'ning to light on the Earth, produced what the Mortals call Collyflowers. All our Noble Consistory for want of a Categorical Solution were seiz'd with such a horrid Thirst, that above seventy eight Hogsheads of Nectar were swill'd down at that sitting. At last you took my Advice, and transmogriphy'd 'em into Stones, and immediately got rid of your Perplexity, and a Truse with Thirst was proclaim'd thro' this vast Olympus. This was the Year of flabby Cods near Teumessus between Thebes and Chalcis.

After this manner, 'tis my Opinion that you should petrifie this Dog and this Fox. The Metamorphosis

will not be incongruous; for they both bear the Name of Peter. And because, according to the Lymosin Proverb, To make an Oven's Mouth there must be three Stones, you may associate them with Master Peter du Coignet, whom you formerly petrified for the same Cause. Then those three dead Pieces shall be put in an equilateral Trigone, somewhere in the great Temple at Paris, in the middle of the Porch, if you will, there to perform the Office of Extinguishers, and with their Noses put out the lighted Candles, Torches, Tapers and Flambeaux; since, while they liv'd, they still lighted ballock-like the Fire of Faction, Division, Ballock Sects, and wrangling among those idle bearded Boys, the Students. And this will be an everlasting Monument to show that those puny self-conceited Pedants, Ballock-framers, were rather contemn'd than condemn'd by you. Dixi, I have said my Say.

You deal too kindly by them, said Jupiter, for ought I see, Monsieur Priapus. You don't use to be so kind to every Body, let me tell you: For as they seek to eternize their Names, it would be much better for them to be thus chang'd into hard Stones, than to return to Earth and Putrefaction. But now to other Matters: Yonder behind us towards the Tuscan Sea, and the Neighbourhood of Mount Appennin, do you see what Tragedies are stirr'd up by certain topping Ecclesiastical Bullies? This hot Fit will last its time, like the Limosins Ovens, and then will be cool'd, but not so fast.

We shall have Sport enough with it, but I foresee one Inconveniency; for methinks we have but little store of Thunder-Ammunition, since the time that you, my Fellow Gods, for your Pastime, lavish'd them away to bombard New Antioch, by my particular permission; as since, after your Example, the stout Champions, who

had undertaken to hold the Fortress of Dindenarois against all Comers, fairly wasted their Powder with shooting at Sparrows; and then, not having wherewith to defend themselves in time of Need, valiantly surrendred to the Enemy, who were already packing up their Awls, full of Madness and Despair, and thought on nothing but a shameful Retreat. Take care this be remedied, Son Vulcan; Rouse up your drowsie Cyclopes, Asteropes, Brontes, Arges, Polyphemus, Steropes, Pyracmon, and so forth; set them at work, and make them drink as they ought.

Never spare Liquor to such as are at hot work. Now let us dispatch this bawling Fellow below; you Mercury, go see who it is? and know what he wants. Mercury look'd out at Heaven's Trap-door, through which, as I am told, they hear what's said here below; by the way, one might well enough mistake it for the Scuttle of a Ship; tho' Icaromenippus said it was like the Mouth of a Well: The light-heel'd Deity saw that it was honest Tom, who ask'd for his lost Hatchet; and accordingly he made his report to the Synod. By Jove, said Jupiter, we are finely hop'd up, as if we had now nothing else to do here but to restore lost Hatchets. Well, he must then have it for all this, for so 'tis written in the Book of Fate, (Do you hear?) as well as if it was worth the whole Dutchy of Milan. The truth is, the Fellow's Hatchet is as much to him as a Kingdom to a King. Come, come, let no more words be scattered about it, let him have his Hatchet again.

Now, let us make an end of the difference betwixt the Levites and Mole catcher of Landerousse. Whereabouts were we? Priapus was standing in the Chimney-corner, and having heard what Mercury had reported, said in a most courteous and jovial manner, King Jupiter, while by your Order and particular Favour, I was Garden-

keeper general on Earth; I observed that this word Hatchet is equivocal to many things: for it signifies a certain instrument, by the means of which Men fell and cleave Timber. It also signifies (at least I am sure it did formerly) a Female soundly and frequently Thumpthumpriggletickletwiddletoby'd: thus I perceiv'd that every Cock of the Game us'd to call his Doxie his Hatchet, for with that same Tool (this he said lugging out and exhibiting his nine Inch Knocker) they so strongly and resolutely shove and drive in their Helves, that the Females remain free from a fear Epidemical amongst their Sex, viz. that from the bottom of the Male's Belly the said Instrument should dangle at his Heel for want of such Feminine props. And I remember, (for I have a Member, and a Memory too, ay, and a fine Memory, large enough to fill a Butter Firkin): I remember, I say, that one Day of Tubilustre (Horn Fair) at the Festivals of Goodman Vulcan in May, I heard Josquin Des prez, Olkegan, Hobreths, Agricola, Brumel, Camelin, Vigoris, de la Fage, Bruyer, Prioris, Seguin, de la Rue, Midy, Moulu, Mouton, Gascoigne, Loiset, Compere, Penet, Fevin, Roufee, Richard Fort, Rousseau, Consilion, Constantio Festi, Jacquet, and Bercan melodiously singing the following Catch on a pleasant Green.

Long John to bed went to his Bride,
And laid a Mallet by his side:
What means this Mallet, John, saith she?
Why! 'tis to wedge thee home, quoth he.
Alas! cried she, the Man's a Fool:
What need you use a wooden Tool?
When lusty John do's to me come,
He never shoves but with his Bum.

Nine Olympiads and an Intercalary Year after (I have a rare Member, I would say Memory, but I often make Blunders in the symbolisation and colligance of those

two Words) I heard Adrian Viellard, Gombert, Janequin, Arcader, Claudin, Certon, Machicourt, Auxerre, Villiers, Sandrin, Sohier, Hesdin, Morales, Passereau, Maille, Maillart, Jacotin, Hurteur, Verdelot, Carpentras, l'Herinner, Cadeac, Doublet, Vermunt, Bouteiller, Lupi, Pagnier, Millet, Du Mollin, Alaire, Maraut, Morpin, Gendre, and other merry lovers of Musick, in a private Garden, under some fine shady Trees round about a Bulwark of Flaggons, Gammons, Pasty's, with several coated Quails, and lac'd Mutton, waggishly singing.

Since Tools without their Hafts are useless Lumber,
And Hatchets without Helves are of that Number;
That one may go in t' other, and may match it,
I'll be the Helve, and thou shalt be the Hatchet.

Now would I know what kind of Hatchet this Bawling Tom wants? This threw all the venerable Gods and Goddesses into a fit of Laughter like any Microcosm of Flyes; and even set limping Vulcan a hopping and jumping smoothly three or four times for the sake of his Dear. Come, come, said Jupiter to Mercury, run down immediately, and cast at the poor fellow's Feet three Hatchets; his own, another of Gold, and a third of Massie Silver, all of one size: then having left it to his Will to take his choice, if he take his own, and be satisfied with it, give him t' other two. If he take another, chop his Head off with his own; and henceforth serve me all those Losers of Hatchets after that manner. Having said this, Jupiter, with an awkward turn of his Head, like a Jackanapes swallowing of Pills, made so dreadful a Phyz, that all the vast Olympus quak'd again. Heaven's Foot-Messenger, thanks to his low crown'd narrow-brim'd Hat, and plume of Feathers, Heel pieces, and running Stick with Pigeon Wings, flings himself out at Heaven's Wicket thro' the idle Desarts of the Air,

and in a trice nimbly alights upon the Earth, and throws at Friend Tom's Feet the three Hatchets; saying to him, Thou hast bawl'd long enough to be a dry, thy Prayers and Request are granted by Jupiter; see which of these three is thy Hatchet, and take it away with thee. Wellhung lifts up the Golden Hatchet, peeps upon it, and finds it very heavy; then staring on Mercury, cries Codszouks this is none of mine; I won't ha 't. The same he did with the Silver one, and said, 'Tis not this neither, you may e'en take them again. At last, he takes up his own Hatchet, examines the end of the Helve, and finds his Mark there; then ravish'd with Joy, like a Fox that meets some straggling Poultry, and sneering from the tip of the Nose, he cried By the Mass, this is my Hatchet, Master God; if you will leave it me, I will sacrifice to you a very good and huge Pot of Milk, brim full, cover'd with fine Strawberries next Ides of May.

Honest Fellow, said Mercury, I leave it thee, take it, and because thou hast wish'd and chosen moderately, in point of Hatchet, by Jupiter's command, I give thee these two others; thou hast now wherewith to make thy self rich: be honest. Honest Tom gave Mercury a whole Cart-load of Thanks, and rever'd the most great Jupiter. His old Hatchet he fastens close to his Leathern Girdle; and girds it above his Breech like Martin of Cambray: The two others, being more heavy, he lays on his Shoulder. Thus he plods on trudging over the Fields, keeping a good Countenance amongst his Neighbours and Fellow-Parishioners, with one merry Saying or other after Patelin's way. The next Day having put on a clean white Jacket, he takes on his Back the two precious Hatchets, and comes to Chinon, the famous City, noble City, ancient City, yea the first City in the World, according to the Judgment and Assertion of the

most learned Massoreths. At Chinon he turned his Silver Hatchet into fine Testons, Crown-pieces and other white Cash; his golden Hatchet into fine Angels, curious Ducats, substantial Ridders, Spankers, and Rose Nobles. Then with them purchases a good Number of Farms, Barns, Houses, Out-Houses, Thatch-Houses, Stables, Meadows, Orchards, Fields, Vineyards, Woods, arable Lands, Pastures, Ponds, Mills, Gardens, Nurseries, Oxen, Cows, Sheep, Goats, Swine, Hogs, Asses, Horses, Hens, Cocks, Capons, Chickens, Geese, Ganders, Ducks, Drakes, and a World of all other Necessaries, and in a short time became the richest Man in the Country, nay, even richer than that limping Scrapegood Maulevrier. His Brother Bumpkins and the Yeomen, and other Country-Puts thereabouts, perceiving his good Fortune were not a little amaz'd, insomuch, that their former Pity of poor Tom was soon chang'd into an Envy of his so great and unexpected Rise; and as they could not for their Souls devise how this came about, they made it their business to pry up and down, and lay their Heads together, to enquire, seek and inform themselves by what Means, in what Place, on what Day, what Hour, how, why and wherefore he had come by this great Treasure.

At last, hearing it was by Losing his Hatchet, Ha, ha! said they, was there no more to do, but to lose a Hatchet, to make us rich? Mum for that; 'tis as easie as pissing a Bed, and will cost but little; Are then at this time the Revolutions of the Heavens, the Constellations of the Firmament, and Aspects of the Planets such, that whosoever shall lose a Hatchet, shall immediately grow rich? Ha, ha, ha, by Jove, you shall e'en be lost, an't please you, my dear Hatchet. With this they all fairly lost their Hatchets out of hand. The Devil of one that

had a Hatchet left; he was not his Mother's Son, that did not lose his Hatchet. No more was Wood fell'd or cleav'd in that Country thro' want of Hatchets. Nay, the Æsopian Apologue even saith, that certain pretty Country Gents, of the lower Class, who had sold Wellhung their little Mill and little Field, to have wherewithal to make a Figure at the next Muster, having been told that this Treasure was come to him by that only means, sold the only Badge of their Gentility, their Swords, to purchase Hatchets to go lose them, as the silly Clodpates did, in hopes to gain store of Chink by that Loss.

You would have truly sworn they had been a parcel of your petty spiritual Usurers, Rome-bound, selling their All, and borrowing of others to buy store of Mandates a Pennyworth of a new made Pope.

Now they cry'd out and bray'd, and pray'd, and bawl'd, and lamented, and invok'd Jupiter; my Hatchet! my Hatchet! Jupiter, my Hatchet! On this side, my Hatchet, on that side, my Hatchet, ho, ho, ho, ho, Jupiter, my Hatchet. The Air round about rung again with the Cries and Howlings of these rascally Losers of Hatchets.

Mercury was nimble in bringing them Hatchets; to each offering that which he had lost, another of Gold, and a third of Silver.

Every He still was for that of Gold, giving Thanks in abundance to the great Giver Jupiter; but in the very nick of time, that they bow'd and stoop'd to take it from the Ground, whip, in a trice, Mercury lopp'd off their Heads, as Jupiter had commanded; and of Heads, thus cut off, the Number was just equal to that of the lost Hatchets.

You see how it is now; you see how it goes with those who in the simplicity of their Hearts wish and

desire with Moderation. Make warning by this, all you greedy, fresh-water Shirks, who scorn to wish for any thing under Ten Thousand Pounds: and do not for the future run on impudently, as I have sometimes heard you wishing, Would to God, I had now one hundred seventy eight Millions of Gold; Oh! how I should tickle it off! The Dewse on you, what more might a King, an Emperor, or a Pope wish for? For that reason, indeed, you see that after you have made such hopeful Wishes, all the good that comes to you of it, is the itch or the Scab, and not a Cross in your Breeches to scare the Devil that tempts you to make these Wishes; no more than those two Mumpers, Wishers after the Custom of Paris; one of whom only wish'd to have in good old Gold as much as hath been spent, bought and sold in Paris since it's first Foundations were laid to this Hour; all of it valued at the Price, Sale and Rate of the dearest Year in all that space of Time. Do you think the Fellow was bashful? Had he eaten sowre Plums unpeil'd? Were his Teeth on edge, I pray you? The other wish'd Our Lady's Church brim full of Steel Needles, from the Floor to the top of the Roof, and to have as many Ducats as might be cram'd into as many Bags as might be sow'd with each and every one of those Needles, till they were all either broke at the Point or Eye. This is to wish with a Vengeance! What think you of it? What did they get by 't, in your Opinion? Why, at Night both my Gentlemen had kyb'd Heels, a Tetter in the Chin, a Church yard Cough in the Lungs, a Catarrh in the Throat, a swinging Bile at the Rump, and the Devil of one musty Crust of a brown George the poor Dogs had to scoure their Grinders with. Wish therefore for Mediocrity, and it shall be given unto you, and over and above yet; that is to say, provided you

bestir your selves manfully, and do your best in the mean time.

Ay, but say you, God might as soon have given me seventy eight thousand as the thirteenth part of one half; for he is Omnipotent, and a Million of Gold is no more to him than one Farthing. Oh, ho, pray tell me who taught you to talk at this rate of the Power and Predestination of God, poor silly People? Peace, Tush, St, St, St, fall down before his sacred Face, and own the Nothingness of your Nothing.

Upon this, O ye that labour under the Affliction of the Gout, I ground my Hopes, firmly believing, that if so it pleases the Divine Goodness, you shall obtain Health; since you wish and ask for nothing else, at least for the present. Well, stay yet a little longer, with half an Ounce of Patience.

The Genouese do not use, like you, to be satisfied with wishing Health alone, when after they have all the live-long Morning been in a brown study, talk'd, ponder'd, ruminated, and resolv'd in their Counting-Houses, of whom and how they may squeeze the Ready, and who by their Craft must be hook'd in, wheadled, bubbl'd, sharp'd, over-reach'd and chous'd, they go to the Exchange, and greet one another with a *sanita* and *guadagno*, *Messer*; Health and Gain to you, Sir. Health alone will not go down with the greedy Curmudgeons, they over and above must wish for Gain, with a Pox to 'em; ay, and for the fine Crowns, or *scudi di guadagno*; whence, Heaven be praised, it happens many a time, that the silly Wishers and Woulders are baulk'd and get neither. Now, my Lads, as you hope for good Health, cough once aloud with Lungs of Leather; Take me off three swinging Bumpers; Prick up your Ears; and you shall hear me tell Wonders of the noble and good Pantagruel.

THE FOURTH BOOK

CHAPTER I

HOW PANTAGRUEL WENT TO SEA, TO VISIT THE ORACLE OF BACBUC, ALIAS THE HOLY BOTTLE

In the Month of June, on Vesta's Holidays, the very numerical Day on which Brutus conquering Spain, taught its strutting Dons to truckle under him, and that niggardly Miser Crassus was routed and knock'd on the head by the Parthians, Pantagruel took his leave of the good Gargantua, his Royal Father. The old Gentleman, according to the laudable Custom of the Primitive Christians, devoutly pray'd for the happy Voyage of his Son and his whole Company, and then they took Shipping at the Port of Thalassa. Pantagruel had with him Panurge, Fryar Jhon des Entomeures, alias of the Funnels, Epistemon, Gymnast, Eusthenes, Rhizotome, Carpalin, *cum multis aliis*, his ancient Servants and Domestics. Also Xenomanes, the great Traveller, who had cross'd so many dangerous Roads, Dikes, Ponds, Seas, and so forth, and was come sometime before, having been sent for by Panurge.

For certain good Causes and Considerations him thereunto moving, he had left with Gargantua, and marked out in his great and universal hydrographical Chart, the Course which they were to steer to visit the Oracle of the

Holy Bottle, Bacbuc. The number of Ships was such as I described in the Third Book, convoy'd by a like number of Triremes, Men of War, Gallions and Felucca's well rigg'd, caulk'd, and stor'd with a good quantity of Pantagruelion.

All the Officers, Droggermen, Pilots, Captains, Mates, Boatswains, Midshipmen, Quartermasters, and Sailors, met in the *Thalamege*, Pantagruel's principal Flag-Ship, which had in her Stern a huge large Bottle, half Silver well polish'd, the other half Gold inamell'd with Carnation, whereby it was easy to guess that White and Red were the Colours of the noble Travellers, and that they went for the Word of the Bottle.

On the Stern of the Second was a Lantern like those of the Ancients, industriously made with Diaphanous Stone, implying that they were to pass by Lanternland. The Third Ship had for her Device a fine deep China Ewre. The Fourth a double-handed Jar, much like an ancient Urn. The Fifth a famous Kan made of Sperm of Emerald. The Sixth, a Monk's Mumping-Bottle made of the four Metals together. The Seventh an Ebony Funnel all imboss'd and wrought with Gold after the Tauchic manner. The Eighth, an Ivy Goblet very precious, inlaid with Gold. The Ninth a Cup of fine Obriz Gold. The Tenth, a Tumbler of aromatic Agaloch (you call it Lignum Aloes) edg'd with Cyprian Gold, after the Azemine make. The Eleventh, a Golden Vine-Tub of Mozaic Work. The Twelfth a Runlet of unpolish'd Gold, covered with a small Vine of large Indian Pearl of Topiarian Work. Insomuch that there was no Man, however in the Dumps, musty, sour-look'd, or melancholic he were, not even excepting that blubbering Whiner Heraclitus, had he been there, but seeing this noble Convoy of Ships and their Devices, must

have been seiz'd with present Gladness of Heart, and smiling at the Conceit, have said, that the Travellers were all honest Topers, true Pitcher-men; and have judged by a most sure Prognostication, that their Voyage both outward and homeward bound, would be performed in Mirth and perfect Health.

In the *Thalamege* where was the general Meeting, Pantagruel made a short but sweet Exhortation, wholly back'd with Authorities from Scripture upon Navigation; which being ended, with an audible Voice Prayers were said in the presence and hearing of all the Burghers of Thalassa, who had flock'd to the Mole to see them take Shipping. After the Prayers, was melodiously sung a Psalm of the Holy King David, which begins, When Israel went out of Ægypt; and that being ended, Tables were plac'd upon Deck, and a Feast speedily serv'd up. The Thalassians who had also born a Chorus in the Psalm, caus'd store of Belly timber to be brought out of their Houses. All drank to them, they drank to all; which was the cause that none of the whole Company gave up what they had eaten, nor were sea-sick with a Pain at the Head and Stomach, which Inconveniency they could not so easily have prevented by drinking, for some time before, Salt-Water, either alone or mixt with Wine, using Quinces, Citron-peel, Juice of Pomgranats, sourish Sweet-meats, fasting a long time, covering their Stomachs with Paper, or following such other idle Remedies as foolish Physicians prescribe to those that go to Sea.

Having often renewed their Tiplings, each Mother's Son retir'd on board his own Ship, and set Sail all so fast with a merry Gale at South-East, to which Point of the Compass the chief Pilot, James Brayer by name, had shap'd his Course, and fixt all things accordingly.

For seeing that the Oracle of the Holy Bottle lay near Catay in the upper India, his Advice, and that of Xenomanes also, was not to steer the Course which the Portuguese use, while sailing thro' the Torrid Zone, and Cape Bona Speranza at the South Point of Africk beyond the Equinoctial Line, and losing sight of the Northern Pole their Guide, they make a prodigious long Voyage; but rather to keep as near the Parallel of the said India as possible, and to tack to the westward of the said Pole, so that winding under the North, they might find themselves in the Latitude of the Port of Olone, without coming nearer it, for fear of being shut up in the frozen Sea; whereas following this Canonical Turn by the said Parallel, they must have that on the Right to the Eastward, which at their departure was on their Left.

This prov'd a much shorter Cut; for without Shipwreck, Danger, or loss of Men, with uninterrupted good Weather, except one day near the Island of the Macreons, they perform'd in less than four Months the Voyage of Upper India, which the Portuguese, with a thousand Inconveniences and innumerable Dangers, can hardly complete in three Years. And it is my Opinion, with Submission to better Judgments, that this Course was perhaps steer'd by those Indians who sail'd to Germany, and were honourably receiv'd by the King of the Swedes, while Quintus Metellus Celer was Proconsul of the Gauls, as Corn. Nepos, Pomponius Mela, and Pliny after them, tell us.

CHAPTER II

HOW PANTAGRUEL BOUGHT MANY RARITIES IN THE ISLAND OF MEDAMOTHY

THAT Day and the two following, they neither discovered Land nor any thing new; for they had formerly sailed that way; but on the fourth they made an Island call'd, Medamothy, of a fine and delightful Prospect, by reason of the vast number of Light-Houses and high Marble Towers in its Circuit, which is not less than that of Canada. Pantagruel enquiring who govern'd there, heard that it was King Philophanes, absent at that time upon account of the Marriage of his Brother Philotheamon with the Infanta of the Kingdom of Engys.

Hearing this, he went ashoar in the Harbour, and while every Ship's crew water'd, pass'd his time in viewing divers Animals, Fishes, Birds, and other exotic and foreign Merchandises which were along the Walks of the Mole, and in the Markets of the Port. For it was the third Day of the great and famous Fair of the place, to which the chief Merchants of Africa and Asia resorted. Out of these Fryar Jhon bought him two rare Pictures, in one of which, the Face of a Man that brings in an Appeal, was drawn to the Life, and in the other a Servant that wants a Master, with every needful particular Action, Countenance, Looks, Gate, Feature, and Deportment; being an Original, by Master Charles Charmois, principal Painter to King Megistus; and he paid for them in the Court fashion, with Congé and Grimace. Panurge bought a large Picture, copied and done from the Needle-work formerly wrought by

Philomela, shewing to her Sister Progne how her Brother-in-law Tereus had by force hansell'd her Copy-hold, and then cut out her Tongue, that she might not (as Women will) tell Tales. I vow and swear by the Handle of my Paper Lantern, that it was a gallant, a mirific, nay a most admirable Piece. Nor do you think, I pray you, that in it was the Picture of a Man playing the Beast with two Backs with a Female; this had been too silly and gross; no, no; 'twas another-guise thing, and much plainer. You may, if you please, see it at Theleme, on the left hand as you go into the high Gallery. Epistemon bought another wherein were painted to the Life, the Idea's of Plato, and the Atoms of Epicurus. Rhizotome purchased another, wherein Echo was drawn to the Life. Pantagruel caused to be bought by Gymnast, the Life and Deeds of Achilles in Seventy-eight Pieces of Tapestry four fathom long, and three fathom broad, all of Phrygian Silk imboss'd with Gold and Silver; the Work beginning at the Nuptials of Peleus and Thetis, continuing to the Birth of Achilles; his Youth describ'd by Statius Papinius; his warlike Atchievements celebrated by Homer; his Death and Exequies written by Ovid and Quintus Calaber; and ending at the appearance of his Ghost, and Polyxena's Sacrifice rehearsed by Euripides.

He also caus'd to be bought three fine young Unicorns; one of them a Male of a Chesnut colour, and two grey dappled Females; also a Tarand whom he bought of a Scythian of the Geloni's Country.

A Tarand is an Animal as big as a Bullock, having a Head like a Stag, or a little bigger, two stately Horns with large Branches, cloven Feet, Hair long like that of a furr'd Muscovite, I mean a Bear; and a Skin almost as hard as Steel Armor. The Scythian said that there are but few Tarands to be found in Scythia, because it

varieth its Colour according to the diversity of the Places where it grazes and abides, and represents the Colour of the Grass, Plants, Trees, Shrubs, Flowers, Meadows, Rocks, and generally of all things near which it comes. It hath this common with the Sea-Pulp or Polypus, with the Thoes, with the Wolves of India, and with the Chamæleon, which is a kind of Lizard so wonderful, that Democritus hath written a whole Book of its Figure, and Anatomy, as also of its Virtue and Propriety in Magic. This I can affirm, that I have seen it change its Colour not only at the approach of things that have a Colour, but by its own voluntary Impulse, according to its Fear or other Affections; as for example, upon a green Carpet, I have seen it certainly become green; but having remain'd there some time, it turn'd yellow, blue, tann'd, and purple in course, in the same manner as you see a Turkey-cock's Comb change colour according to its Passions. But what we found most surprizing in this Tarand is, that not only its Face and Skin, but also its Hair could take whatever Colour was about it. Near Panurge with his Kersy Coat, its Hair used to turn grey; near Pantagruel with his Scarlet Mantle, its Hair and Skin grew red; near the Pilot drest after the fashion of the Isiacs of Anubis in Ægypt, its Hair seem'd all white; which two Colours the Chamælion cann't borrow. When the Creature was free from any Fear or Affection, the Colour of its Hair was just such as you see that of the Asses of Meung.

CHAPTER III

HOW PANTAGRUEL RECEIV'D A LETTER FROM HIS FATHER GARGANTUA, AND OF THE STRANGE WAY TO HAVE SPEEDY NEWS FROM FAR DISTANT PLACES

WHILE Pantagruel was taken up with the purchase of those foreign Animals, the Noise of ten Guns and Culverins, together with a loud and joyful Cheer of all the Fleet was heard from the Mole. Pantagruel look'd towards the Haven, and perceiv'd that this was occasion'd by the arrival of one of his Father Gargantua's Celoces, or Advice-Boat, named the *Chelidonia*, because on the Stern of it was carv'd in Corinthian Brass a Sea-Lark, which is a Fish as large as a Dare-Fish of Loire, all Flesh and no Bone, with cartilaginous Wings (like a Bat's) very long and broad, by the means of which I have seen them fly about three Fathom above Water, about a Bow-shot. At Marseilles 'tis call'd Lendole. And indeed that ship was as light as a Lark, so that it seem'd rather to fly on the Sea than to sail. Malicorn, Gargantua's Esq: Carver, was come in her, being sent expresly by his Master to have an account of his Son's Health and Circumstances, and to bring him Credentials. When Malicorn had saluted Pantagruel, before the Prince opened the Letters, the first thing he said to him was, Have you here the Gozal, the Heavenly Messenger? Yes, Sir, said he, here it is swadled up in this Basket. It was a grey Pigeon taken out of Gargantua's Dove-house, whose Young-ones were just hatch'd when the Advice-Boat was going off.

If any ill fortune had befallen Pantagruel, he would

have fasten'd some black Ribbon to its Feet; but because all things had succeeded happily hitherto, having caus'd it to be undress'd, he ty'd to its Feet a white Ribbon, and without any further delay, let it loose. The Pigeon presently flew away cutting the Air with an incredible Speed, as you know that there is no Flight like a Pigeon's, especially when it hath Eggs or Young-ones, thro' the extreme Care which Nature hath fix'd in it to relieve and be with its Young; insomuch that in less than two hours it compass'd in the Air the long Tract which the Advice-Boat with all her Diligence, with Oars and Sails, and a fair Wind, had gone thro' in no less than three Days and three Nights, and was seen (as it went into the Dove-house) in its Nest. Whereupon Gargantua hearing that it had the white Ribbon on, was joyful and secure of his Son's welfare. This was the Custom of the noble Gargantua and Pantagruel, when they would have speedy News of something of great concern, as the Event of some Battle either by Sea or Land; the surrendring or holding out of some strong Place; the determination of some Difference of moment; the safe or unhappy Delivery of some Queen or great Lady; the Death or Recovery of their sick Friends or Allies, and so forth. They used to take the Gozal, and had it carried from one to another by the Post, to the Places whence they desir'd to have News. The Gozal bearing either a black or white Ribbon, according to the Occurrences and Accidents, us'd to remove their Doubts at its Return, making in the space of one Hour, more way thro' the Air, than thirty Post-Boys could have done in one natural Day. May not this be said to redeem and gain Time with a vengeance, think you? For the like Service therefore, you may believe as a most true thing, that in the Dove-houses of their Farms, there were to be found all the Year long,

store of Pigeons hatching Eggs or rearing their Young. Which may be easily done in Aviaries and Voleries, by the help of Saltpeter and the sacred Herb Vervain.

The Gozal being let fly, Pantagruel perus'd his Father Gargantua's Letter, the Contents of which were as followeth.

My Dearest Son,—The Affection that naturally a Father bears a beloved Son, is so much increased in me, by reflecting on the particular Gifts which by the Divine Goodness have been heaped on thee, that since thy departure, it hath often banished all other Thoughts out of my Mind; leaving my Heart wholly possess'd with Fear, lest some Misfortune has attended thy Voyage: for thou Knowest that Fear was ever the Attendant of true and sincere Love. Now because (as Hesiod saith) A good beginning of any thing is the half of it; or, well begun's half done, according to the old Saying; to free my Mind from this Anxiety, I have expressly dispatch'd Malicorn, that he may give me a true account of thy Health at the beginning of thy Voyage. For if it be good and such as I wish it, I shall easily foresee the rest.

I have met with some diverting Books, which the Bearer will deliver thee, thou mayst read them when thou wantest to unbend and ease thy Mind from thy better Studies; He will also give thee at large the News at Court. The Peace of the Lord be with thee. Remember me to Panurge, Fryar Jhon, Epistemon, Xenomanes, Gymnast, and thy other principal Domestics. Dated at our Paternal Seat this 13th day of June. Thy Father and Friend, Gargantua.

CHAPTER IV

HOW PANTAGRUEL WRIT TO HIS FATHER GARGANTUA, AND SENT HIM SEVERAL CURIOSITIES

PANTAGRUEL having perused the Letter, had a long Conference with the Esquire Malicorn, insomuch that Panurge at last interrupting them, ask'd him, Pray Sir, when do you design to drink? When shall we drink? When shall the worshipful Esquire drink? What a Devil have you not talk'd long enough to drink? 'Tis a good Motion, answer'd Pantagruel; go, get us something ready at the next Inn; I think 'tis the Centaur. In the mean time he writ to Gargantua as followeth, to be sent by the aforesaid Esquire.

Most Gracious Father,—As our Senses and animal Faculties are more discompos'd at the News of Events unexpected, tho' desir'd (even to an immediate dissolution of the Soul from the Body) than if those Accidents had been foreseen; so the coming of Malicorn hath much surprized and disordered me. For I had no hopes to see any of your Servants, or to hear from you, before I had finished our Voyage, and contented my self with the dear Remembrance of your August Majesty, deeply impress'd in the hindmost Ventricle of my Brain, often representing you to my Mind.

But since you have made me happy beyond expectation, by the perusal of your gracious Letter, and the Faith I have in your Esquire, hath reviv'd my Spirits by the News of your welfare; I am as it were compell'd to do what formerly I did freely, that is, first to praise the blessed

Redeemer, who by his Divine Goodness preserves you in this long enjoyment of perfect Health; then to return you eternal Thanks for the fervent Affection which you have for me your most humble Son and unprofitable Servant.

Formerly a Roman, named Furnius, said to Augustus, who had received his Father into Favour, and Pardoned him after he had sided with Anthony, That by that Action the Emperor had reduc'd him to this Extremity, That for want of Power to be grateful, both while he liv'd and after it, he should be oblig'd to be tax'd with Ingratitude. So I may say, That the excess of your fatherly Affection, drives me into such a streight, that I shall be forced to live and die ungrateful; unless that Crime be redress'd by the Sentence of the Stoics, who say, That there are three parts in a Benefit, the one of the Giver, the other of the Receiver, the third of the Remunerator; and that the Receiver rewards the Giver when he freely receives the Benefit, and always remembers it; as on the contrary, That Man is most ungrateful who despises and forgets a Benefit. Therefore being overwhelmed with infinite Favours, all proceeding from your extreme Goodness, and on the other side wholly uncapable of making the smallest Return, I hope at least to free my self from the imputation of Ingratitude, since they can never be blotted out of my mind; and my Tongue shall never cease to own, that to thank you as I ought transcends my Capacity.

As for us, I have this assurance in the Lord's Mercy and Help, that the end of our Voyage will be answerable to its beginning, and so it will be entirely perform'd in Health and Mirth. I will not fail to set down in a Journal a full account of our Navigation, that at our Return you may have an exact Relation of the whole.

I have found here a Scythian Tarand, an Animal strange and wonderful for the Variations of Colour on its Skin and Hair, according to the distinction of neighbouring Things; it is as tractable and easily kept as a Lamb; be pleased to accept of it.

I also send you three young Unicorns, which are the tamest of Creatures.

I have confer'd with the Esquire, and taught him how they must be fed; these cannot graze on the Ground, by reason of the long Horn on their Forehead, but are forced to brouze on Fruit-trees, or on proper Racks, or to be fed by Hand with Herbs, Sheaves, Apples, Pears, Barly, Rye, and other Fruits, and Roots being plac'd before them.

I am amazed that ancient Writers should report them to be so wild, furious, and dangerous, and never seen alive: Far from it, you will find that they are the mildest Things in the World, provided they are not maliciously offended. Likewise, I send you the Life and Deeds of Achilles in curious Tapestry; assuring you that whatever Rarities of Animals, Plants, Birds, or precious Stones, and others, I shall be able to find and purchase in our Travels, shall be brought to you, God willing, whom I beseech by his blessed Grace, to preserve you. From Medamothy, this 16th of June. Panurge, Fryar Jhon, Epistemon, Xenomanes, Gymnast, Eusthenes, Rhizotome, and Carpalin, having most humbly kissed your Hand, return your salute a thousand times. Your must dutiful Son and Servant,

Pantagruel.

While Pantagruel was writing this Letter, Malicorn was made welcome by all with a thousand goodly Good-morrows and How-d'ye's; they clung about him so, that

I cannot tell you how much they made of him, how many Humble Services, how many from my Love and to my Love were sent with him. Pantagruel having writ his Letters, sat down at Table with him, and afterwards presented him with a large Chain of Gold weighing eight hundred Crowns; between whose septenary Links, some large Diamonds, Rubies, Emeralds, Turky-Stones, and Unions were alternatively set in. To each of his Bark's Crew, he order'd to be given five hundred Crowns. To Gargantua his Father he sent the Tarand cover'd with a Cloth of Gold, brocaded with Satin; and the Tapestry containing the Life and Deeds of Achilles; with the three Unicorns in friz'd Cloth of Gold Trappings. And so they left Medamothy. Malicorn to return to Gargantua; Pantagruel to proceed in his Voyage, during which, Epistemon read to him the Books which the Esquire had brought: And because he found them jovial and pleasant, I shall give you an account of them, if you earnestly desire it.

CHAPTER V

HOW PANTAGRUEL MET A SHIP WITH PASSENGERS RETURNING FROM LANTERN-LAND

On the fifth Day we began already to wind by little and little about the Pole, going still farther from the Equinoctial Line, we discovered a Merchant-man to the windward of us. The Joy for this was not small on both sides, we in hopes to hear News from Sea, and those in the Merchant-man from Land. So we bore upon 'em, and coming up with them, we hal'd them, and finding them to be Frenchmen of Xaintonge, back'd our Sails and lay by to talk to them. Pantagruel heard that they came

from Lantern-Land, which added to his Joy, and that of the whole Fleet. We enquir'd about the state of that Country, and the way of living of the Lanterns; and were told, that about the latter end of the following July, was the time prefix'd for the meeting of the general Chapter of the Lanterns; and that if we arrived there at that time, as we might easily, we should see a handsom, honourable, and jolly Company of Lanterns; and that great preparations were making, as if they intended to Lanternise there to the purpose. We were told also, That if we touch'd at the great Kingdom of Gebarin, we should be honourably received and treated by the Sovereign of that Country, King Ohabé, who, as well as all his Subjects, speaks Touraine French.

While we were listning to these News, Panurge fell out with one Dingdong a Drover or Sheep-merchant of Taillebourg. The occasion of the Fray was thus.

This same Dingdong seeing Panurge without a Codpiece, with his Spectacles fastened to his Cap, said to one of his Comrades, Prithee look, is not there here a fine Medal of a Cuckold? Panurge by reason of his Spectacles, as you may well think, heard more plainly by half with his Ears than usually; which caused him (hearing this) to say to the saucy Dealer in Mutton, in a kind of Pet,

How the Devil should I be one of the hornify'd Fraternity, since I am not yet a Brother of the Marriage-noose, as thou art, as I guess by thy ill-favour'd Phyz?

Yea verily, quoth the Grazier, I am married, and would not be otherwise for all the pairs of Spectacles in Europe; nay, not for all the magnifying Gimcracks in Africa; for I have got me the cleverest, prettiest, handsomest, properest, neatest, tightest, honestest, and soberest piece of Woman's-Flesh for my Wife, that is in all the whole

Country of Xaintonge, I'll say that for her, and a Fart for all the rest. I bring her home a fine and eleven Inch long Branch of red Coral, for her Christmas-Box; what hast thou to do with it? What's that to thee? Who art thou? Whence comest thou, O dark Lantern of Antichrist? Answer if thou art of God? I ask thee, by the way of Question, said Panurge to him very seriously, If with the consent and countenance of all the Elements, I had Gingumbob'd, Codpiec'd, and Thumpthumpriggledtickledtwidl'd thy so clever, so pretty, so handsom, so proper, so neat, so tight, so honest, and so Sober Female Importance, insomuch that the stiff Deity that has no forecast, Priapus, (who dwells here at Liberty, all subjection of fastned Codpieces or Bolts, Bars, and Locks abdicated) remain'd sticking in her natural Christmas-box in such a lamentable manner, that it were never to come out, but eternally should stick there, unless thou didst pull it out with thy Teeth; what wouldst thou do? Wouldst thou everlastingly leave it there, or wouldst thou pluck it out with thy Grinders? Answer me, O thou Ram of Mahomet, since thou art one of the Devil's Gang. I would, reply'd the Sheepmonger, take thee such a woundy Cut on this Spectacle-bearing Lug of thine, with my trusty Bilbo, as would smite thee dead as a Herring. Thus having taken Pepper in the Nose, he was lugging out Sword; but alas, curs'd Cows have short Horns, it stuck in the Scabbard; as you know that at Sea, cold Iron will easily take rust by reason of the excessive and nitrous Moistness. Panurge so smitten with Terror, that his Heart sunk down to his Midriff, scour'd off to Pantagruel for help: But Fryar Jhon laid hand on his slashing Scymiter that was new ground, and would certainly have dispatch'd Dingdong to rights, had not the Skipper and some of his Passengers beseech'd

Pantagruel not to suffer such an Outrage to be committed on board his Ship. So the matter was made up, and Panurge and his Antagonist shak'd Fists, and drank in course to one another, in token of a perfect Reconciliation.

CHAPTER VI

HOW THE FRAY BEING OVER, PANURGE CHEAPENED ONE OF DINGDONG'S SHEEP

This Quarrel being hush'd, Panurge tipp'd the wink upon Epistemon and Friar Jhon, and taking them aside; Stand at some distance out of the way, said he, and take your share of the following Scene of Mirth; you shall have rare Sport anon, if my Cake ben't Dough, and my Plot do but take. Then addressing himself to the Drover, he took off to him a Bumper of good Lantern Wine. The other pledg'd him briskly and courteously. This done, Panurge earnestly entreated him to sell him one of his Sheep: But the other answered him, Is it come to that, Friend and Neighbour, would you put Tricks upon Travellers? Alas, how finely you love to play upon poor Folk! Nay, you seem a rare Chapman, that's the truth on 't. Oh what a mighty Sheep-Merchant you are! In good faith you look liker one of the Diving Trade than a Buyer of Sheep. Adzookers, what a Blessing it would be to have one's Purse well lin'd with Chink near your Worship at a Tripe-House when it begins to thaw! Humph, Humph, did not we know you well, you might serve one a slippery Trick! Pray do but see, good People, what a mighty Conjurer the Fellow would be reckon'd. Patience, said Panurge; but, waving that, be so kind as to sell me one of your Sheep, come, how much? What

do you mean, Master of mine, answered the other? They are long Wool Sheep, from these did Jason take his Golden Fleece. The Gold of the House of Burgundy was drawn from them. Zwoons, Man, they are Oriental Sheep, Topping Sheep, Fatted Sheep, Sheep of Quality. Be it so, said Panurge, but sell me one of them, I beseech you, and that for a cause, paying you ready Money upon the Nail, in good and lawful Occidental Currant Cash; wilt say how much? Friend, Neighbour, answered the Seller of Mutton, hark'e me a little, on the other Ear.

Panurge. On which side you please; I hear you.

Dingdong. You are a going to Lantern-Land, they say.

Panurge. Yea verily.

Ding. To see Fashions?

Panurge. Even so.

Ding. And be merry?

Panurge. And be merry.

Ding. Your Name is, as I take it, Robin Mutton?

Panurge. As you please for that, sweet Sir.

Ding. Nay, without offence.

Panurge. So I would have it.

Ding. You are, as I take it, the King's Jester, aren't you?

Panurge. Ay, ay, any thing.

Ding. Give me your Hand,—Humph, Humph, you go to see Fashions, you are the King's Jester, your Name is Robin Mutton! Do you see this same Ram? His Name too is Robin. Here Robin, Robin, Robin: Baea, Baea, Baea; Hath he not a rare Voice?

Panurge. Ay marry has he, a very fine and harmonious Voice.

Ding. Well, this Bargain shall be made between you and me, Friend and Neighbour, we will get a pair of Scales, then you Robin Mutton shall be put into one of

them, and Tup Robin into the other. Now I'll hold you a Peck of Busch Oysters, that in Weight, Value, and Price, he shall outdo you, and you shall be found light in the very numerical manner, as when you shall be hang'd and suspended.

Patience, said Panurge, but you would do much for me, and your whole Posterity, if you would Chaffer with me for him, or some other of his Inferiors. I beg it of you; good your Worship, be so kind. Hark 'e, Friend of mine, answered the other, with the Fleece of these your fine Roan Cloth is to be made, your Lemster superfine Wooll is mine Arse to 't; meer Flock in comparison: of their Skin the best Cordivant will be made, which shall be sold for Turky and Montelimart, or for Spanish Leather at least. Of the Guts shall be made Fiddle and Harp Strings, that will sell as dear as if they came from Munican or Aquileia. What do you think on 't, hah? If you please, sell me one of them, said Panurge, and I am yours for ever. Look, here's ready Cash. What's the Price? This he said, exhibiting his Purse stuffed with new Henricuses.

CHAPTER VII

WHICH IF YOU READ, YOU'LL FIND HOW PANURGE BARGAIN'D WITH DINGDONG

Neighbour, my Friend, answer'd Dingdong, they are Meat for None but Kings and Princes; their Flesh is so delicate, so savory, and so dainty, that one would swear, it melted in the Mouth. I bring them out of a country where the very Hogs, God be with us, live on nothing but Mirabolans. The Sows in their Styes when they lie in, (saving the honour of this good Company) are fed only with Orange Flowers. But, said Panurge, drive

a Bargain with me for one of them, and I will pay you for 't like a King, upon the honest Word of a true Trojan: come come, what do you ask? Not so fast, Robin, answer'd the Trader, these Sheep are lineally descended from the very Family of the Ram that wafted Phrixus and Helle over the Sea, since call'd the Hellespont. A Pox on 't, said Panurge, you are *Clericus vel Addiscens! Ita* is a Cabbage, and *Vere* a Leek, answered the Merchant. But rr, rrr, rrrr, rrrrr, hoh Robin, rr, rrrrrrr, you don't understand that Gibberish, do you? Now I think on 't, over all the Fields, where they piss, Corn grows as fast as if the Lord had piss'd there; they need neither be till'd, nor dung'd. Besides, Man, your Chymists extract the best Saltpetre in the World out of their Urine: nay, with their very Dung (with reverence be it spoken) the Doctors in our Country make Pills that cure seventy eight Kinds of Diseases; the least of which is the Evil of St. Eutropius of Xaintes, from which good Lord deliver us! Now what do you think on 't, Neighbour, my Friend? The truth is, they cost me Money, that they do! Cost what they will, cry'd Panurge, trade with me for one of them, paying you well. Our Friend, quoth the quack-like Sheep-man, do but mind the Wonders of Nature that are found in those Animals, even in a Member which one would think were of no use. Take me but these Horns, and bray them a little with an Iron Pestle, or with an Andiron, which you please, 'tis all one to me; then bury them where-ever you will, provided it be where the Sun may shine, and water them frequently; in a few Months I'll engage you will have the best Asparagus in the World, not even excepting those of Ravenna. Now come and tell me whether the Horns of you other Knights of the Bulls Feather, have such a Virtue and wonderful Propriety?

Patience, said Panurge. I don't know whether you be a Scholar or no, pursued Dingdong: I have seen a World of Scholars, I say great Scholars that were Cuckolds, I'll assure you. But hark you me, if you were a Scholar, you should know that in the most inferiour Members of those Animals (which are the Feet) there is a Bone (which is the Heel) the Astragalus, if you will have it so, wherewith, and with that of no other Creature breathing, except the Indian Ass, and the Dorcades of Libya, they us'd in old Times to play at the Royal Game of Dice, whereat Augustus the Emperor won above fifty thousand Crowns one Evening. Now such Cuckolds as you will be hang'd ere you get half so much at it. Patience, said Panurge, but let us dispatch. And when, my Friend and Neighbour, continu'd the canting Sheep-seller, shall I have duly prais'd the inward Members, the Shoulders, the Legs, the Knuckles, the Neck, the Breast, the Liver, the Spleen, the Tripes, the Kidneys, the Bladder, wherewith they make Foot-balls, the Ribs, which serve in Pigmy-land to make little Cross-bows to pelt the Cranes with Cherry-stones; the Head which with a little Brimstone serves to make a miraculous Decoction to loosen and ease the Belly of costive Dogs. A Turd on 't, said the Skipper to his preaching Passenger, what a fidle fadle have we here? There is too long a Lecture by half, sell him one if thou wilt; if thou won't, don't let the Man lose more time. I hate a gibble gabble and a rimble ramble Talk, I am for a Man of Brevity. I will for your sake, reply'd the Holder-forth: but then he shall give me three Livres French Money for each, and pick and chuse. 'Tis a woundy Price, cry'd Panurge, in our Country I could have five, nay six for the Money; see that you do not overreach me, Master. You are not the first Man whom I have known, to have fallen, even

sometime to the endangering, if not breaking of his own Neck, for endeavouring to rise all at once. A Murrain seize thee for a blockheaded Booby, cry'd the angry Seller of Sheep; by the worthy Vow of our Lady of Charroux: the worst in this Flock is four times better than those which the Coraxians in Tuitania, a Country of Spain, us'd to sell for a Gold Talent each; and how much do'st thou think, thou Hybernian Fool, that a Talent of Gold was worth? Sweet Sir, you fall into a Passion I see, return'd Panurge: Well, hold, here is your Money. Panurge having paid his Money, chose him out of all the Flock a fine topping Ram, and as he was hawling it along crying out and bleating, all the rest hearing and bleating in Consort star'd, to see whither their Brother-Ram should be carried. In the mean while the Drover was saying to his Shepherds, Ah! How well the Knave could chuse him out a Ram, the Whoreson has Skill in Cattle; on my honest Word I reserv'd that very piece of Flesh for the Lord of Cancale, well knowing his Disposition; for the good Man naturally is overjoy'd when he holds a good siz'd handsom Shoulder of Mutton, instead of a left-handed Racket in one Hand, with a good sharp carver in the other; got wot how he belabours himself then.

CHAPTER VIII

HOW PANURGE CAUS'D DINGDONG AND HIS SHEEP TO BE DROWNED IN THE SEA

On a sudden, you would wonder how the thing was so soon done; for my part I can't tell you, for I had not leisure to mind it; our Friend Panurge without any

further tittle tattle, throws you his Ram over-board into the middle of the Sea bleating and making a sad Noise. Upon this all the other Sheep in the Ship crying and bleating in the same Tone, made all the haste they could to leap nimbly into the Sea after one another, and great was the Throng who should leap in first after their Leader. It was impossible to hinder them; for you know that it is in the Nature of Sheep always to follow the first, wheresoever it goes; which makes Aristotle, lib. 9. *de Hist. Animal.* mark them for the most silly and foolish Animals in the World. Dingdong at his Wit's end, and stark staring mad like a Man who saw his Sheep destroy and drown themselves before his Face, strove to hinder and keep them back with might and main, but all in vain; they all, one after t' other, frisk'd and jump'd into the Sea, and were lost: at last he laid hold on a huge sturdy one by the Fleece upon the Deck of the Ship, hoping to keep it back, and so to save that and the rest; but the Ram was so strong that it proved too hard for him, and carried its Master into the Herring-Pond, in spight of his Teeth; where 'tis supposed he drank somewhat more than his fill: so that he was drowned, in the same manner, as one-eyed Polyphemus's Sheep carried out of the Den Ulysses and his Companions: The like happen'd to the Shepherds, and all their Gang, some laying hold on their beloved Tup, this by the Horns, t' other by the Legs, a third by the Rump, and others by the Fleece; till in fine they were all of them forc'd to Sea, and drowned like so many Rats. Panurge on the Gunnel of the Ship with an Oar in his Hand, not to help them, you may swear, but to keep them from swimming to the Ship, and saving themselves from drowning, preach'd and canted to them all the while like any little Fryar Maillard, or another Fryar John Burgess, laying

before them Rhetorical common Places concerning the Miseries of this Life, and the Blessings and Felicity of the next; assuring them that the Dead were much happier than the Living in this Vale of Misery, and promising to erect a stately Cenotaphe and Honorary Tomb to every one of them on the highest Summit of Mount Cenis at his return from Lantern-land; wishing them nevertheless, in case they were not yet dispos'd to shake hands with this Life, and did not like their salt Liquor, they might have the good Luck to meet with some kind Whale which might set them ashoar safe and sound, on some bless'd Land of Gotham after a famous Example.

The Ship being clear'd of Dingdong and his Tups: Is there ever another sheepish Soul left lurking on board, cried Panurge? Where are those of Toby Lamb, and Robin Ram, that sleep whilst the rest are a feeding? Faith I can't tell my self. This was an old Coaster's Trick: What think'st thou of it, Fryar Jhon, hah? Rarely perform'd, answer'd Fryar Jhon, only methinks that as formerly in War on the Day of Battel, a Double Pay was commonly promis'd the Soldiers for that Day; for if they overcame, there was enough to pay them; and if they lost, it would have been shameful for them to demand it, as the cowardly Foresters did after the Battel of Cerizoles: Likewise, my Friend, you ought not to have paid your Man, and the Money had been sav'd. A Fart for the Money, said Panurge, have I not had above Fifty thousand Pounds worth of Sport? Come now, let's be gone, the Wind is fair, hark you me, my Friend Jhon, never did Man do me a good Turn but I return'd or at least acknowledg'd it: No, I scorn to be ungrateful, I never was, nor ever will be: Never did Man do me an ill one without ruing the Day that he did it, either in this

World or the next. I am not yet so much a Fool neither. Thou damn'st thy self like any old Devil, quoth Fryar Jhon. It is written *Mihi vindictam*, etc., matter of Breviary, Mark ye me; that's holy Stuff.

CHAPTER IX

HOW PANTAGRUEL ARRIVED AT THE ISLAND OF ENNASIN, AND OF THE STRANGE WAYS OF BEING AKIN IN THAT COUNTRY

We had still the Wind at South South West, and had been a whole Day without making Land. On the third Day at the Flyes up-rising, which, you know, is some two or three Hours after the Sun's, we got sight of a Triangular Island, very much like Sicily for its Form and Situation. It was called the Island of Alliances.

The People there are much like your Carrot-pated Poitevins, save only that all of them, Men, Women, and Children, have their Noses shap'd like an Ace of Clubs. For that reason the ancient Name of the Country was Ennasin. They were all akin, as the Mayor of the Place told us, at least they boasted so.

You People of the other World, esteem it a wonderful thing, that, out of the Family of the Fabii at Rome, on a certain Day, which was the 13th of February, at a certain Gate, which was the Porta Carmentalis, since nam'd Scelerata, formerly situated at the foot of the Capitol, between the Tarpeian Rock and the Tyber, march'd out against the Veientes of Etruria, three hundred and six Men bearing Arms, all related to each other, with five thousand other Soldiers, every one of them their Vassals, who were all slain near the River Cremera,

that comes out of the Lake of Beccano. Now from this same Country of Ennasin, in case of need, above three hundred thousand all Relations, and of one Family, might march out. Their degrees of Consanguinity and Alliance are very strange, for being thus akin and allied to one another, we found that none was either Father, or Mother, Brother or Sister, Uncle or Aunt, Nephew or Neece, Son-in-Law or Daughter-in-Law, God-Father or God-Mother to the other, unless truly, a tall flat-nos'd old Fellow, who, as I perceiv'd, call'd a little shitten ars'd Girl of three or four Years old, Father, and the Child call'd him Daughter.

Their distinction of degrees of Kindred was thus; a Man us'd to call a Woman my Lean Bit; the Woman call'd him my Porpus. Those, said Fryar Jhon, must needs stink damnably of Fish, when they have rubb'd their Bacon one with t' other. One smiling on a young bucksom Baggage, said, Good morrow dear Curry-Comb: she to return him his Civility, said, The like to you my Steed. Hah! hah! hah! said Panurge, that's pretty well i' faith, for indeed it stands her in good stead to Curry-comb his Steed. Another greeted his Buttock with a Farewel my Case: she reply'd, Adieu Tryal. By St. Winifred's Placket, cry'd Gymnast, this Case has been often try'd. Another ask'd a she Friend of his, How is't, Hatchet? she answer'd him, At your service, dear Helve. Odds Belly, saith Carpalin, this Helve and this Hatchet are well match'd. As we went on, I saw one who, calling his she Relation, styl'd her my Crum, and she call'd him my Crust.

Quoth one to a brisk, plump, juicy Female, I am glad to see you, dear Tap: so am I to find you so merry, sweet Spiggot, reply'd she. One call'd a wench his Shovel, she call'd him her Peal. One nam'd his, my Slipper,

and she him, my Foot. Another my Boot, she my Shasoon.

In the same degree of Kindred, one call'd his, my Butter, she call'd him, my Eggs; and they were akin just like a Dish of Butter'd Eggs. I heard one call his, my Tripe, and she him, my Faggot: Now I could not for the Heart's Blood of me pick out or discover what Parentage, Alliance, Affinity, or Consanguinity was between them, with reference to our Custom, only they told us that she was Faggot's Tripe; (*Tripe de Faggot* means the smallest Sticks in a Faggot.) Another complementing his Convenient, said Yours, my Shell; she reply'd, I was yours before, sweet Oyster: I reckon, said Carpalin, she hath gutted his Oyster. Another long-shank'd, ugly Rogue, mounted upon a pair of high-heel'd wooden Slippers, meeting a strapping, fusty-squabb'd Dowdy, says to her, how'st my Top? She was short upon him, and arrogantly reply'd, Never the better for you, my Whip: By St. Anthony's Hog, said Xenomanes, I believe so, for how can this Whip be sufficient to lash this Top?

A College-Professor well provided with Cod, and powdered and prink'd up, having a while discoursed with a great Lady, taking his leave with these Words, Thank you Sweet Meat; she cry'd There needs no Thanks, Sour Sauce. Saith Pantagruel, this is not altogether incongruous, for sweet Meat must have sour Sauce. A wooden Loggerhead said to a young Wench, 'Tis long since I saw you Bag; all the better, cry'd she, Pipe: Set 'em together, said Panurge, then blow in their Arses, 'twill be a Bag-pipe. We saw after that a diminutive hump-back'd Gallant, pretty near us, taking leave of a She-relation of his, thus, Fare thee well, Friend Hole; she repartee'd, Save thee, Friend Peg. Quoth Fryar Jhon, what could they say more, were he all Peg and she

all Hole? But now would I give something to know if every Cranny of the Hole, can be stopp'd up with that same Peg.

A Baudy Batchelor talking with an old Trout, was saying, Remember it, Rusty Gun. I won't fail, said she, Scourer. Do you reckon these two to be akin, said Pantagruel to the Mayor? I rather take them to be Foes; in our Country a Woman would take this as a mortal Affront. Good People of t' other World, reply'd the Mayor, you have few such and so near Relations as this Gun and Scourer are to one another; for they both came out of one Shop. What, was the Shop their Mother, quoth Panurge? What Mother, said the Mayor, does the Man mean? That must be some of your World's Affinity; we have here neither Father nor Mother; Your little paltry Fellows that live on t' other side the Water, poor Rogues, booted with Wisps of Hay may indeed have such, but we scorn it. The good Pantagruel stood gazing and listning, but at these words he had like to have lost all Patience; ὡς καὶ νῦν ὁ ἑρμηνευτὴς II. M.

Having very exactly viewed the Situation of the Island, and the way of living of the Ennased Nation, we went to take a Cup of the Creature at a Tavern where there happen'd to be a Wedding after the manner of the Country; bating that shocking Custom, there was special good Chear.

While we were there, a pleasant Match was struck up betwixt a Female call'd Pear (a tight thing as we thought, but by some who knew better things, said to be quaggy and flabby) and a young soft Male, call'd Cheese, somewhat sandy. In our Country indeed we say, *Il ne fut onc tel marriage, qu'est de la Poire et du Fromage*, There's no Match like that made between the

Pear and the Cheese; and in many other Places good store of such Bargains have been driven. Besides, when the women are at their last Prayers, 'tis to this day a noted Saying, That after Cheese comes nothing.

In another Room I saw them marrying an old greasy Boot to a young pliable Buskin. Pantagruel was told, that young Buskin took old Boot to have and to hold, because she was of special Leather, in good case, and wax'd, sear'd, liquor'd, and greas'd to the purpose, even tho' it had been for the Fisherman that went to Bed with his Boots on. In another Room below, I saw a young Brogue taking a young Slipper for better for worse: Which, they told us was neither for the sake of her Piety, Parts, or Person, but for the fourth comprehensive P, Portion; the Spankers, Spur-royals, Rose-nobles, and other Coriander Seed, with which she was quilted all over.

CHAPTER X

HOW PANTAGRUEL WENT ASHOAR AT THE ISLAND OF CHELY, WHERE HE SAW KING ST. PANIGON

We sailed right before the Wind, which we had at West, leaving those odd Alliancers with their Ace of Clubs Snouts, and having taken height by the Sun, stood in for Chely, a large, fruitful, wealthy, and well-peopled Island. King St. Panigon first of the Name reign'd there, and attended by the Princes his Sons, and the Nobles of his Court, came as far as the Port to receive Pantagruel, and conducted him to his Palace, near the Gate of which, the Queen attended by the Princesses her Daughters and the Court Ladies, received us. Panigon directed her and all her Retinue to salute Pantagruel

and his Men with a Kiss; for such was the civil Custom of the Country; and they were all fairly buss'd accordingly, except Fryar Jhon, who step'd aside and sneak'd off among the King's Officers. Panigon us'd all the Entreaties imaginable, to persuade Pantagruel to tarry there that Day and the next, but he would needs be gone, and excus'd himself upon the opportunity of Wind and Weather, which being oftener desir'd than enjoy'd, ought not to be neglected when it comes. Panigon, having heard these reasons, let us go; but first made us take off some five and twenty or thirty Bumpers each.

Pantagruel returning to the Port, miss'd Fryar Jhon, and ask'd why he was not with the rest of the Company? Panurge could not tell how to excuse him, and would have gone back to the Palace to call him, when Fryar Jhon overtook them, and merrily cry'd, Long live the noble Panigon; as I love my Belly, he minds good Eating, and keeps a noble House, and a dainty Kitchen; I have been there, Boys, every thing goes about by Dozens, I was in good hopes to have stuft my Puddings there like a Monk! What! always in a Kitchen, Friend, said Pantagruel? By the Belly of St. Crampcapon, quo' the Fryar, I understand the Customs and Ceremonies which are us'd there much better than all the formal Stuff, antic Postures, and nonsensical Fiddle-faddle that must be us'd with those Women; *magni, magna, shittencumshita*, Cringes, Grimaces, Scrapes, Bows, and Congées; double Honours this way, triple Salutes that way, the Embrace, the Grasp, the Squeeze, the Hug, the Leer, the Smack, *baso las manos de vostra merce de vostra maesta.* Your most *tarabin, tarabas, Stront*, that's downright Dutch, why all this ado? I don't say but a Man might be for a bit by the bye and away, to be doing as well as his Neighbours; but this

little nasty Cringing and Curtising made me as mad as any March Devil. You talk of kissing Ladies; by the worthy and sacred Frock I wear, I seldom venture upon 't, lest I be serv'd as was the Lord of Guyercharois. What was it, said Pantagruel, I know him, he is one of the best Friends I have?

He was invited to a sumptuous Feast, said Fryar Jhon, by a Relation and Neighbour of his, together with all the Gentlemen and Ladies in the Neighbourhood. Now some of the latter, expecting his coming, drest the Pages in Women's Cloaths, and finify'd them like any Babies, then order'd them to meet my Lord at his coming, near the Draw-bridge; so the complementing Monsieur came, and there kiss'd the peticoated Lads with great formality. At last the Ladies who minded Passages in the Gallery, burst out with Laughing, and made signs to the Pages to take off their Dress; which the good Lord having observed, the Devil a bit he durst make up to the true Ladies to kiss them, but said, That since they had disguis'd the Pages, by his Great-grandfather's Helmet, these were certainly the very Footmen and Grooms still more cunningly disguis'd. Ods-fish, *da jurandi*, why do not we rather remove our Humanities into some good warm Kitchen of God, that noble Laboratory? and there admire the turning of the Spits, the harmonious rattling of the Jacks and Fenders, criticize on the position of the Lard, the Temperature of the Potages, the preparation for the dessert, and the order of the Wine-service? *Beati Immaculati in via*, matter of Breviary, my Masters.

CHAPTER XI

WHY MONKS LOVE TO BE IN KITCHENS

THIS, said Epistemon, is spoke like a true Monk, I mean like a right monking Monk, not a bemonk'd monastical Monkling. Truly you put me in mind of some Passages that happen'd at Florence some twenty Years ago in a Company of studious Travellers, fond of visiting the Learned, and seeing the Antiquities of Italy, among whom I was. As we view'd the Situation and Beauty of Florence, the Structure of the Dome, the Magnificence of the Churches, and Palaces, we strove to outdo one another in giving them their due; when a certain Monk of Amiens, Bernard Lardon by name, quite angry, scandaliz'd, and out of all Patience, told us: I don't know what the Devil you can find in this same town, that's so much cry'd up; for my part, I have look'd and por'd and star'd as well as the best of you, I think my Eye-sight's as clear as another body's, and what can one see after all? There are fine Houses indeed, and that's all: But the Cage does not feed the Birds: God and Monsieur St. Bernard our good Patron be with us, in all this same Town I have not seen one poor Lane of Roasting Cooks, and yet I have not a little look'd about, and sought for so necessary part of a Commonwealth; Ay, and I dare assure you that I have pry'd up and down with the exactness of an informer; as ready to number both to the Right and Left, how many, and on what side, we might find most Roasting Cooks, as a Spy would be to reckon the Bastions of a Town: Now at Amiens, in four, nay five times less Ground than we have trod

in our Contemplations, I could have shown you above fourteen Streets of Roasting Cooks, most ancient, savoury, and aromatic. I can't imagine what kind of Pleasure you can have taken in gazing on the Lions and Africans, (so methinks you call their Tigres) near the Belfrey, or in ogling the Porcupines and Estridges in the Lord Philip Strozzi's Palace. Faith and Troth, I had rather see a good fat Goose at the Spit. This Porphyry, those Marbles are fine; I say nothing to the contrary: But our Cheesecakes at Amiens are far better in my mind: These ancient Statues are well made, I am willing to believe it; but by St. Ferreol of Abbeville, we have young Wenches in our Country which please me better a thousand times.

What is the reason, ask'd Fryar Jhon, that Monks are always to be found in Kitchens; and Kings, Emperors and Popes are never there? Is there not, said Rhizotome, some latent Vertue and specific Propriety hid in the Kettles and Pans, which, as the Loadstone attracts Iron, draws the Monks there; and cannot attract Emperors, Popes and Kings? or is it a natural Induction and Inclination fix'd in the Frocks and Cowls which of it self leads and forceth those good Religious Men into Kitchens, whether they will or no? He would speak of Forms following Matter, as Averroës names them, answer'd Epistemon: Right, said Fryar Jhon.

I'll not offer to solve this Problem, said Pantagruel; for it is somewhat ticklish, and you can hardly handle it without coming off scurvily; but I'll tell you what I have heard.

Antigonus King of Macedon one day coming into one of the Tents, where his Cooks use to dress his Meat, and finding there Poet Antagoras frying a Conger, and holding the Pan himself, merrily ask'd him, Pray, Mr.

Poet, was Homer frying Congers when he writ the Deeds of Agamemnon? Antagoras readily answer'd, But do you think, Sir, that when Agamemnon did them, he made it his business to know if any in his Camp were frying Congers? The King thought it an Indecency that a Poet shou'd be thus a frying in a Kitchen; and the Poet let the King know, that it was a more indecent thing for a King to be found in such a place: I'll clap another Story upon the Neck of this, quoth Panurge, and will tell you what Briton Villandray answer'd one day to the Duke of Guise.

They were saying that at a certain Battel of King Francis against Charles V., Briton arm'd Capape to the Teeth, and mounted like St. George; yet sneak'd off, and play'd least in sight during the Engagement. Blood and Oons, answer'd Briton, I was there and can prove it easily; nay, even where you, my Lord, dar'd not have been. The Duke began to resent this as too rash and sawcy; but Briton easily appeas'd him, and set them all a laughing. I gad, my Lord, quoth he, I kept out of harm's way; I was all the while with your Page Jack, sculking in a certain Place where you had not dar'd hide your Head as I did. Thus discoursing they got to their Ships, and left the Island of Chely.

CHAPTER XII

HOW PANTAGRUEL PASS'D BY THE LAND OF PETTIFOGGING, AND OF THE STRANGE WAY OF LIVING AMONG THE CATCHPOLES

STEERING our Course forwards the next Day we pass'd by Pettifogging, a Country all blurr'd and blotted, so

that I could hardly tell what to make on 't. There we saw some Pettifoggers and Catchpoles, Rogues that will hang their Father for a Groat. They neither invited us to eat or drink, but with a multiplied train of Scrapes and Cringes, said they were all at our service, for the *Legem pone*.

One of our Droggermen related to Pantagruel their strange way of living, diametrically oppos'd to that of our modern Romans: for at Rome a world of Folks get an honest livelyhood by Poysoning, Drubbing, Lambasting, Stabbing and Murthering; but the Catchpoles earn theirs by being thrash'd, so that if they were long without a tight Lambasting, the poor Dogs with their Wives and Children would be starv'd. This is just, quoth Panurge, like those who, as Galen tells us, cannot erect the Cavernous Nerve towards the Equinoctial Circle, unless they are soundly flogg'd. By St. Patrick's Slipper, who ever should jirk me so, would soon instead of setting me right, throw me off the Saddle, in the Devil's Name.

The way is this, said the Interpreter, when a Monk, Levite, close-fisted Usurer or Lawyer owes a grudge to some neighbouring Gentleman, he sends to him one of those Catchpoles or Apparitors, who nabs, or at least cites him, serves a Writ or Warrant upon him; thumps, abuses and affronts him impudently by natural Instinct, and according to his pious Instructions; in so much that if the Gentleman hath but any Guts in his Brains, and is not more stupid than a Girin Frog, he will find himself oblig'd either to apply a Foggot-stick or his Sword to the Rascal's Jobbornol, give him the gentle Lash, or make him cut a Caper out at the Window by way of Correction. This done, Catchpole is rich for four months at least, as if Bastinadoes were his real Harvest; for the Monk, Levite, Usurer or Lawyer will

reward him roundly, and my Gentleman must pay him such swinging Damages, that his Acres may bleed for 't, and he be in danger of miserably rotting within a Stone Doublet, as if he had struck the King.

Quoth Panurge, I know an excellent Remedy against this, us'd by the Lord of Basché. What is it? said Pantagruel. The Lord of Basché, said Panurge, was a brave honest noble-spirited Gentleman, who at his return from the long War in which the Duke of Ferrara, with the help of the French, bravely defended himself against the Fury of Pope Julius II. was every Day cited, warn'd and prosecuted at the Suit and for the Sport and Fancy of the fat Prior of St. Louant.

One Morning as he was at breakfast with some of his Domesticks (for he lov'd to be sometimes among them) he sent for one Loire his Baker and his Spouse, and for one Oudart the Vicar of his Parish, who was also his Butler, as the Custom was then in France; then said to them before his Gentleman and other Servants, You all see how I am daily plagu'd with these rascally Catchpoles, truly if you do not lend me your helping Hand, I am finally resolv'd to leave the Country, and go fight for the Sultan, or the Devil, rather than be thus eternally teas'd. Therefore to be rid of their damn'd Visits, hereafter, when any of them come here, be ready you Baker and your Wife, to make your personal appearance in my great Hall in your wedding Cloaths, as if you were going to be affianc'd; here take these Ducats, which I give you to keep you in a fitting Garb. As for you, Sir Oudart, be sure you make your personal appearance there in your fine Surplice and Stole, not forgetting your Holy Water, as if you were to wed them. Be you there also Trudon, said he to his Drummer, with your Pipe and Taber. The Form of Matrimony must be

read, and the Bride kiss'd, then all of you, as the Witnesses use to do in this Country, shall give one another the remembrance of the Wedding, (which you know is to be a Blow with your Fist, bidding the Party struck remember the Nuptials by that Token) this will but make you have the better Stomach to your Supper: but when you come to the Catchpole's turn, thrash him thrice and three-fold, as you would a Sheaf of green Corn, don't spare him, maul him, drub him, lambast him, swinge him off, I pray you. Here, take these Steel Gantlets, covered with Kid, Head, Back, Belly, and Sides, give him Blows innumerable; he that gives him most, shall be my best Friend. Fear not to be call'd to an account about it, I'll stand by you; for the Blows must seem to be given in jest, as it is Customary among us at all Weddings.

Ay, but how shall we know the Catchpole, said the Man of God, all sorts of People daily resort to this Castle? I have taken care of that, reply'd the Lord. When some Fellow either on foot or on a scurvy Jade, with a large broad Silver Ring on his Thumb comes to the Door, he is certainly a Catchpole: the Porter having civilly let him in, shall ring the Bell, then be all ready, and come into the Hall, to act the Tragi-Comedy, whose Plot I have now laid for you.

The numerical Day, as Chance would have it, came an old fat ruddy Catchpole; having knock'd at the Gate, and then piss'd, as most Men will do, the Porter soon found him out, by his large greasie Spatterdashes, his Jaded hollow flank'd Mare, his Bag full of Writs and Informations dangling at his Girdle, but above all, by the large Silver Hoop on his left Thumb.

The Porter was civil to him, admitted him in kindly, and rung the Bell briskly As soon as the Baker and his

Wife heard it, they clapp'd on their best Clothes, and made their personal appearance in the Hall, keeping their Gravities like a new made Judge. The Domine put on his Surplice and Stole, and as he came out of his Office, met the Catchpole, had him in there, and made him suck his Face a good while, while the Gantlets were drawing on all Hands, and then told him, You are come just in Pudding time, my Lord is in his right Cue; we shall feast like kings anon, here's to be swinging doings, we have a Wedding in the House, here, drink and cheer up, pull away.

While these two were at it hand to fist, Basché, seeing all his People in the Hall in their proper Equipage, sends for the Vicar. Oudart comes with the Holy Water Pot, follow'd by the Catchpole, who as he came into the Hall, did not forget to make good store of aukward Cringes, and then serv'd Basché with a Writ. Basché gave him Grimace for Grimace, slipp'd an Angel into his Mutton Fist, and pray'd him to assist at the Contract and Ceremony. Which he did. When it was ended, Thumps and Fisticuffs began to fly about among the Assistants; but when it came to the Catchpole's turn, they all lay'd on him so unmercifully with their Gantlets, that they at last settled him, all stunn'd, and batter'd, bruis'd, and mortifi'd, with one of his Eyes black and blue, eight Ribs bruis'd, his Brisket sunk in, his Omoplates in four quarters, his under Jaw-bone in three pieces, and all this in jest and no harm done. God wot how the Levite belabour'd him, hiding within the long Sleeve of his Canonical Shirt, his huge Steel Gantlet lin'd with Ermin, for he was a strong built Ball, and an old Dog at Fisticuffs. The Catchpole, all of a bloody Tiger-like hue, with much ado, crawl'd home to l'Isle Bouchart, well pleas'd and edifi'd however with Basché's kind

reception, and with the help of the good Surgeons of the place, liv'd as long as you'd have him. From that time to this not a word of the Business; the Memory of it was lost with the sound of the Bells that rung for Joy at his Funeral.

CHAPTER XIII

HOW, LIKE MASTER FRANCIS VILLON, THE LORD OF BASCHÉ COMMENDED HIS SERVANTS

THE Catchpole being pack'd off on blind Sorrel (so he call'd his one Ey'd Mare) Basché sent for his Lady, her Women and all his Servants into the Arbour of his Garden; had Wine brought, attended by good store of Pasties, Hams, Fruit, and other Table-Ammunition for a Nuncion, drank with them joyfully, and then told them this Story.

Master Francis Villon, in his old Age, retir'd to St. Maixent in Poitou, under the Patronage of a good honest Abbot of the place. There to make sport for the Mob he undertook to get the *Passion* acted after the Way and in the Dialect of the Country. The Parts being distributed, the Play having been rehears'd, and the Stage prepar'd, he told the Mayor and Aldermen, that the Mystery might be ready after Niort Fair, and that there only wanted Properties and Necessaries, but chiefly Clothes fit for the Parts; so the Mayor and his Brethren took care to get them.

Villon, to dress an old Clownish Father Grey-Beard, who was to represent God the Father, begg'd of Fryar Stephen Tickletoby, Sacristan to the Franciscan Fryars of the Place, to lend him a Cope and a Stole. Tickletoby refus'd him, alledging that by their Provincial Statutes, it was rigorously forbidden to give or lend any thing to

Players. Villon reply'd, That the Statute reached no farther than Farces, Drolls, Anticks, loose and dissolute Games, and that he ask'd no more than what he had seen allow'd at Brussels and other Places. Tickletoby, notwithstanding, peremptorily bid him provide himself elsewhere if he would, and not to hope for any thing out of his Monastical Wardrobe. Villon gave an account of this to the Players, as of a most abominable Action; adding, that God would shortly revenge himself, and make an Example of Tickletoby.

The Saturday following he had notice given him, that Tickletoby upon the Filly of the Convent (so they call a young Mare that was never leap'd yet) was gone a mumping to St. Ligarius, and would be back about two in the Afternoon. Knowing this, he made a Cavalcade of his Devils of the *Passion* through the Town. They were all rigg'd with Wolves, Calves, and Rams Skins, lac'd and trimm'd with Sheeps Heads, Bulls Feathers, and large Kitchen Tenter-Hooks, girt with broad Leathern Girdles, whereat hang'd dangling huge Cow-Bells and Horse-Bells, which made a horrid din. Some held in their Claws black Sticks full of Squibs and Crackers; others had long lighted pieces of Wood, upon which at the corner of every Street they flung whole handfuls of Rosin-dust, that made a terrible Fire and Smoak: having thus led them about, to the great diversion of the Mob, and the dreadful fear of little Children, he finally carried them to an Entertainment at a Summer-House without the Gate that leads to St. Ligarius.

As they came near the Place, he spy'd Tickletoby afar off, coming home from Mumping, and told them in Maceronic Verse,

Hic est Mumpator natus de gente Cucowli.
Qui solet antiquo scrappas portare bisacco.

A Plague on his Fryarship (said the Devils then) the lowsie Beggar would not lend a poor Cope to the Fatherly Father, let us fright him. Well said, cry'd Villon; but let us hide our selves till he comes by, and then charge home briskly with your Squibs and burning Sticks. Tickletoby being come to the Place, they all rush'd on a sudden into the Road to meet him, and in a frightful manner threw Fire from all sides upon him and his Filly Foal, ringing and tingling their Bells, and howling like so many real Devils, hho, hho, hho, hho, brrou, rrou, rrourrs, rrrourrs, hoo, hou, hou, hho, hho, hhoi, Fryar Stephen, don't we play the Devils rarely? The Filly was soon scar'd out of her seven Senses, and began to start, to funk it, to squirt it, to trot it, to fart it, to bound it, to gallop it, to kick it, to spurn it, to calcitrate it, to winse it, to frisk it, to leap it, to curvet it, with double Jirks, and bum-motions; in so much that she threw down Tickletoby, tho' he held fast by the Tree of the Pack-Saddle with might and main: now his Traps and Stirrups were of Cord, and on the right side, his Sandal was so entangled and twisted, that he could not for the Hearts Blood of him get out his Foot. Thus he was dragg'd about by the Filly through the Road, scratching his bare Breech all the way, she still multiplying her Kicks against him and straying for fear, over Hedge and Ditch; in so much that she trepann'd his thick Skull so, that his Cockle Brains were dash'd out near the Osanna or High Cross. Then his Arms fell to pieces, one this way and t' other that way, and even so were his Legs serv'd at the same time: Then she made a bloody havock with his Puddings and being got to the Convent, brought back only his right Foot and twisted Sandal, leaving them to guess what was become of the rest.

Villon seeing that things had succeeded as he intended, said to his Devils, you will act rarely, Gentlemen Devils, you will act rarely; I dare engage you'll top your Parts. I defie the Devils of Saumur, Douay, Montmorillon, Langez, St. Espain, Angers; nay, by Gad, even those of Poictiers, for all their bragging and vapouring, to match you.

Likewise, Friends, said Basché, I foresee, that hereafter you will act rarely this Tragical Farce, since the very first time you have so skilfully hamper'd, bethwack'd, belamm'd, and bebump'd the Catchpole. From this Day I double your Wages. As for you, my Dear (said he to his Lady) make your Gratifications as you please; you are my Treasurer, you know. For my part, first and foremost, I drink to you all. Come on, box it about, 'tis good and cool. In the second place, you, Mr. Steward, take this Silver Bason, I give it you freely. Then, you, my Gentleman of the Horse, take these two Silver gilt Cups, and let not the Pages be Horse-whipp'd these three Months. My Dear, let them have my best white Plumes of Feathers with the Gold Buckles to them. Sir Oudart, this Silver Flaggon falls to your share: this other I give to the Cooks. To the Valets de Chambre, I give this Silver Basket; to the Grooms this Silver gilt Boat; to the Porter these two Plates: to the Hostlers these ten Porringers. Trudon, take you these Silver Spoons and this Sugar-Box. You Footmen, take this large Salt. Serve me well, and I'll remember you. For on the word of a Gentleman, I had rather bear in War one hundred Blows on my Helmet in the Service of my Country, than be once cited by these Knavish Catchpoles, meerly to humour this same gorbelly'd Prior.

CHAPTER XIV

A FURTHER ACCOUNT OF CATCHPOLES WHO WERE DRUBB'D AT BASCHÉ'S HOUSE

Four days after, another young long-shank'd raw-bon'd Catchpole coming to serve Basché with a Writ at the Fat Prior's request, was no sooner at the Gate, but the Porter smelt him out, and rung the Bell; at whose second pull, all the Family understood the Mystery. Loire was kneading his Dough, his Wife was sifting Meal; Oudart was toping in his Office; the Gentlemen were playing at Tennis; the Lord Basché at In and Out with my Lady; the Waitingmen and Gentlewomen at Push-Pin; the Officers at Lanterlue, and the Pages at Hot-cockles, giving one another smart Bangs. They were all immediately inform'd that a Catchpole was hous'd.

Upon this, Oudart put on his Sacerdotal, and Loire and his Wife their Nuptial Badges. Trudon Pip'd it, and then Taber'd it like mad, all made haste to get ready, not forgetting the Gantlets. Basché went into the outward Yard; there the Catchpole meeting him, fell on his Marrowbones; beg'd of him not to take it ill, if he serv'd him with a Writ at the Suit of the fat Prior; and in a pathetic Speech, let him know that he was a publick Person, a Servant to the Monking Tribe, Apparitor to the Abbatial Mytre, ready to do as much for him, nay, for the least of his Servants, whensoever he would employ and use him.

Nay, truly, said the Lord, you shall not serve your Writ till you have tasted some of my good Quinquenays Wine, and been a Witness to a Wedding which we are

to have this very Minute. Let him drink and refresh himself, added he, turning towards the Levitical Butler, and then bring him into the Hall. After which, Catchpole well stuffed and moisten'd, came with Oudart to the place where all the Actors in the Farce stood ready to begin. The sight of their Game set them a laughing, and the Messenger of Mischief grinn'd also for Company's sake. Then the Mysterious Words were mutter'd to and by the Couple, their Hands join'd, the Bride buss'd, and all besprinkled with Holy Water. While they were bringing Wine and Kickshaws, Thumps began to trot about by dozens. The Catchpole gave the Levite several blows. Oudart who had his Gantlet hid under his Canonical Shirt, draws it on like a Mitten, and then with his clench'd Fist, souce he fell on the Catchpole, and maul'd him like a Devil; the junior Gantlets dropt on him likewise like so many battering Rams. Remember the Wedding by this, by that, by these blows, said they. In short, they stroak'd him so to the purpose that he piss'd Blood out at Mouth, Nose, Ears, and Eyes, and was bruis'd, sore, batter'd, bebump'd, and crippled at the Back, Neck, Breast, Arms, and soforth. Never did the Batchellors at Avignon in Carnival time play more melodiously at Raphe, than was then play'd on the Catchpole's Microcosm: at last down he fell.

They threw a great deal of Wine on his Snout, ty'd round the Sleeve of his Doublet a fine yellow and green Favour, and got him upon his snotty Beast, and God knows how he got to l'Isle Bouchart, where I cannot truly tell you whether he was dress'd and look'd after or no, both by his Spouse and the able Doctors of the Country, for the thing never came to my Ears.

The next Day they had a third part to the same Tune, because it did not appear by the lean Catchpole's Bag,

that he had serv'd his Writ. So the fat Prior sent a new Catchpole at the head of a brace of Bums for his *Guard du Corps* to summon my Lord. The Porter ringing the Bell, the whole Family was overjoy'd, knowing that it was another Rogue. Basché was at Dinner with his Lady and the Gentlemen, so he sent for the Catchpole, made him sit by him, and the Bums by the Women, and made them eat till their Bellies crack'd with their Breeches unbutton'd. The Fruit being serv'd, the Catchpole arose from Table, and before the Bums cited Basché, Basché kindly ask'd him for a Copy of the Warrant, which the other had got ready: he then takes Witness and a Copy of the Summons. To the Catchpole and his Bums he order'd four Ducats for Civility Money. In the mean time all were withdrawn for the Farce. So Trudon gave the Alarm with his Tabor. Basché desir'd the Catchpole to stay and see one of his Servants married, and witness the Contract of Marriage, paying him his Fee. The Catchpole slap dash was ready, took out his Ink-horn, got Paper immediately, and his Bums by him.

Then Loire came into the Hall at one Door, and his Wife with the Gentlewomen at another in Nuptial Accoutrements. Oudart, in *Pontificalibus*, takes them both by the Hands, asketh them their Will; giveth them the Matrimonial Blessing, and was very Liberal of Holy Water. The Contract Written, Sign'd, and Register'd, on one side was brought Wine and Comfits; on the other, White and Orange-tauny-colour'd Favours were distributed; on another, Gantlets privately handed about.

CHAPTER XV

HOW THE ANCIENT CUSTOM AT NUPTIALS IS RENEWED BY THE CATCHPOLE

THE Catchpole having made shift to get down a swinging Streaker of Briton Wine, said to Basché, Pray, Sir, what do you mean? You do not give one another the Memento of the Wedding. By St. Joseph's Wooden Shoe all good Customs are forgot. We find the Form, but the Hare's scamper'd; and the Nest, but the Birds are flown. There are no true Friends now-a-days. You see how in several Churches the Ancient Laudable Custom of Tippling on account of the blessed St. O. O. at Christmas is come to nothing. The World is in its Dotage, and Dooms-day is certainly coming all so fast. Now come on; the Wedding, the Wedding, the Wedding, remember it by this. This he said, striking Basché and his Lady, then her Women and the Levite. Then the Tabor beat a Point of War, and the Gantlets began to do their Duty, insomuch that the Catchpole had his Crown crack'd in no less than nine places. One of the Bums had his right Arm put out of joint, and the other his upper Jaw-bone or Mandibule dislocated; so that it hid half his Chin, with a denundation of the Uvula and sad loss of the molar, masticatory and canine Teeth. Then the Tabor beat a Retreat; the Gantlets were carefully hid in a trice, and Sweet-meats afresh distributed to renew the Mirth of the Company. So they all drank to one another, and especially to the Catchpole and his Bums. But Oudart curs'd and damn'd the Wedding to the Pit of Hell, complaining that one of the

Bums had utterly disincornifistibulated his nether Shoulder-blade. Nevertheless he scorn'd to be thought a Flincher, and made shift to tope to him on the square.

The Jawless Bum shrug'd up his Shoulders, join'd his Hands, and by signs beg'd his Pardon; for speak he could not. The sham Bridegroom made his moan. That the crippled Bum had struck him such a horrid thump with his Shoulder-of-Mutton-Fist on the nether Elbow, that he was grown quite efperruquanchuzelubelouzerireliced down to his very Heel, to the no small loss of Mrs. Bride.

But what harm had poor I done (cry'd Trudon, hiding his left Eye with his Kerchief, and shewing his Tabor crack'd on one side) they were not satisfied with thus poching, black-and-bluing, and morrambouzevezengouzequoquemorgasacbaquevezinemaffreliding my poor Eyes, but they have also broke my harmless Drum. Drums indeed are commonly beaten at Weddings; (and 'tis fit they should) but Drummers are well entertained, and never beaten. Now let Belzebub e'en take the Drum to make his Devilship a Night-cap. Brother, said the lame Catchpole, never fret thy self, I will make thee a Present of a fine, large, old Patent, which I have here in my Bag, to patch up thy Drum, and for Madam St. Ann's sake I pray thee forgive us. By 'r Lady of River, the blessed Dame, I meant no more harm than the Child unborn. One of the Querries, who hopping and halting like a mumping Cripple, mimick'd the good limping Lord de la Roche Posay, directed his Discourse to the Bum with the pouting Jaw, and told him, What, Mr. Manbound, was it not enough thus to have morcrocastebezasteverestegrigeligoscopapopondrillated us all in our upper Members with your botch'd Mittens, but you must also apply such Morderegripippiatabirofre-

luchamburelurecaquelurintimpaniments on our Shin-Bones with the hard Tops and Extremities of your cobbl'd Shoes? Do you call this Children's Play? By the Mass 'tis no Jest. The Bum wringing his Hands, seem'd to beg his Pardon, muttering with his Tongue, mon, mon, mon, vrelon, von, von, like a dumb Man. The Bride crying laught, and laughing cry'd, because the Catchpole was not satisfied with drubbing her without choice or distinction of Members, but had also rudely rous'd and tous'd her, pull'd off her Topping, and not having the Fear of her Husband before his Eyes, treacherously trepignemanpenillorifrizonoufresturfumbledtumbled and squeez'd her lower Parts. The Devil go with it, said Basché, there was much need indeed that this same Master King (this was the Catchpole's Name) should thus break my Wife's Back; however I forgive him now; these are little Nuptial Caresses. But this I plainly perceive, that he cited me like an Angel, and drubb'd me like a Devil. He hath something in him of Fryar Thumpwell. Come, for all this I must drink to him, and to you likewise his trusty Esquires. But said his Lady, Why hath he been so very liberal of his manual Kindness to me, without the least Provocation? I assure you, I by no means like it; but this I dare say for him, that he hath the hardest Knuckles that ever I felt on my Shoulders. The Steward held his left Arm in a Scarf, as if it had been rent and torn in twain: I think it was the Devil, said he, that mov'd me to assist at these Nuptials; shame on ill luck, I must needs be meddling, with a Pox, and now see what I have got by the Bargain, both my Arms are wretchedly engoulevezinemassdandbruis'd. Do you call this a Wedding? By St. Bridget's Tooth, I had rather be at that of a Tom T—dman; this is o' my word e'en just such an-

other Feast as was that of the Lapithes, describ'd by the Philosopher of Samosate. One of the Bums had lost his Tongue. The two other, tho' they had more need to complain, made their excuse as well as they could, protesting that they had no ill design in this Dumb-founding; begging that for Goodness sake they would forgive them; and so, tho' they could hardly budge a foot, or wag along, away they crawl'd. About a Mile from Basché's Seat, the Catchpole found himself somewhat out of sorts. The Bums got to l'Isle Bouchart, publickly saying, That since they were born, they had never seen an honester Gentleman than the Lord of Basché, or civiller People than his, and that they had never been at the like Wedding (which I verily believe) but that it was their own faults, if they had been tickled off, and toss'd about from Post to Pillar, since themselves had began the Beating. So they liv'd I can't exactly tell you how many Days after this. But from that time to this it was held for a certain Truth, That Basché's Money was more pestilential, mortal, and pernicious to the Catchpoles and Bums, than were formerly the Aurum Tholosanum, and the Sejan Horse to those that possessed them. Ever since this he lived quietly, and Basché's Wedding grew into a common Proverb.

CHAPTER XVI

HOW FRYAR JHON MADE TRYAL OF THE NATURE OF THE CATCHPOLES

This Story would seem pleasant enough, said Pantagruel, were we not to have always the Fear of God before our Eyes. It had been better, said Epistemon, if those

Gantlets had fallen upon the fat Prior: Since he took a pleasure in spending his Money, partly to vex Basché, partly to see those Catchpoles bang'd, good lusty Thumps would have done well on his shav'd Crown, considering the horrid Concussions now-adays among those puny Judges. What harm had done those poor Devils the Catchpoles. This puts me in mind, said Pantagruel of an ancient Roman named L. Neratius; he was of noble Blood, and for some time was rich; but had this tyrannical Inclination, that whenever he went out of doors, he caus'd his Servants to fill their Pockets with Gold and Silver, and meeting in the Street your Spruce Gallants and better sort of Beaux, without the least Provocation, for his Fancy he us'd to strike them hard on the Face with his Fist, and immediately after that, to appease them and hinder them from complaining to the Magistrates, he would give them as much Money as satisfied them according to the Law of the Twelve Tables. Thus he us'd to spend his Revenue, beating People for the Price of his Money. By St. Bennet's sacred Boot, quoth Fryar Jhon, I will know the truth of it presently.

This said, he went on shoar, put his Hand in his Fob, and took out twenty Ducats, then said with a loud Voice in the hearing of a shoal of the Nation of Catchpoles, Who will earn twenty Ducats, for being beaten like the Devil? Io, Io, Io, said they all; you will cripple us for ever, Sir, that's most certain, but the Money is tempting. With this they were all thronging who should be first, to be thus preciously beaten. Fryar Jhon singled him out of the whole Knot of these Rogues-in-grain, a red-snout Catchpole, who upon his right Thumb wore a thick broad Silver Hoop, wherein was set a good large Toadstone. He had no sooner pick'd him out from the

rest, but I perceiv'd that they all mutter'd and grumbl'd; and I heard a young thin-jaw'd Catchpole, a notable Scholar, a pretty Fellow at his Pen, and, according to Publick Report, much cry'd up for his Honesty at Doctor's-Commons, making his complaint, and muttering; because this same crimson Phyz carry'd away all the Practice, and that if there were but a score and a half of Bastinado's to be got, he would certainly run away with eight and twenty of them. But all this was look'd upon to be nothing but mere Envy.

Fryar Jhon so unmercifully thrash'd, thump'd, belabour'd Red-snout, Back and Belly, Sides, Legs and Arms, Head, Feet, and so forth, with the home and frequently repeated application of one of the best Members of a Faggot, that I took him to be a dead Man; then he gave him the twenty Ducats, which made the Dog get on his Legs, pleas'd like a little King or two. The rest were saying to Fryar Jhon, Sir, Sir, Brother Devil, if it please you to do us the favour to beat some of us for less Money, we are all at your Devilship's command, Bags, Papers, Pens and all. Red-snout cry'd out against them, saying with a loud Voice, Body of me, you little Prigs, will you offer to take the Bread out of my Mouth? will you take my Bargain over my Head? would you draw and inveigle from me my Clients and Customers? Take notice, I summon you before the Official this day se'night; I will law and claw you like any old Devil, that I will.——Then turning himself towards Fryar Jhon, with a smiling and joyful Look, he said to him, Reverend Father in the Devil, if you have found me a good Hide, and have a mind to divert your self once more, by beating your humble Servant, I will bate you half in half this time, rather than lose your Custom, do not spare me, I beseech you; I am all, and

more than all yours, good Mr. Devil, Head, Lungs, Tripes, Guts and Garbage, and that at a Peniworth, I'll assure you. Fryar Jhon ne'er heeded his Proffers, but e'en left them. The other Catchpoles were making Addresses to Panurge, Epistemon, Gymnast, and others, entreating them charitably to bestow upon their Carcasses a small beating, for otherwise they were in danger of keeping a long Fast: but none of them had a Stomach to it. Some time after, seeking fresh Water for the Ship's Company, we met a couple of old Female Catchpoles of the place, miserably howling and weeping in Consort. Pantagruel had kept on board, and already had caus'd a Retreat to be sounded, thinking they might be related to the Catchpole that was bastinado'd. We ask'd them the occasion of their Grief. They reply'd, That they had too much cause to weep; for that very hour, from an exalted Triple Tree, two of the honestest Gentlemen in Catchpole-land had been made to cut a Caper on nothing. Cut a Caper on nothing? said Gymnast, my Pages use to cut Capers on the Ground; to cut a Caper on nothing should be hanging and choaking, or I am out. Ay, ay, said Fryar Jhon, you speak of it like St. John de la Palisse.

We ask'd them why they treated those worthy Persons with such a choaking Hempen Sallet? They told us, they had only borrow'd, *alias* stoln, the Tools of the Mass, and hid them under the Handle of the Parish. This is a very allegorical way of speaking, said Epistemon.

CHAPTER XVII

HOW PANTAGRUEL CAME TO THE ISLANDS OF TOHU AND BOHU, AND OF THE STRANGE DEATH OF WIDENOSTRILS, THE SWALLOWER OF WINDMILS

THAT Day Pantagruel came to the two Islands of Tohu and Bohu, where the Devil a bit we could find any thing to fry with: For, one Widenostrils, a huge Giant had swallowed every individual Pan, Skillet, Kettle, Frying-pan, Dripping-pan, and Brass and Iron Pot in the Land, for want of Windmills, which were his daily Food. Whence it happen'd that somewhat before Day, about the Hour of his Digestion, the Greedy Churl was taken very ill, with a kind of a Surfeit or crudity of Stomach, occasion'd (as the Physicians said) by the weakness of the concocting Faculty of his Stomach, naturally dispos'd to digest whole Windmils at a Gust; yet unable to consume perfectly the Pans and Skillets, though it had indeed pretty well digested the Kettles and Pots, as they said they knew by the Hypostases and Encoresmes of four Tubs of second-hand Drink, which he had evacuated at two different times that Morning. They made use of divers Remedies according to Art, to give him ease: But all would not do, the Distemper prevailed over the Remedies, insomuch that the famous Widenostrils dy'd that Morning, of so strange a Death, that I think you ought no longer to wonder at that of the Poet Æschylus's. It had been foretold him by the Soothsayers, that he would dye on a certain Day, by the ruin of something that should fall on him; that fatal Day being come in its Turn, he remov'd himself out of Town, far from all

Houses, Trees, or any other things that can fall, and indanger by their ruin; and stay'd in a large Field, trusting himself to the open Sky, there very secure as he thought, unless indeed the Sky should happen to fall, which he held to be impossible. Yet they say that the Larks are much afraid of it, for if it should fall, they must all be taken.

The Celtx that once liv'd near the Rhine, (they are our noble valiant French) in ancient Times were also afraid of the Sky's falling; for being ask'd by Alexander the Great, What they fear'd most in this World, hoping well they would say that they fear'd none but him, considering his great Atchievements, they made answer, That they fear'd nothing but the Sky's falling; however, not refusing to enter into a Confederacy with so brave a King: If you believe Strabo, Lib. 7. and Arrian, Lib. 1.

Plutarch also in his Book of the Face that appears on the Body of the Moon, speaks of one Phœnaces who very much fear'd the Moon should fall on Earth, and piti'd those that live under that Planet, as the Æthiopians and Taprobanians, if so heavy a Mass ever happened to fall on them; and would have fear'd the like of Heaven and Earth, had they not been duly propp'd up and born by the Atlantic pillars, as the Ancients believ'd, according to Aristotle's Testimony, Lib. 5. *Metaphys.* Notwithstanding all this, poor Æschylus was kill'd by the fall of the Shell of a Tortoise, which falling from betwixt the Claws of an Eagle high in the Air, just on his Head, dash'd out his Brains.

Neither ought you to wonder at the death of another Poet, I mean old jolly Anacreon, who was choak'd with a Grape-stone: nor at that of Fabius the Roman Prætor, who was smothered with a single Goat's-hair as he was supping up a Porringer of Milk. Nor at the death of

that bashful Fool, who by holding in his Wind, and for want of letting out a Bumgunshot, dy'd suddenly in the presence of Emperor Claudius. Nor at that of the Italian, buried on the Via Flaminia at Rome, who, in his Epitaph, complains that the bite of a She-Puss on his little Finger was the cause of his Death. Nor of that of Q. Lecanius Bassus, who died suddenly of so small a prick with a Needle on his left Thumb, that it could hardly be descern'd. Nor of Quenelault, a Norman Physician, who dy'd suddenly at Monpellier, meerly for having sideways took a Worm out of his Hand with a Pen-knife. Nor of Philomenes, whose Servant having got him some new Figs, for the first Course of his Dinner, whilst he went to fetch Wine, a straggling well-hung Ass got into the House, and seeing the Figs on the Table, without further Invitation soberly fell to: Philomenes coming into the Room, and nicely observing with what Gravity the Ass eat its Dinner, said to his Man, who was come back; Since thou hast set Figs here for this reverend Guest of ours to eat, methinks it's but reason thou also give him some of this Wine to drink. He had no sooner said this, but he was so excessively pleased, and fell into so exorbitant a fit of Laughter, that the use of his Spleen took that of his Breath utterly away, and he immediately dy'd. Nor of Spurius Saufeius, who dy'd supping up a soft Egg as he came out of a Bath. Nor of him who, as Boccace tells us, dy'd suddenly by picking his Grinders with a Sage-stalk. Nor of Philipot Placut, who being brisk and hale, fell dead as he was paying an old Debt; which causes perhaps many not to pay theirs, for fear of the like Accident. Nor of the Painter Zeuxis, who kill'd himself with laughing at the sight of the Antick Jobbernol of an old Hag drawn by him. Nor, in short, of a thousand more of which Authors write, as Verrius, Pliny, Valerius,

J. Baptista, Fulgosius, and Bacabery the elder. In short, Gaffer Widenostrils choak'd himself with eating a huge lump of fresh Buter at the Mouth of a hot Oven, by the Advice of Physicians.

They likewise told us there, that the King of Cullan in Bohu had routed the Grandees of King Mecloth, and made sad work with the Fortresses of Belima.

After this, we sail'd by the Islands of Nargues and Zargues; also by the Islands of Teleniabin and Geneliabin, very fine and fruitful in Ingredients for Clisters: and then by the Islands of Enig and Evig, on whose account formerly the Landgrave of Hesse was swindg'd off with a vengeance.

CHAPTER XVIII

HOW PANTAGRUEL MET WITH A GREAT STORM AT SEA

THE next Day we espied nine Sail that came spooning before the Wind; they were full of Dominicans, Jesuits, Capuchins, Hermits, Austins, Bernardins, Celestins, Theatins, Egnatins, Amadeans, Cordeliers, Carmelites, Minims, and the Devil and all of other holy Monks and Fryars, who were going to the Council of Chesil, to sift and garble some Articles of Faith against the new Hereticks; Panurge was overjoy'd to see them, being most certain of good Luck, for that Day, and a long Train of others. So having courteously saluted the goodly Fathers, and recommended the Salvation of his precious Soul to their Devout Prayers and private Ejaculations, he caus'd seventy eight dozen of Westphalia Hams, Unites of Pots of Caviar, Tens of Bolonia Sawsages,

Hundreds of Botargoes, and Thousands of fine Angels, for the Souls of the Dead, to be thrown on board their Ships. Pantagruel seem'd metagraboliz'd, dozing, out of sorts, and as melancholick as a Cat; Fryar John, who soon perceiv'd it, was enquiring of him whence should come this unusual Sadness? When the Master, whose Watch it was, observing the fluttering of the Ancient above the Poop, and seeing that it began to overcast, judg'd that we should have Wind, therefore he bid the Boatswain call Hands upon Deck, Officers, Sailors, Fore-mast Men, Swabbers, and Cabbin-boys, and even the Passengers; made 'em first settle their Top-sails, take in their Spreet-sail; then he cry'd, In with your Top-sails, lower the Fore-sail, Tallow under the Parrels, brade up, close all them Sails, strike your Top-masts to the Cap, make all sure with your Sheeps-feet, lash your Guns fast. All this was nimbly done. Immediately it blow'd a Storm, the Sea began to roar, and swell Mountain high: the Rut of the Sea was great, the Waves breaking upon our Ships Quarter, the North-West Wind bluster'd and overblow'd; boisterous Gusts; dreadful Clashings and deadly Scuds of Wind whistled through our Yards, and made our Shrouds rattle again. The Thunder grumbled so horridly, that you would have thought Heaven had been tumbling about our Ears; at the same time it Lighten'd, Rain'd, Hail'd; the Sky lost its transparent hue, grew dusky, thick and glōomy, so that we had no other Light than that of the Flashes of Lightning and rending of the Clouds: the Hurricans, Flaws, and sudden Whirlwinds began to make a Flame about us by the Lightnings, Fiery Vapours, and other Aerial Ejaculations. Oh! how our Looks were full of Amazement and Trouble, while the sawcy Winds did rudely lift up above us the Mountainous Waves of the Main. Believe me, it seem'd

to us a lively Image of the Chaos, where Fire, Air, Sea, Land, and all the Elements, were in a refractory Confusion. Poor Panurge, having, with the full Contents of the inside of his Doublet, plentifully fed the Fish, greedy enough of such odious Fare, sat on the Deck all in a heap, with his Nose and Arse together, most sadly cast down, moping and half dead; invok'd and call'd to his Assistance all the blessed and he and she Saints he could muster up, swore and vow'd to confess in Time and Place convenient, and then bawl'd out frightfully, Steward, Maistre d'Hotel, see hoe, my Friend, my Father, my Uncle, pr'ythee let's have a Piece of Powder'd Beef or Pork; we shall drink but too much anon, for ought I see; eat little and drink the more shall hereafter be my Motto, I fear. Would to our dear Lord, and to our blessed, worthy, and sacred Lady, I were now, I say, this very Minute of an Hour, well on shoar on *Terra firma*, hale and easie. O twice and thrice happy those that plant Cabbages! O Destinies, why did you not Spin me for a Cabbage Planter? O how few are they to whom Jupiter hath been so favourable as to predestinate them to plant Cabbage! They have always one Foot on the Ground and the other not far from it. Dispute who will of Felicity, and *summum bonum*, for my part, whosoever plants Cabbages, is now by my Decree proclaim'd most happy; for as good a reason as the Philosopher Pyrrho being in the same Danger, and seeing a Hog near the Shoar eating some scatter'd Oats, declar'd it happy in two respects, first, because it had plenty of Oats, and besides that it was on Shoar. Hah, for a Divine and Princely Habitation, commend me to the Cows Floor.

Murther! This Wave will sweep us away, blessed Saviour! O, my Friends! a little Vinegar. I sweat again with meer Agony. Alas, the Misen-sail's split,

the Gallery's wash'd away, the Masts are sprung, the Main-Top-Mast Head dives into the Sea; the Keel is up to the Sun; our Shrouds are almost all broke, and blown away. Alas! Alas! Where is our main Course? *Ael is verlooren by Godt*, our Top-Mast is run adrift. Alas! Who shall have this Wreck? Friend, lend me here behind you one of these Wales. Your Lanthorn is fallen, my Lads. Alas! don't let go the Main-tack nor the Bowlin. I hear the Block crack, is it broke? For the Lord's sake, let us save the Hull, and let all the Rigging be damn'd. Be be be bous, bous, bous. Look to the Needle of your Compass, I beeseech you, good Sir Astrophel, and tell us, if you can, whence comes this Storm, my Heart's sunk down below my Midriff. By my troth I am in a sad fright; bou, bou, bou, bous, bous, I am lost for ever. I conskite my self for meer Madness and Fear. Bou, bou, bou, bou, Otto to to to to ti. Bou, bou, bou, ou, ou ou, bou bou, bous. I sink, I'm drowned, I'm gone, good People, I'm drowned.

CHAPTER XIX

WHAT COUNTENANCES PANURGE AND FRYAR JHON KEPT DURING THE STORM

PANTAGRUEL having first implor'd the help of the Great and Almighty Deliverer, and pray'd publickly with fervent Devotion, by the Pilot's Advice held titely the Mast of the Ship. Fryar Jhon had stripp'd himself to his Waist-coat, to help the Seamen. Epistemon, Ponocrates, and the rest did as much. Panurge alone sate on his Breech upon Deck, weeping, and howling. Fryar Jhon espy'd him, going on the Quarter-Deck, and said to him:

Odzoons, Panurge the Calf, Panurge the Whiner, Panurge the Brayer, would it not become thee much better to lend us here a helping Hand, than to lie lowing like a Cow, as thou dost, sitting on thy Stones like a bald breech'd Baboon? Be, be, be, bous, bous, bous, return'd Panurge, Fryar Jhon, my Friend, my good Father, I am drowning, my dear Friend! I drown; I am a dead Man, my dear Father in God, I am a dead Man, my Friend: your cutting Hanger cannot save me from this: Alas! Alas! We are above *Ela*. Above the pitch, out of Tune, and off the Hinges. Be, be, be, bou, bous. Alas! we are now above G *sol re ut*. I sink, I sink, hah, my Father, my Uncle, my All. The Water is got into my Shoes by the Collar; bous, bous, bous, paisch, hu, hu, hu, he, he, he, ha, ha, I drown. Alas! Alas! Hu, hu, hu, hu, hu, hu, hu, be be bous, bous, bobous, bobous, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho. Alas! Alas! Now am I like your Tumblers, my Feet stand higher than my Head: Would to Heaven I were now with those good, holy Fathers bound for the Council, whom we met this Morning, so Godly, so Fat, so Merry, so Plump and Comely. Holos, holos, holas, alas, alas. This Devilish Wave (*mea culpa, Deus*) I mean this Wave of God will sink our Vessel. Alas, Fryar Jhon, my Father, my Friend, Confession, here I am down on my Knees, *Confiteor*; your holy Blessing. Come hither and be damn'd thou pitiful Devil and help us (said Fryar Jhon) who fell a swearing and cursing like a Tinker; in the Name of thirty Legions of black Devils, come, will you come? Don't let us swear at this time, said Panurge, Holy Father, my Friend, don't swear, I beseech you; to morrow as much as you please. Holos, holos, alas, our Ship leaks. I drown, alas, alas, I will give eighteen hundred thousand Crowns to any one that will set me on shoar all beray'd, and

bedaub'd as I am now, if ever there was a Man in my Country in the like pickle. *Confiteor*, alas! a word or two of Testament or Codicil at least. A thousand Devils seize the Cuckoldy Cow-hearted Mungril, cry'd Fryar Jhon; Ods Belly, art thou talking here of making thy Will, now we are in danger, and it behoveth us to bestir our Stumps lustily, or never. Wilt thou come, ho Devil? Midship-man my Friend, O the rare Lieutenant, here Gymnast, here on the Poop. We are by the Mass, all beshit now, our Light is out. This is hastening to the Devil as fast as it can.—Alas, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, alas, alas, alas, alas, said Panurge, was it here we were born to perish? Oh! hoh! Good People, I drown, I die. *Consummatum est.* I am sped.—Magna, gna, gna, said Fryar Jhon. Fye upon him, how ugly the shiten Howler looks.—Boy, Younker, see hoyh.—Mind the Pumps, or the Devil choak thee.—Hast thou hurt thy self? Zoons, here fasten it to one of these Blocks. On this side in the Devil's Name, hay—so my Boy.—Ah Fryar Jhon, said Panurge, good Ghostly Father, dear Friend, don't let us swear, you sin. Oh ho, Oh ho, be be be bous, bous, bhous, I sink, I die, my Friends. I die in Charity with all the World. Farewell, *In manus.* Bohous, bhous, bhousowwauwaus. St. Michael of Aure! St. Nicholas! now, now or never. I here make you a solemn Vow and to our Saviour, that if you stand by me but this time, I mean if you set me ashoar out of this Danger, I will build you a fine large little Chappel or two between Cande and Monsoreau, where neither Cow nor Calf shall feed. Oh ho, oh ho. Above eighteen Palefuls or two of it are got down my Gullet, bous, bhous, bhous, bhous, how damn'd bitter and salt it is.—By the virtue (said Fryar Jhon) of the Blood, the Flesh, the Belly, the Head, if I hear thee again howling, thou Cuckoldly Cur, I'll

maul thee worse than any Sea-Wolf. Ods fish, why don't we take him by the Lugs, and throw him over-board to the bottom of the Sea? Here, Sailor, ho honest Fellow. Thus, thus, my Friend, hold fast above.—In truth here is a sad Lightning and Thundering; I think that all the Devils are got loose, 'tis Holy-day with 'em, or else Madam Proserpine is in Child's Labour, all the Devils dance a Morrice.

CHAPTER XX

HOW THE PILOTS WERE FORSAKING THEIR SHIPS IN THE GREATEST STRESS OF WEATHER

Oh, said Panurge, you sin, Fryar Jhon, my former Crony, former, I say, for at this time I am no more, you are no more: It goes against my Heart to tell it you; for I believe this swearing doth your Spleen a great deal of good; as it is a great ease to a Wood-Cleaver to cry hem, at every Blow; and as one who plays at Nine-Pins, is wonderfully help'd, if, when he hath not thrown his Bowl right, and is like to make a bad cast, some ingenious stander-by leans and screws his Body half way about, on that side which the Bowl should have took to hit the Pins. Nevertheless you offend, my sweet Friend. But what do you think of eating some kind of Cabirotadoes? Wouldn't this secure us from this Storm? I have read that the Ministers of the Gods Cabiri so much celebrated by Orpheus, Apollonius, Pherecydes, Strabo, Pausanias, and Herodotus, were always secure in time of Storm. He doats, he raves, the poor Devil, said Fryar Jhon. A thousand, a million, nay, a hundred millions of Devils seize the hornifi'd Doddipole. Lend's a Hand here, hoh, Tiger, wouldst thou? Here on the Starboard

side ; Ods me, thou Buffolo's-Head stuffed with Relicks, what Ape's *Pater Noster* art thou muttering and chattering here between thy Teeth ? That Devil of a Sea-calf is the Cause of all this Storm, and is the only Man who doth not lend a helping hand. By G— if I come near thee, I'll fetch thee out by the Head and Ears with a vengeance, and chastise thee like any Tempestative Devil. Here Mate, my Lad, hold fast till I have made a double Knot. O' brave Boy ! Would to Heaven thou wert Abbot of Talemouze, and that he that is, were Guardian of Croullay. Hold Brother Ponocrates, you will hurt your self Man. Epistemon, pr'ythee stand off out of the Hatchway. Methinks I saw the Thunder fall there but just now. Con the Ship, so ho——Mind your Steerage. Well said, thus, thus, steady, keep her thus, get the Long-Boat clear.—Steady. Ods fish, the Beakhead is stav'd to pieces. Grumble, Devils, fart, belch, shite a T—d o' the Wave. If this be Weather, the Devil's a Ram. Nay, by G— a little more would have wash'd me clear away into the Current. I think all the Legions of Devils hold here their Provincial Chapter, or are Polling, Canvasing and Wrangling for the Election of a New Rector. —Starboard ; well said.—Take heed ; have a care of your Noddle, Lad, in the Devil's Name. So ho, Starboard, Starboard. Be, be, be, bous, bous, bous, cry'd Panurge, bous, bous, be, be, be, bous, bous, I am lost. I see neither Heaven nor Earth ; of the four Elements we have here only Fire and Water left. Bou, bou, bou, bous, bous, bous. Would it were the pleasure of the worthy Divine Bounty, that I were at this present Hour in the Close at Sevillé, or at Innocent's the Pastry-Cook, over against the painted Wine-Vault at Chinon, though I were to strip to my Doublet, and bake the petty Pasties my self.

Honest Man, could not you throw me ashoar, you can do a world of good things, they say. I give you all Salmigondinois, and my large Shoar full of Whilks, Cockles and Periwinkles, if by your Industry, I ever set Foot on firm Ground. Alas, alas, I drown. Hark'ee, my Friends, since we cannot get safe into Port, let us come to an Anchor into some Road, no matter whither. Drop all your Anchors, let us be out of danger, I beseech you. Here honest Tar, get you into the Chains and heave the Lead, an't please you. Let us know how many Fathom Water we are in. Sound, Friend, in the Lord Harry's Name. Let us know, whether a Man might here drink easily without stooping. I am apt to believe One might. Helm a lee, hoh, cry'd the Pilot. Helm a lee, a Hand or two at the Helm, About Ships with her, Helm a lee, Helm a lee.—Stand off from the Leech of the Sail.—Hoh, Belay here make fast below, hoh, Helm a lee, lash sure the Helm a lee, and let her drive. Is it come to that, said Pantagruel, our good Saviour then help us. Let her lie under the Sea, cry'd James Brayer, our chief Mate, let her drive. To Prayers, to Prayers, let all think on their Souls, and fall to Prayers; nor hope to scape but by a Miracle. Let us, said Panurge, make some good pious kind of Vow, alas, alas, alas, bou, bou, be be be bous, bous, bous, Oho, Oho, Oho, Oho, let us make a Pilgrim; come, come, let every Man club his Penny towards it, come on. Here, here, on this side, said Fryar Jhon in the Devil's Name. Let her drive, for the Lord's sake unhang the Rudder, hoh, let her drive, let her drive, and let us drink, I say of the best and most cheering, d'ye hear Steward, produce, exhibit, for d'ye see this, and all the rest will as well go to the Devil out of hand. A Pox on that Wind-broaker Æolus with his Fluster-blusters, Sirrah, Page, bring me here my

Drawer (for so he call'd his Breviary) stay a little here, hawl, Friend, thus——Odzoons, here's a deal of Hail and Thunder to no purpose. Hold fast above, I pray you. When have we All-Saints Day? I believe 'tis the unholy Holiday of all the Devil's Crew. Alas, said Panurge, Fryar Jhon damns himself here as black as Buttermilk for the noance. Oh what a good Friend I lose in him. Alas, alas, there is anothergats Bout than last Year's. We are falling out of Scylla into Charybdis. Oho! I drown. *Confiteor*, one poor Word or two, by way of Testament, Fryar Jhon, my Ghostly Father, good Mr. Abstractor, my Crony, my Achates, Xenomanes, my All. Alas I drown, two Words of Testament here upon this Ladder.

CHAPTER XXI

A CONTINUATION OF THE STORM, WITH A SHORT DISCOURSE ON THE SUBJECT OF MAKING TESTAMENTS AT SEA

To make ones last Will, said Epistemon, at this time that we ought to bestir our selves, and help our Seamen, on the penalty of being drown'd, seems to me as idle and ridiculous a Maggot as that of some of Cæsar's Men, who at their coming into the Gauls, were mightily busi'd in making Wills and Codicils, bemoan'd their Fortune, and the absence of their Spouses and Friends at Rome, when it was absolutely necessary for them to run to their Arms, and use their utmost Strength against Ariovistus their Enemy.

This also is to be as silly as that jolt-headed Loblolly of a Carter, who having laid his Waggon fast in a Slough, down on his Marrow-bones, was calling on the strong-

back'd Deity Hercules, might and main, to help him at a dead lift, but all the while forgot to goad on his Oxen, and lay his Shoulder to the Wheels, as it behoved him, as if a Lord have mercy upon us alone, would have got his Cart out of the Mire.

What will it signify to make your Will now? For either we shall come off, or drown for't. If we scape, it will not signify a Straw to us; for Testaments are of no value or Authority, but by the Death of the Testators. If we are drown'd, will it not be drown'd too? Pr'ythee who will transmit it to the Executors? Some kind Wave will throw it ashoar, like Ulysses, reply'd Panurge, and some King's Daughter, going to Fetch a Walk in the Fresco on the Evening, will find it, and take care to have it prov'd and fulfill'd; nay, and have some stately Cenotaph erected to my Memory, as Dido had to that of her good Man Sichæus; Æneas to Deiphobus upon the Trojan Shoar near Rhœte; Andromache to Hector in the City of Buthrot; Aristotle to Hermias and Eubulus; the Athenians to the Poet Euripides; the Romans to Drusus in Germany, and to Alexander Severus their Emperor in the Gauls; Argentier to Callaischre; Xenocrates to Lisidices; Timares to his Son Teleutagoras; Eupolis and Aristodice to their Son Theotimus; Onestes to Timocles; Callimachus to Sopolis the Son of Dioclides; Catullus to his Brother; Statius to his Father; Germain of Brie to Hervée the Breton Tarpawlin. Art thou mad, said Fryar Jhon, to run on at this rate? Help here, in the name of Five hundred thousand Millions of Cart-loads of Devils, help; may a Shanker gnaw thy Mustacho's, and three rows of Pock-royals and Colly-flowers cover thy Bum and Turd-barrel instead of Breeches and Codpiece. Codsooks, our Ship is almost overset. Ods death, how shall we clear her? 'Tis well

if she don't founder. What a devilish Sea there runs? She'll neither try nor hull, the Sea will overtake her, so we shall never scape, the Devil scape me. Then Pantagruel was heard to make a sad Exclamation, saying with a loud Voice, Lord save us, we perish: Yet not as we would have it, but thy holy Will be done. The Lord and the blessed Virgin be with us said Panurge: Holos, alas, I drown, be be bous, be bous bous: *In manus.* Good Heaven, send me some Dolphin to carry me safe on shoar, like a pretty little Arion: I shall make shift to sound the Harp if it be not unstrung. Let nineteen Legions of black Devils seize me, said Fryar Jhon, (the Lord be with us, whisper'd Panurge between his chattering ing Teeth) If I come down to thee, I'll shew thee to some purpose, that the Badge of thy Humanity dangles at a Calf's Breech, thou ragged-horn'd Cuckoldy Booby; mgna, mgnan, mgnan: Come hither and help us, thou great weeping Calf, or may thirty millions of Devils leap on thee; wilt thou come, Sea-calf? Fye, how ugly the howling Whelp looks! What, always the same Ditty? Come on now my bonny Drawer; (this he said opening his Breviary) come forward, thou and I must be somewhat serious for a while, let me peruse thee stiffly: *Beatus vir qui non abiit.* Pshaw, I know all this by heart; lets see the Legend of Monsieur St. Nicholas.

Horrida tempestas montem turbavit acutum.

Tempest was a mighty Flogger of Lads at Mountague-College: If Pedants be damn'd for whipping poor little innocent Wretches their Scholars, he is, upon my Honour by this time fix'd within Ixion's Wheel, lashing the crop-ear'd bobtail'd Cur that gives it Motion. If they are sav'd for having whipp'd innocent Lads, he ought to be above the——

CHAPTER XXII

AN END OF THE STORM

SHOAR, shoar, cry'd Pantagruel, land to, my Friends, I see Land, pluck up a good Spirit Boys, 'tis within a kenning, so we are not far from a Port—I see the Sky clearing up to the Northwards——Look to the South-east! Courage, my Hearts, said the Pilot, now she'll bear the hullock of a Sail, the Sea is much smoother, some Hands aloft, to the main Top——Put the Helm a weather——Steady, steady—Hawl your aftermisen Bowlins—Haul, haul, haul—Thus, thus, and no nearer. Mind your Steerage, bring your main Tack aboard——Clear your Sheets; clear your Bowlins; port, port, helm a-lee—Now, to the Sheet on the starboard-side, thou Son of a Whore. Thou art mightily pleas'd, honest Fellow, quoth Fryar Jhon, with hearing him make mention of thy Mother. Loff, loff, cry'd the Quarter-master that con'd the Ship, keep her full, loff the Helm. Loff, it is, answer'd the Steerman; keep her thus——Get the Bonnets fix'd——Steady, steady.

That's well said, said Fryar Jhon, now this is something like a Tanzy. Come, come, come, Children, be nimble ——Good——Loff, loff——Thus——Helm a weather. That's well said and thought on. Methinks the Storm is almost over. It was high time, faith; however, the Lord be thanked——Our Devils begin to scamper——Out with all your Sails——Hoist your Sails——Hoist ——That's spoke like a Man, Hoist, hoist——Here agod's name honest Ponocrates, thou'rt a lusty Fornicator, the Whore-son will get none but boys; Eusthenes,

thou art a notable Fellow——Run up to the Foretop-Sail——Thus, thus——Well said, i-faith, thus, thus. I dare not fear any thing all this while, for it is Holiday. Vea, vea, vea! Husah! This Shout of the Seamen is not amiss, and pleases me, for it is Holiday: Keep her full, thus——Good. Chear up my merry Mates all, cry'd our Epistemon, I see already Castor on the Right. Be, be, bous, bous, bous, said Panurge, I am much afraid it is the Bitch Helen. 'Tis truly Mixarchagenas, return'd Epistemon, if thou likest better that Denomination which the Argives give him. Ho, ho! I see Land too; let her bear it with the Harbour; I see a good many People on the Beach: I see a Light on an Obeliscolychny. Shorten your Sails, said the Pilot, fetch the Sounding-line, we must double that Point of Land, and mind the Sands——We are clear of them, said the Sailors. Soon after, away she goes, quoth the Pilot, and so doth the rest of our Fleet: Help came in good season.

By St. John, said Panurge, this is spoke somewhat like: Oh the sweet Word! There's the Soul of Musick in't. Mgna, mgna, mgna, said Fryar Jhon: If ever thou tast a Drop on't, let the Devil's Dam tast me, thou ballocky Devil. Here honest Soul, here's a full Sneaker of the very best. Bring the Flaggons, dost hear, Gymnast, and that same large Pasty Jambic, Gammonic, as you will have it——Take heed you pilot her in right.

Chear up, cry'd out Pantagruel, chear up, my Boys: Let's be our selves again, do you see yonder close by our Ship, two Barks, three Sloops, five Ships, eight Pinks, four Yawls, and six Frigots, making towards us, sent by the Good People of the neighbouring Island to our relief. But who is this Ucalegon below, that cries and makes such a sad moan? Were it not that I hold the Mast firmly with both my Hands, and keep it streighter than

two hundred Tacklings—I'd.—It is (said Fryar Jhon) that poor Devil Panurge, who is troubled with a Calf's Ague; he quakes for fear when his Belly's full. If, said Pantagruel, he hath been afraid during this dreadful Hurricane, and dangerous Storm, provided (waving that) he hath done his part like a Man, I do not value him a jot the less for it. For as to fear in all Encounters, is the mark of a heavy, and cowardly Heart, as Agamemnon did, who for that reason, is ignominously tax'd by Achilles with having Dogs Eyes, and a Stags Heart; so, not to fear when the case is evidently dreadful, is a sign of want or smalness of Apprehension.

Now if any thing ought to be feared, in this Life, next to offending God, I will not say it is Death; I will not meddle with the Disputes of Socrates and the Academies, that Death of it self is neither bad nor to be fear'd: But I will affirm that this kind of death by Shipwrack is to be fear'd or nothing is. For, as Homer saith, it is a grievous, dreadful, and an unnatural thing to perish at Sea. And indeed Æneas, in the Storm that took his Fleet near Sicily, was griev'd that he had not dy'd by the Hand of the brave Diomedes, and said that those were three, nay four times happy who perish'd with Troy. No Man here hath lost his Life; the Lord our Saviour be eternally prais'd for it: but, in truth, here is a Ship sadly out of order. Well, we must take care to have the Damage repair'd. Take heed we do not run a ground and billage her.

CHAPTER XXIII

HOW PANURGE PLAY'D THE GOOD FELLOW WHEN THE STORM WAS OVER

WHAT Cheer ho? fore and aft? quoth Panurge, Oh, ho! All is well, the Storm is over. I beseech ye, be so kind as to let me be the first that is set on shoar; for I would by all means a little untruss a Point.—Shall I help you still, here, let me see, I'll coyle this Rope; I have plenty of Courage, and of Fear as little as may be. Give it me yonder, honest Tar—No, no, I have not a bit of Fear. Indeed that same Decumane Wave that took us fore and aft somewhat alter'd my Pulse.——Down with your Sails, well said, how now, Fryar Jhon, you do nothing? Is it time for us to drink now? Who can tell but St. Martin's running Footman Belzebuth may still be hatching us some further Mischief? Shall I come and help you again! Pork and Pease choak me, if I do not heartily repent, tho' too late, not having followed the doctrine of the good Philosopher, who tells us, That to walk by the Sea, and to navigate by the Shoar, are very safe and pleasant things; just as 'tis to go on foot when we hold our Horse by the Bridle.—Hah, hah, hah, by G— all goes well.—Shall I help you here, too? Let me see, I'll do this as it should be, or the Devil's in 't.

Epistemon (who had the inside of one of his Hands all flea'd and bloody, having held a Tackling with might and main) hearing what Pantagruel had said, told him, You may believe my Lord, I had my share of Fear, as well as Panurge, yet I spar'd no Pains in lending my helping Hand. I consider'd, that since by fatal and

unavoidable Necessity, we must all die, it is the blessed Will of God that we die this or that Hour, and this or that kind of death; nevertheless we ought to implore, invoke, pray, beesech, and supplicate him; but yet we must not stop there; it behoveth us also to use our Endeavours on our side, and, as the Holy Writ saith, to co-operate with him.

You know what C. Flaminius the Consul said, when by Hannibal's Policy he was penn'd up near the Lake of Perusę alias Thrasymene, Friends (said he to his Soldiers) you must not hope to get out of this place barely by Vows or Prayers to the Gods; no, 'tis by Fortitude and Strength we must escape, and cut ourselves a Way with the Edge of our Swords, through the midst of our Enemies.

Sallust likewise makes M. Porcius Cato say this, The help of the Gods is not obtain'd by idle Vows, and Womanish Complaints; 'tis by Vigilance, Labour, and repeated Endeavours that all things succeed according to our Wishes and Designs.

If a Man in time of Need and Danger is negligent, heartless, and lazy, in vain he implores the Gods; they are then justly angry and incens'd against him. The Devil take me, said Fryar Jhon (I'll go his halves, quoth Panurge) if the Close of Sevillé had not been all gather'd, vintag'd, glean'd, and destroy'd, if I had only sung *Contra hostium insidias* (matter of Breviary) like all the rest of the Monking Devils, and had not bestir'd my self to save the Vineyard as I did, dispatching the Truant Piccaroons of Lerné with the Staff of the Cross.

Let her sink or swim a God's Name, said Panurge, all's one to Fryar Jhon, he doth nothing; his Name is Fryar Jhon Doelittle; for all he sees me here a sweating and puffing to help with all my Might this honest Tar, first of the Name.——Hark you me, dear Soul, a word with

you—but pray be not angry; How thick do you judge the Planks of our Ship to be? Some two good Inches and upwards, return'd the Pilot, don't fear. Odskilderkins, said Panurge, it seems then we are within two Fingers breadth of Damnation. Is this one of the nine Comforts of Matrimony? Ah, dear Soul, you do well to measure the Danger by the Yard of Fear. For my part I have none on't, my name is William Dreadnought. As for Heart, I have more than enough on't; I mean none of your Sheeps Heart; but of Wolf's Heart, the Courage of a Bravoe; by the Pavilion of Mars, I fear nothing but Danger.

CHAPTER XXIV

HOW PANURGE WAS SAID TO HAVE BEEN AFRAID, WITHOUT REASON, DURING THE STORM

Good morrow, Gentlemen, said Panurge, Good morrow to you all, You are in very good Health, thanks to Heaven, and your selves: You are all heartily welcome, and in good time. Let us go on shoar—Here, Coxen, get the Ladder over the Gunnel, Man the Sides, Man the Pinnace, and get her by the Ships side.—Shall I yet lend you a hand here? I am stark mad for want of Business, and would work like any two Yoaks of Oxen.—Truly this is a fine Place, and these look like a very good People. —Children, do you want me still in any thing? do not spare the Sweat of my Body, for godsake. Adam (that is Man) was made to labour and work, as the Birds were made to fly; our Lord's Will is that we get our Bread with the Sweat of our Brows, not idling and doing nothing, like this Tatterdemallion of a Monk here, this Fryar Jack,

who is fain to drink to hearten himself up, and dies for fear.—Rare Weather.—I now find the Answer of Anacharsis, the noble Philosopher, very proper; being ask'd what Ship he reckon'd the safest; he reply'd, that which is in the Harbour: he made a yet better Repartie, said Pantagruel, when some Body enquiring which is greater, the Number of the Living, or that of the Dead? He ask'd them, amongst which of the two they reckon'd those that are at Sea? ingeniously implying, that they are continually in danger of Death, dying live, and living die. Porcius Cato also said that there were but three things of which he would repent; that is, if ever he had trusted his Wife with his Secret, if he had idled away a Day, and if he had ever gone by Sea, to a Place which he could visit by Land. By this dignified Frock of mine, said Fryar Jhon to Panurge, Friend, thou hast been afraid during the Storm, without cause or reason; for thou wert not born to be drowned, but rather to be hang'd, and exalted in the Air, or to be roasted in the midst of a jolly Bonfire. My Lord, would you have a good Cloak for the Rain? Leave me off your Wolf and Badger-skin Mantle: Let Panurge but be flead, and cover your self with his Hide. But do not come near the Fire, nor near your Blacksmith's Forges a God's Name, for in a Moment you would see it in Ashes. Yet be as long as you please in the Rain, Snow, Hail, nay, by the Devil's Maker, throw your self or dive down to the very bottom of the Water, I'll engage you'll not be wet at all. Have some winter Boots made of it, they'll never take in a drop of Water; make Bladders of it to lay under Boys, to teach them to swim, instead of Corks, and they will learn without the least danger. His Skin then, said Pantagruel, should be like the Herb called, True Maidens Hair, which never takes wet nor

moistness, but still keeps dry, though you lay it at the bottom of the Water as long as you please, and for that reason is call'd Adiantos.

Friend Panurge, said Fryar Jhon, I pray thee never be afraid of Water, thy Life for mine, thou art threatn'd with a contrary Element. Ay, ay, reply'd Panurge, but the Devil's Cooks dote sometimes, and are apt to make horrid Blunders as well as others, often putting to boil in Water what was design'd to be roasted on the Fire, like the head Cooks of our Kitchen, who often lard Partridges, Queests and Stockdoves with intent to roast them, one wou'd think, but it happens sometimes, that they e'en turn the Partridges into the Pot to be boil'd with Cabbages, the Queests with Leek Porrage, and the Stockdoves with Turnips.

But hark you me, good Friends, I protest before this noble Company, that as for the Chappel which I vow'd to Monsieur St. Nicholas, between Cande, and Monsoreau, I honestly mean that it shall be a Chappel, alias a Lymbeck of Rose-water, which shall be where neither Cow nor Calf shall be fed, for between you and I, I intend to throw it to the bottom of the Water. Here is a rare Rogue for yee, said Eusthenes; here's a pure Rogue, a Rogue in grain, a Rogue enough, a Rogue and a half. He is resolv'd to make good the Italian Proverb, *Passato el pericolo è gabato el Santo.*

> The Devil was sick, the Devil a Monk wou'd be;
> The Devil was well, and the Devil a Monk he'd be.

CHAPTER XXV

HOW AFTER THE STORM, PANTAGRUEL WENT ON SHOAR IN THE ISLANDS OF THE MACREONS

IMMEDIATELY after, we went a shoar at the Port of an Island, which they call'd the Island of the Macreons; the good People of the Place receiv'd us very honourably. An old Macrobius (so they call'd their eldest Elderman) desir'd Pantagruel to come to the Town-house to refresh himself, and eat something, but he would not budge a foot, from the Mole, till all his Men were landed. After he had seen them, he gave order they should all change Cloaths, and that some of all the Stores in the Fleet, should be brought on shoar, that every Ship's Crew might live well, which was accordingly done; and God wot how they all top'd, and carrouz'd; the People of the Place brought them Provisions in abundance. The Pantagruelists return'd them more: As the truth is, their's were somewhat damag'd by the late Storm. When they had well stuffed the insides of their Doublets, Pantagruel desired every one to lend their help to repair the Damage, which they readily did. It was easie enough to refit there; for all the Inhabitants of the Island were Carpenters, and all such Handicrafts as are seen in the Arsenal at Venice. None but the largest Island was inhabited, having three Ports, and ten Parishes; the rest being over-run with Wood, and Desart, much like the Forest of Arden. We entreated the old Macrobius to shew us what was worth seeing in the Island, which he did; and in the Desart and dark Forest, we discover'd several old ruined

Temples, Obeliscs, Pyramids, Monuments, and ancient Tombs, with diverse Inscriptions, and Epitaphs, some of them in Hieroglyphic Characters, others in the Gothic Dialect, some in the Arabic, Agarenian, Sclavonian, and other Tongues: of which Epistemon took an exact Account. In the interim Panurge said to Fryar Jhon, Is this the Island of the Macreons? Macreon signifies in Greek an old Man, or one much stricken in Years. What's that to me, said Fryar Jhon, how can I help it? I was not in the Country when they Christen'd it. Now I think on 't, quoth Panurge, I believe the Name of Makerel [that's a Bawd in French] was deriv'd from it; for, procuring is the Province of the old, as Buttock-riggling is that of the young. Therefore I don't know but this may be the Bawdy or Mackrel Island, the Original and Prototype of the Island of that Name at Paris. Let's go and drudge for Cock-Oysters. Old Macrobius ask'd in the Ionick Tongue, how, and by what Industry and Labour Pantagruel got to their Port that Day, there having been such blustering Weather, and such a dreadful Storm at Sea. Pantagruel told him, that the Almighty Preserver of Mankind had regarded the Simplicity, and sincere Affection of his Servants, who did not travel for Gain or sordid Profit, the sole design of their Voyage being a studious desire to know, see, and visit the Oracle of Bacbuc, and take the Word of the Bottle upon some Difficulties offer'd by one of the Company; nevertheless this had not been without great Affliction, and evident danger of Shipwrack. After that, he ask'd him what he judg'd to be the cause of that terrible Tempest, and if the adjacent Seas were thus frequently subject to Storms, as in the Ocean are the Ratz of Sammaieu, Maumusson, and in the Mediterranean Sea the Gulph of Sataly, Montargentan,

Piombino, Capo Melio in the Morea, the Streights of Gibraltar, Faro di Messina, and others.

CHAPTER XXVI

HOW THE GOOD MACROBIUS GAVE US AN ACCOUNT OF THE MANSION, AND DECEASE OF THE HEROES

THE good Macrobius then answer'd, Friendly Strangers, this Island is one of the Sporades, not of your Sporades that lie in the Carpathian Sea, but one of the Sporades of the Ocean; in former times rich, frequented, wealthy, populous, full of Traffic, and in the Dominions of the Ruler of Britain; but now by course of Time, and in these latter Ages of the World, poor and desolate as you see. In this dark Forest, above seventy eight thousand Persian Leagues in compass, is the Dwelling-place of the Dæmons and Heroes, that are grown old, and we believe that some one of them dy'd yesterday; since the Comet, which we saw for three Days before together, shines no more: And now 'tis likely, that at his Death there arose this horrible Storm; for while they are alive, all Happiness attends both this and the adjacent Islands, and a settled Calm and Serenity. At the Death of every one of them we commonly hear in the Forest loud and mournful Groans, and the whole Land is infested with Pestilence, Earthquakes, Inundations and other Calamities; the Air with Fogs and Obscurity, and the Sea with storms and hurricanes. What you tell us seems to me likely enough, said Pantagruel; for as a Torch or Candle, as long as it hath Life enough and is lighted, shines round about, disperses its Light, delights those that are near it, yields them its Service and Clear-

ness, and never causes any Pain or Displeasure; but as soon as 'tis extinguished, its Smoak and Evaporation infects the Air, offends the Bystanders, and is noisom to all: So, as long as those noble and renowned Souls inhabit their Bodies, Peace, Profit, Pleasure, and Honour never leave the Places where they abide; but as soon as they leave them, both the Continent and the adjacent Islands are annoyed with great Commotions; in the Air, Fogs, Darkness, Thunder, Hail; Tremblings, Pulsations, Arietations of the Earth; Storms and Hurricanes at Sea; together with sad Complaints amongst the People, Broaching of Religions, Changes in Governments, and Ruins of Common-wealths.

We had a sad Instance of this lately, said Epistemon, at the Death of that valiant and learned Knight William du Bellay, during whose Life France enjoy'd so much Happiness, that all the rest of the World look'd upon it with Envy, sought Friendship with it, and stood in awe of its Power; but soon after his Decease it hath for a considerable time been the Scorn of the rest of the World.

Thus, said Pantagruel, Anchises being dead at Drepany in Sicily, Æneas was dreadfully toss'd and endanger'd by a Storm; and perhaps for the same reason Herod, that Tyrant and cruel King of Judea, finding himself near the Pangs of a horrid Kind of Death, (for he dy'd of a Phthiriasis, devour'd by Vermin and Lice; as before him dy'd L. Scylla, Pherecydes the Syrian Preceptor, Pythagoras, the Greek Poet Alcmæon and others) and foreseeing that the Jews would make Bonfires at his Death, caus'd all the Nobles and Magistrates to be summoned to his Seraglio out of all the Cities, Towns, and Castles of Judæa, fraudulently pretending that he had some things of moment to impart to them. They

made their personal appearance; whereupon he caus'd them all to be shut up in the Hippodrome of the Seraglio; then said to his Sister Salome, and Alexander her Husband; I am certain that the Jews will rejoice at my Death, but if you will observe and perform what I tell you, my Funeral shall be honourable, and there will be a general Mourning. As soon as you shall see me dead, let my Guards, to whom I have already given strict Commission to that purpose, kill all the Noblemen and Magistrates that are secur'd in the Hippodrome. By these means all Jewry shall in spite of themselves be oblig'd to mourn and lament, and Foreigners will imagine it to be for my Death, as if some heroic Sould had left her Body. A desperate Tyrant wish'd as much, when he said, When I dye, let Earth and Fire be mix'd together; which was as much as to say, Let the whole World perish: Which Saying the Tyrant Nero alter'd, saying While I live, as Suetonius affirms it. This detestable Saying, of which Cicero, lib. 3. *de Finib.* and Seneca, lib. 2. *de Clementia*, make mention, is ascrib'd to the Emperor Tiberius, by Dion Nicæus, and Suidas.

CHAPTER XXVII

PANTAGRUEL'S DISCOURSE OF THE DECEASE OF HEROIC SOULS; AND OF THE DREADFUL PRODIGIES THAT HAPPEN'D BEFORE THE DEATH OF THE LATE LORD DE LANGEY

I WOULD not, continu'd Pantagruel, have miss'd the Storm that hath thus disorder'd us, were I also to have miss'd the Relation of these things told us by this good Macrobius. Neither am I unwilling to believe what he

said of a Comet that appears in the Sky some Days before such a Decease. For some of those Souls are so noble, so precious, and so heroic, that Heaven gives us notice of their Departing, some days before it happens. And as a prudent Physician seeing by some Symptoms that his Patient draws towards his End, some Days before, gives notice of it to his Wife, Children, Kindred, and Friends, that, in that little time he hath yet to live, they may admonish him to settle all things in his Family, to tutor and instruct his Children as much as he can, recommend his Relict to his Friends, in her Widdowhood, declare what he knows to be necessary about a Provision for the Orphans, that he may not be surpriz'd by Death without making his Will, and may take care of his Soul and Family. In the same manner the Heavens, as it were, joyful for the approaching reception of those blessed Souls, seem to make Bonfires by those Comets and blazing Meteors, which they at the same time kindly design should Prognosticate to us here, that in few days one of those venerable Souls, is to leave her Body and this terrestrial Globe. Not altogether unlike this, was what was formerly done at Athens by the Judges of the Areopagus. For when they gave their Verdict to cast or clear the Culprits that were try'd before them, they us'd certain Notes according to the substance of the Sentences; by Θ, signifying Condemnation to Death; by T, Absolution; by A, Ampliation or a Demur, when the Case was not sufficiently examin'd. Thus having publickly set up those Letters, they eas'd the Relations and Friends of the Prisoners, and such others as desir'd to know their Doom, of their Doubts. Likewise by these Comets, as in ætherial Characters, the Heavens silently say to us, Make haste, Mortals, if you would know or learn of these blessed Souls any thing

concerning the publick Good or your private Interest; for their Catastrophe is near, which being past, you will vainly wish for them afterwards.

The good-natur'd Heavens still do more; and, that Mankind may be declared unworthy of the enjoyment of those renown'd Souls, they fright and astonish us with Prodigies, Monsters, and other foreboding Signs, that thwart the Order of Nature.

Of this we had an instance several Days before the Decease of the heroic Soul of the learned and valiant Chevalier de Langey, of whom you have already spoken. I remember it, said Epistemon, and my heart still trembles within me when I think on the many dreadful Prodigies that we saw five or six Days before he dy'd. For the Lords of D'assier, Chemant, one-ey'd Mailly, St. Ayl, Villeneufue-la-Guyart, Master Gabriel, Physician of Savillan, Rabelais, Cobuau, Massuau, Majorici, Bullou, Cercu, alias Bourgmaistre, Francis Proust, Ferron, Charles Girard, Francis Bourré, and many other Friends and Servants to the Deceased, all dismay'd, gaz'd on each other, without uttering one word; yet not without foreseeing that France wou'd, in a short time, be depriv'd of a Knight so accomplish'd and necessary for its Glory and Protection, and that Heaven claim'd him again as its due. By the tufted Tip of my Cowle, cry'd Fryar Jhon, I am e'en resolv'd to become a Scholar before I die: I have a pretty good Headpiece of my own, you must own: Now pray give me leave to ask you a civil Question; Can these same Hero's and Demi-gods, you talk of, die? May I never be damn'd, if I was not so much a Lobcock as to believe they had been Immortal, like so many fine Angels; Heav'n forgive me! but this most Reverend Father, Macroby, tells us, They die at last. We all must, return'd Pantagruel.

The Stoicks held them all to be Mortal, except one, who alone is Immortal, Impassable, Invisible. Pindar plainly saith, That there is no more Thread, that is to say, no more Life spun from the Distaff and Flax of the hard-hearted Fates, for the Goddesses Hamadryades, than there is for those Trees that are preserv'd by them, which are good sturdy downright Oaks, whence they derived their Original, according to the Opinion of Callimachus, and Pausanias in Phocis; with whom concurs Martianus Capella. As for the Demi-gods, Fauns, Satyrs, Sylvans, Hobgoblins, Ægipanes, Nymphs, Heroes, and Dæmons, several Men have, from the total Sum, which is the Result of the divers Ages calculated by Hesiod, reckon'd their Life to be 9720 Years, that Sum, consisting of four special Numbers orderly arising from one, the same added together, and multiplied by four every way, amounts to forty; these forties being reduced into Triangles by five times, make up the total of the foresaid Number. See Plutarch, in his Book about the Cessation of Oracles.

This, said Fryar Jhon, is not Matter of Breviary; I may believe as little or as much of it as you and I please. I believe, said Pantagruel, that all Intellectual Souls are exempted from Atropos's Scissers. They are all Immortal, whether they be of Angels, of Dæmons, or Human: Yet I'll tell you a Story concerning this, that's very strange, but is written and affirmed by several learned Historians.

CHAPTER XXVIII

HOW PANTAGRUEL RELATED A VERY SAD STORY OF THE DEATH OF THE HERO'S

EPITHERSES the Father of Æmilian the Rhetorician, sailing from Greece to Italy, in a Ship freighted with divers Goods and Passengers, at Night the Wind fail'd 'em near the Echinades, some Islands that lie between the Morea and Tunis, and the Vessel was driven near Paxos. When they were got thither, some of the Passengers being asleep, others awake, the rest eating and drinking, a Voice was heard that call'd aloud Thamous; which Cry surpriz'd them all. This same Thamous was their Pilot, an Egyptian by Birth, but known by Name only to some few Travellers. The Voice was heard a second time calling Thamous, in a frightful Tone; and none making answer, but trembling and remaining silent, the Voice was heard a third time, more dreadful than before.

This caus'd Thamous to answer, Here am I; What do'st thou call me for? What wilt thou have me do? Then the Voice, louder than before, bad him publish, when he should come to Paloda, That the Great God Pan was dead.

Epitherses related, that all the Mariners and Passengers, having heard this, were extremely amaz'd and frighted; and that consulting among themselves, whether they had best conceal or divulge what the Voice had enjoyn'd, Thamous said, His Advice was, That if they happen'd to have a fair Wind, they shou'd proceed, without mentioning a word on 't; but if they chanc'd to be

becalm'd, he wou'd publish what he had heard: Now when they were near Paloda they had no Wind, neither were they in any Current. Thamous then getting up on the top of the Ship's Fore-castle, and casting his Eyes on the Shore, said that he had been commanded to proclaim, That the great God Pan was dead. The Words were hardly out of his Mouth, when deep Groans, great Lamentations, and Shrieks, not of one Person, but of many together, were heard from the Land.

The News of this, (many being present then) was soon spread at Rome; insomuch that Tiberius, who was then Emperor, sent for this Thamous, and having heard him, gave credit to his Words; and enquiring of the Learned in his Court, and at Rome, who was that Pan? He found, by their Relation, that he was the Son of Mercury and Penelope; as Herodotus, and Cicero in his Third Book of the Nature of the Gods, had written before.

For my part, I understand it of that Great Saviour of the Faithful, who was shamefully put to Death at Jerusalem, by the Envy and Wickedness of the Doctors, Priests and Monks of the Mosaic Law. And methinks my Interpretation is not improper; for He may lawfully be said, in the Greek Tongue, to be Pan, since He is our All. For all that we are, all that we live, all that we have, all that we hope, is Him, by Him, from Him, and in Him; He is the Good Pan, the Great Shepherd; who, as the loving Shepherd Corydon affirms, hath not only a tender Love and Affection for his Sheep, but also for their Shepherds. At His Death, Complaints, Sighs, Fears and Lamentations were spread through the whole Fabrick of the Universe, whether Heaven, Land, Sea, or Hell.

The Time also concurs with this Interpretation of

mine; for this Most Good, Most Mighty Pan, Our only Saviour, died near Jerusalem, during the Reign of Tiberius Cæsar. Pantagruel having ended this Discourse, remain'd silent, and full of Contemplation; a little while after, we saw the Tears flow out of his Eyes as big as Ostridge's Eggs. God take me presently, if I tell you one single syllable of a Lye in the Matter.

CHAPTER XXIX

HOW PANTAGRUEL SAIL'D BY THE SNEAKING-ISLAND WHERE SHROVETIDE REIGN'D

THE Jovial Fleet being refitted and repair'd, new Stores taken in, the Macreons over-and-above satisfy'd, and pleas'd with the Money spent there by Pantagruel, our Men in better Humour yet than they us'd to be if possible, we merrily put to Sea the next Day near Sun-set, with a delicious fresh Gale.

Xenomanes shew'd us afar off the Sneaking-Island, where reign'd Shrovetide, of whom Pantagruel had heard much Talk formerly; for that reason, he wou'd gladly have seen him in Person, had not Xenomanes advis'd him to the contrary: First, because this wou'd have been much out of our Way; and then, for the Lean Chear which he told us, was to be found at that Prince's Court, and indeed all over the Island.

You can see nothing there for your Money (said he) but a huge Greedy-guts, a tall woundy Swallower of Hot-wardens and Muscles, a Long-shank'd Mole-catcher, an over-grown Bottler of Hay, a Mossy-chin'd, Demi-giant with a double-shaven Crown, of Lantern-breed; a very great Loitering Noddy-peak'd Youngster, Banner-

bearer to the Fish-eating Tribe, Dictator of Mustard-land, Flogger of little Children, Calciner of Ashes, Father and Foster-father to Physicians, swarming with Pardons, Indulgences and Stations, a very honest Man, a good Catholick, and as brim-full of Devotion as ever he can hold: He weeps the three-fourth parts of the Day, and never assists at any Weddings; but, give the Devil his due, he's the most industrious Larding-stick and Scure-maker in forty Kingdoms.

About Six Years ago, as I pass'd by Sneaking-Land, I brought home a large Scure from thence, and made a Present of it to the Butchers of Quande, who set a great Value upon them, and that for a Cause. Sometime or other, if ever we live to come back to our own Country, I will shew you two of them fasten'd on the great Church-Porch. His usual Food is pickled Coats of Mail, salt Helmets and Head-pieces, and salt Sallads; which sometimes makes him piss Pins and Needles. As for his Cloathing, 'tis comical enough o' conscience, both for make and colour; for he wears Gray and Cold, nothing before, and nought behind, with the Sleeves of the same.

You will do me a Kindness, said Pantagruel, if, as you have described his Cloaths, Food, Actions, and Pastimes, you will also give me an Account of his Shape, and Disposition in all his Parts. Prithee do, dear Cod, said Fryar Jhon, for I have found him in my Breviary, and then follow the Moveable Holy-days. With all my Heart, answer'd Xenomanes: We may chance to hear more of him, as we touch at the Wild Island, the Dominion of the Squob Chitterlings his Enemies, against whom he is eternally at Odds; and were it not for the help of the noble Carnaval their Protector, and good Neighbour, this Meagre-look'd Lozelly Shrovetide would long before this have made sad Work among

them, and rooted them out of their Habitation. Are these same Chitterlings, said Fryar Jhon, Male or Female, Angels or Mortals, Women or Maids? They are, reply'd Xenomanes, Female in Sex, Mortal in Kind, some of them Maids, others not. The Devil have me, said Fryar Jhon, if I been't for them. What a shameful Disorder in Nature is it not, to make War against Women? Let's go back, and hack the Villain to pieces.——What! meddle with Shrovetide, cry'd Panurge: In the Name of Belzebub, I am not yet so weary of my Life: No, I'm not yet so mad as that comes to. *Quid juris?* Suppose we shou'd find our selves pent up between the Chitterlings and Shrovetide? between the Anvil and the Hammers? Shankers and Bubo's; stand off; Gadzooks, let's make the best of our Way. I bid you Good-night, sweet Mr. Shrovetide; I recommend to you the Chitterlings, and pray don't forget the Puddings.

CHAPTER XXX

HOW SHROVETIDE IS ANATOMIZ'D AND DESCRIB'D BY XENOMANES

As for the Inward Parts of Shrovetide, said Xenomanes, his Brain is (at least it was in my time) in Bigness, Colour, Substance, and Strength, much like the Left-Cod of a He-hand-worm.
The Ventricles of his said Brain, like an Augre.
The Worm-like Excrescence, like a Christmas-Box.
The Membranes, like a Monk's Cowle.
The Funnel, like a Mason's Chissel.
The Fornix, like a Casket.
The Glandula pinealis, like a Bag-pipe.

The Rete Admirable, like a Gutter.
The Dug-like Processes, like a Patch.
The Tympanums, like a Whirly-Gig.
The Rocky bones, like a Goose-wing.
The Nape of the Neck, like a Paper Lanthorn.
The Nerves, like a Pipkin.
The Uvula, like a Sack-butt.
The Palate, like a Mitten.
The Spittle, like a Shuttle.
The Almonds, like a Telescope.
The Bridge of his Nose, like a Wheel-barrow.
The Head of the Larynx, like a Vintage Basket.
The Stomach, like a Belt.
The Pylorus, like a Pitchfork.
The Windpipe, like an Oyster-Knife.
The Throat, like a Pincushion stuff'd with Oakham.
The Lungs, like a Prebend's Fur-gown.
The Heart, like a Cope.
The Mediastin, like an earthen Cup.
The Pleura, like a Crows-bill.
The Arteries, like a Watch-coat.
The Midriff, like a Mounteer-Cap.
The Liver, like a double-tongu'd Mattock.
The Veins, like a Sash-Window.
The Spleen, like a Catcal.
The Guts, like a Trammel.
The Gall, like a Coopers Ads.
The Entrails, like a Gantlet.
The Mesentery, like an Abbot's Myter.
The Hungry Gut, like a Button.
The Blind Gut, like a Breast-plate.
The Colon, like a Bridle.
The Arse-Gut, like a Monk's Leathern Bottle.
The Kidneys, like a Trowel.

The Loyns, like a Padlock.
The Ureters, like a Pot-hook.
The Emulgent Veins, like two Gilly-flowers.
The Spermatick Vessels, like a Cully-mully-puff.
The Parastata's, like an Ink-pot.
The Bladder, like a Stone-bow.
Its Neck, like a Mill-Clapper.
The Mirach, or lower Parts of the Belly, like a High-crown'd Hat.
The Siphach, or its Inner Rind, like a Wooden Cuff.
The Muscles, like a pair of Bellows.
The Tendons, like a Hawking Glove.
The Ligaments, like a Tinker's Budget.
The Bones, like three-corner'd Cheese-cakes.
The Marrow, like a Wallet.
The Cartilages, like a Field Tortoise, *alias* a Mole.
The Glandules in the Mouth, like a Pruning-Knife.
The Animal Spirits, like swinging Fisty-cuffs.
The Blood fermenting, like a multiplication of flurts on the Nose.
The Urin, like a Fig-pecker.
The Sperm, like a hundred of Tenpenny-Nails.

And his Nurse told me, That being married to Mid-Lent, he only begot a good Number of Local Adverbs, and certain double Fasts.

His Memory he had like a Scarf.
His Common Sense, like a buzzing of Bees.
His Imagination, like the Chime of a Set of Bells.
His Thoughts, like a flight of Starlings.
His Conscience, like the unnesting of a parcel of young Herns.
His Deliberations, like a Set of Organs.
His Repentance, like the Carriage of a double Canon.
His Undertakings, like the Ballast of a Gallion.

His Understanding, like a torn Breviary.
His Notions, like Snails crawling out of Strawberries.
His Will, like three Filberts in a Porrenger.
His Desire, like six Trusses of Hay.
His Judgment, like a Shoing-horn.
His Discretion, like the Truckle of a Pully.
His Reason, like a Cricket.

CHAPTER XXXI

SHROVETIDE'S OUTWARD PARTS ANATOMIZ'D

SHROVETIDE, continued Xenomanes, is somewhat better proportioned in his outward Parts, excepting the seven Ribs which he had over and above the common Shape of Men.
His Toes were like a Virginal or an Organ.
His Nails, like a Gimlet.
His Feet, like a Guitar.
His Heels, like a Club.
The Soles of his Feet, like a Crucible.
His Legs, like a Hawk's Lure.
His Knees, like a Joynt-Stool.
His Thighs, like a Steel Cap.
His Hips, like a Wimble.
His Belly as big as a Tun, button'd after the old Fashion, with a Girdle riding over the middle of his Bosom.
His Navel, like a Cymbal.
His Groyn, like a Minc'd Pye.
His Member, like a Slipper.
His Purse, like an Oyl-Cruet.
His Genitals, like a Joyners Plainer.
Their Erecting Muscles, like a Racket.
The Perineum, like a Flageolet.

His Arse-hole, like a Crystal-Looking-Glass.
His Bum, like a Harrow.
His Loyns, like a Butter-pot.
The Peritonæum, or Caul wherein his Bowels were wrapp'd, like a Billiard-Table.
His Back, like an overgrown rack-bent Cross-Bow.
The Vertibræ, or Joynts of his Back-bone, like a Bag-pipe.
His Ribs, like a Spinning-Wheel.
His Brisket, like a Canopy.
His Shoulder-Blades, like a Mortar.
His Breast, like a Game at Nine-pins.
His Paps, like a Horn-Pipe.
His Arm-pits, like a Chequer.
His Shoulders, like a Hand-barrow.
His Arms, like a Riding-Hood.
His Fingers, like a Brotherhood's Andirons.
The Fibulæ, or lesser Bones of his Legs, like a pair of Stilts.
His Shin-Bones, like Sickles.
His Elbows, like a Mouse-Trap.
His Hands, like a Cury-Comb.
His Neck, like a Talboy.
His Throat, like a Felt to distil Hippocras.
The Knob in his Throat, like a Barrel, where hang'd two brazen Wens, very fine and harmonious, in the shape of an Hour-Glass.
His Beard, like a Lanthorn.
His Chin, like a Mushrom.
His Ears, like a pair of Gloves.
His Nose, like a Buskin.
His Nostrils, like a Forehead-Cloth.
His Eye-brows, like a Dripping-pan.
On his left Brow, was a mark of the shape and bigness of an Urinal.

His Eye-lids, like a Fiddle.
His Eyes, like a Comb-box.
His Optick Nerves, like a Tinder-box.
His Forehead, like a false Cup.
His Temples, like the Cock of a Cistern.
His Cheeks, like a pair of Wooden Shoes.
His Jaws, like a Cawdle Cup.
His Teeth, like a Hunter's Staff. Of such Colts Teeth as his, you will find one at Colonges les Royaux in Poictou, and two at la Brosse in Xaintonge, on the Celler-door.
His Tongue, like a Jews-Harp.
His Mouth, like a Horse-Cloth.
His Face imbroider'd like a Mule's Pack-Saddle.
His Head contriv'd like a Still.
His Skull, like a Pouch.
The Sutuæ, or Seams of his Skull, like the Annulus Piscatoris, or the Fisher's Signet.
His Skin, like a Gabardine.
His Epidermis, or outward Skin, like a Boulting-Cloth.
His Hair, like a Scrubbing-Brush.
His Fur, such as abovesaid.

CHAPTER XXXII

A CONTINUATION OF SHROVETIDE'S COUNTENANCE

'Tis a wonderful thing, continued Xenomanes, to hear and see the State of Shrovetide.
If he chanc'd to Spit, it was whole Baskets full of Goldfinches.
If he blow'd his Nose, it was pickl'd Grigs.
When he Wept, it was Ducks with Onion Sauce.
When he Trembl'd, it was large Venison Pasties.

When he did Sweat, it was Old Ling with Butter Sauce.
When he Belch'd, it was Bushels of Oysters.
When he Sneez'd, it was whole Tubs full of Mustard.
When he Cough'd, it was Boxes of Marmalade.
When he Sob'd, it was Water-Cresses.
When he Yawn'd, it was Pots full of Pickl'd Pease.
When he Sigh'd, it was dry'd Neats Tongues.
When he Whistled, it was a whole Scuttle full of Green Apes.
When he Snoar'd, it was a whole Pan-full of fry'd Beans.
When he Frown'd, it was Sows'd-Hogs-Feet.
When he Spoke, it was coarse brown Russet-Cloth; so little it was like Crimson Silk, with which Parisatis desir'd that the Words of such as spoke to her Son Cyrus, King of Persia, should be interwoven.
When he Blow'd, it was Indulgence-Money-boxes.
When he Wink'd, it was Butter'd Buns.
When he Grumbled, it was March Cats.
When he Nodded, 'twas Iron-bound Waggons.
When he made Mouths, it was broken Staves.
When he Mutter'd, it was Lawyers Revels.
When he Hopp'd about, it was Letters of License and Protections.
When he stepp'd back, it was Sea Cockle-shells.
When he Slabber'd, it was common Ovens.
When he was Hoarse, it was an entry of Morrice-Dancers.
When he broke Wind, it was Dun-Cows-Leather Spatterdashes.
When he Funk'd, it was Wash'd Leather Boots.
When he scratch'd himself, it was new Proclamations.
When he Sung, it was Pease in Cods.
When he Evacuated, it was Mushroms and Morilles.
When he Puffed, it was Cabbages with Oyl, *alias* Caules Ambolif.

When he Talk'd, it was the last Years Snow.
When he Dreamt, it was of a Cock and a Bull.
When he gave nothing, so much for the Bearer.
If he Thought to himself, it was Whimsies and Maggots.
If he Doz'd, it was Leases of Lands.

What is yet more strange, he us'd to work doing Nothing, and did nothing, tho' he work'd; carous'd sleeping, and slept carousing, with his Eyes open like the Hares in our Country, for fear of being taken Napping by the Chitterlings, his inveterate Enemies; biting he laugh'd, and laughing bit; eat nothing fasting, and fasted eating nothing; mumbled upon Suspicion, drank by Imagination; swam on the tops of high Steeples, dry'd his Cloaths in Ponds and Rivers; fish'd in the Air, and there us'd to catch Decumane Lobsters; hunted at the bottom of the Herring-Pond, and caught their Ibices, Stamboucs, Shamois, and other wild Goats; us'd to put out the Eyes of all the Crows which he took sneakingly; fear'd nothing but his own Shadow, and the Cries of fat Kids; us'd to gad abroad some Days like a Truant School-boy; play'd with the Ropes of Bells on Festival Days of Saints; made a Mallet of his Fist, and writ on hairy Parchment Prognostications and Almanacks with his huge Pincase.

Is that the Gentleman, said Fryar Jhon, he is my Man: this is the very Fellow I look'd for; I'll send him a Challenge immediately. This is, said Pantagruel, a strange and monstrous sort of a Man, if I may çall him a Man. You put me in mind of the Form and Looks of Amodunt and Dissonance. How were they made, said Fryar Jhon? may I be peel'd like a raw Onion if ever I heard a Word of them. I'll tell you what I read of them in some ancient Apologues, reply'd Pantagruel.

Physis (that is to say Nature) at her first Burthen, begat Beauty, and Harmony, without Carnal Copulation, being of her self very Fruitful and Prolifick: Antiphysis, who ever was the Counterpart of Nature, immediately out of a malicious Spight against her for Beautiful and Honourable Productions, in opposition, begat Amodunt and Dissonance, by Copulation with Tellumon. Their heads were round like a Football, and not gently flatted on both sides like the common shape of Men. Their ears stood prick'd up like those of Asses; their Eyes, as hard as those of Crabs, and without Brows, star'd out of their Heads, fix'd on Bones like those of our Heels; their Feet were turned like Tennis-Balls; their Arms and Hands turn'd backwards towards their Shoulders, and they walk'd on their Heads, continually turning round like a Ball, topsie-turvy Heels over Head.

Yet (as you know that Apes esteem their Young the handsomest in the World) Antiphysis extoll'd her Offspring, and strove to prove, that their Shape was handsomer and neater, than that of the Children of Physis; saying that thus to have Spherical Heads, and Feet, and walk in a Circular manner, wheeling round, had something in it of the Perfection of the Divine Power, which makes all Beings eternally turn in that fashion; and that to have our Feet uppermost, and the Head below them, was to imitate the Creator of the Universe, the Hair being like the Roots, and the Legs like the Branches of Man; for Trees are better planted in the Earth by the Roots, than they could be by their Branches. By this Demonstration, she imply'd that her Children were much more to be prais'd, for being like a standing Tree, than those of Physis that made the Figure of a Tree upside down: As for the Arms and Hands, she pretended to prove that they were more justly turn'd towards the Shoulders,

because that part of the Body ought not to be without a Defence, while the fore-part is duly fenc'd with Teeth, which a Man cannot only use to chew, but also to defend himself against those Things that offend him. Thus by the Testimony, and Astipulation of the brute Beasts, she drew all the witless Herd, and Mob of Fools into her Opinion, and was admir'd by all brainless and nonsensical People.

Since that, she begot the hypocritical Tribes of eves-dropping Dissemblers, superstitious Popemongers and Priest-ridden Biggots, the Frantic Pistolets, the Scrapers of Benefices, Apparitors with the Devil in them, and other Grinders and Squeezers of Livings, your mad Herb-stinking Hermits, gulliguted Dunces of the Cowl, Church-vermin, false Zealots, Devourers of the Substance of Men, and many more other deform'd and ill-favour'd Monsters, made in spite of Nature.

CHAPTER XXXIII

HOW PANTAGRUEL DISCOVER'D A MONSTROUS PHYSETERE, OR WHIRLPOOL NEAR THE WILD ISLAND

About Sun-set coming near the Wild Island, Pantagruel spy'd afar off a huge monstrous Physetere, a sort of a Whale (which some call a Whirl-pool,) that came right upon us neighing, snorting, rais'd above the Waves higher than our Main-Tops, and spouting Water all the way into the Air, before it self, like a large River falling from a Mountain: Pantagruel showed it to the Pilot, and to Xenomanes.

By the Pilot's Advice the Trumpets of the *Thalamege* were sounded, to warn all the Fleet to stand close and look to themselves: this Alarm being given, all the

Ships, Gallions, Frigats, Brigantines, (according to their Naval Discipline) placed themselves in the Order and Figure of a Y. (Upsilon,) the Letter of Pythagoras, as Cranes do in their flight, and like an Angle, in whose Cone and Basis the *Thalamege* plac'd her self ready to fight smartly: Fryar Jhon with the Granadeers, got on the Forecastle.

Poor Panurge began to cry and howl worse than ever: Babillebabou, said he, shrugging up his Shoulders, quivering all over with Fear, There will be the Devil upon Dun. This is a worse Business than That t' other Day; let us fly, let us fly; Old Nick take me if it is not Leviathan, describ'd by the noble Prophet Moses, in the Life of Patient Job. It will swallow us all, Ships and Men, Shag, Rag, and Bobtail, like a Dose of Pills. Alas, it will make no more of us, and we shall hold no more room in its hellish Jaws, than a Sugar-plum in an Asse's Throat. Look, look, 'tis upon us, let's wheel off, whip it away and get ashoar. I believe 'tis the very individual Sea Monster, that was formerly design'd to devour Andromeda; we are all undone. Oh! for some valiant Perseus here now to kill the Dog.

I'll do its Business presently, said Pantagruel; fear nothing. Odds-belly, said Panurge, remove the cause of my Fear then; when, the Devil, would you have a Man be afraid, but when there is so much Cause? If your Destiny be such as Fryar Jhon was saying a while ago (reply'd Pantagruel) you ought to be afraid of Pyrois, Eöus, Æthon, and Phlegon, the Sun's Coach-Horses that breathe Fire at the Nostrils, and not of Physeters that spout nothing but Water at the Snout and Mouth. Their Water will not endanger your Life; and that Element will rather save and preserve, than hurt or endanger you.

Ay, ay, trust to that, and hang me, quoth Panurge, yours is a very pretty Fancy; Od's Fish, did I not give you a sufficient account of the Elements Transmutation, and the Blunders that are made of Roast for Boyl'd, and Boyl'd for Roast? Alas, here 'tis: I'll go hide my self below. We are dead Men every Mother's Son of us; I see upon our Main-Top that merciless Hagg Atropos with her Scissers new ground, ready to cut our Threads all at one Snip. Oh! how dreadful and abominable thou art! Thou hast drown'd a good many, besides us, who never made their Brags of it. Did it but spout good brisk, dainty, delicious White-wine, instead of this damn'd bitter Salt-water, one might better bear with it, and there would be some cause to be patient; like that English Lord, who being doom'd to die, and had leave to chuse what kind of Death he would, chose to be drown'd in a Butt of Malmsy. Here it is.—Oh, oh, Devil, Sathanas, Leviathan; I can't abide to look upon thee, thou art so abominably ugly.—Go to the Bar; go take the Pettifoggers.

CHAPTER XXXIV

HOW THE MONSTROUS PHYSETERE WAS SLAIN BY PANTAGRUEL

THE Physetere, coming between the Ships and the Gallions, threw Water by whole Tuns upon them, as if it had been the Catadupes of the Nile in Ethiopia. On the other side, Arrows, Darts, Gleaves, Javelins, Spears, Harping-irons, and Partizans flew upon it like Hail. Fryar Jhon did not spare himself in it. Panurge was half dead for Fear. The Artillery roar'd and thunder'd like mad, and seem'd to gall it in good earnest, but did but

little good; for the great Iron and Brass Cannon-shot entring its Skin, seem'd to melt like Tiles in the Sun.

Pantagruel then considering the weight and exigencey of the matter, stretched out his Arms, and shew'd what he could do. You tell us, and it is recorded that Commodus the Roman Emperor could shoot with a Bow so dextrously that at a good distance he would let fly an Arrow through a Child's Fingers, and never touch them. You also tell us of an Indian Archer, who liv'd when Alexander the Great conquer'd India, and was so skilful in drawing the Bow, that at a considerable distance he would shoot his Arrows through a Ring, tho' they were three Cubits long, and their Iron so large and weighty that with them he us'd to pierce Steel Cutlasses, thick Shields, Steel Breastplates, and generally what he did hit, how firm, resisting, hard, and strong soever it were. You also tell us Wonders of the Industry of the ancient Francks, who were preferr'd to all others in point of Archery, and when they hunted either black or dun Beasts, us'd to tub the Head of their Arrows with Hellebore, because the Flesh of the Venison struck with such an Arrow was more tender, dainty, wholsom, and delicious (paring off nevertheless the part that was touch'd round about.) You also talk of the Parthians who us'd to shoot backwards more dextrously than other Nations forwards; and also celebrate the Skill of the Scythians in that Art, who sent once to Darius King of Persia an Ambassador that made him a Present of a Bird, a Frog, a Mouse and five Arrows, without speaking one Word; and being ask'd what those Presents meant, and if he had Commission to say any thing, answer'd that he had not; Which puzzl'd and gravell'd Darius very much; till Gobrias, one of the seven Captains that had kill'd the Magi explain'd it, saying to Darius, By these Gifts and

Offerings the Scythians silently tell you, that except the Persians like Birds fly up to Heaven, like Mice hide themselves near the Centre of the Earth, or like Frogs dive to the very bottom of Ponds and Lakes, they shall be destroyed by the Power and Arrows of the Scythians.

The noble Pantagruel was without Comparison, more admirable yet in the Art of Shooting and Darting; for with his dreadful Piles and Darts, nearly resembling the huge Beams that support the Bridges of Nantes, Saumur, Bergerac, and at Paris the Millers and the Changers Bridges, in length, size, weight and Ironwork, he at a Mile's distance would open an Oyster and never touch the edges; he would snuff a Candle without putting it out; would shoot a Magpy in the Eye, take off a Boot's Under-soal, or a Riding-hood's Lining, without soiling them a bit; turn over every Leaf of Fryar Jhon's Breviary one after another, and not tear one.

With such Darts, of which there was good store in his Ship, at the first blow he ran the Physetere in at the Forehead so furiously, that he pierced both its Jaws and Tongue, so that from that time to this it no more open'd its Guttural Trapdoor, nor drew and spouted Water. At the second blow he put out its right Eye, and at the third its Left; and we had all the pleasure to see the Physetere bearing those three Horns in its Forehead, somewhat leaning forwards in an equilateral Triangle.

Mean while it turn'd about to and fro, staggering and straying like one stunn'd, blinded, and taking his leave of the World. Pantagruel not satisfied with this, let fly another Dart, which took the Monster under the Tail likewise sloping; then with three other on the Chyne in a perpendicular Line divided its Flank from the Tail to the Snout at an equal distance; then he larded it with fifty on one side, and after that to make even

work, he darted as many on its other side; so that the Body of the Physetere seem'd like the hulk of a Gallion with three Masts, join'd by a competent Dimension of its Beams, as if they had been the Ribs and Chainwales of the Keel, which was a pleasant Sight. The Physetere then giving up the Ghost, turn'd it self upon its Back, as all dead Fishes do, and being thus overturn'd with the Beams and Darts upside down in the Sea, it seem'd a Scolopendria, or Centipede, as that Serpent is describ'd by the ancient Sage Nicander.

CHAPTER XXXV

HOW PANTAGRUEL WENT ON SHOAR AT THE WILD ISLAND, THE ANCIENT ABODE OF THE CHITTERLINGS

THE Boat's Crew of the Ship *Lantern* tow'd the Physetere a-shore on the neighbouring Shore (which happen'd to be the Wild-Island) to make an Anatomical Dissection of its Body, and save the Fat of its Kidneys, which, they said, was very useful and necessary for the Cure of a certain Distemper which they call'd Want of Money. As for Pantagruel, he took no manner of notice of the Monster; for he had seen many such, nay bigger, in the Gallick Ocean: Yet he condescended to land in the Wild-Island, to dry and refresh some of his Men (whom the Physetere had wetted and bedawb'd) at a small Desert Seaport towards the South, seated near a fine pleasant Grove, out of which flow'd a delicious Brook of fresh, clear and purling Water; here they pitch'd their Tents, and set up their Kitchens, nor did they spare Fuel.

Every one having shifted as they thought fit, Fryar

Jhon rang the Bell, and the Cloth was immediately laid, and Supper brought in. Pantagruel eating chearfully with his Men, much about the second Course, perceiv'd certain little sly Chitterlings clammering up a high Tree near the Pantry, as still as so many Mice: Which made him ask Xenomanes what kind of Creatures these were, taking them for Squirrels, Weesels, Martins, or Hermins. They are Chitterlings, reply'd Xenomanes: This is Wild-Island, of which I spake to you this Morning: There hath been an irreconcileable War this long time between them and Shrovetide their malicious and ancient Enemy: I believe that the Noise of the Guns, which we fir'd at the Physetere, hath alarm'd 'em, and made them fear their Enemy was come with his Forces to surprise them, or lay the Island waste, as he hath often attempted to do, tho' he still came off but bluely, by reason of the Care and Vigilance of the Chitterlings, who (as Dido said to Æneas's Companions, that wou'd have landed at Carthage without her Leave or Knowledge) were forc'd to watch and stand upon their Guard, considering the Malice of their Enemy, and the Neighbourhood of his Territories.

Pray, dear Friend, said Pantagruel, if you find that by some honest Means we may bring this War to an end, and reconcile them together, give me Notice of it: I will use my Endeavours in it, with all my Heart, and spare nothing on my side to moderate and accommodate the Points in dispute between both Parties.

That's impossible at this time, answer'd Xenomanes. About four Years ago, passing *incognito* by this Country, I endeavour'd to make a Peace, or at least a long Truce, among them; and I had certainly brought them to be good Friends and Neighbours, if both one and the other Parties would have yielded to one single Article. Shrove-

tide would not include in the Treaty of Peace the Wild Puddings, nor the Highland Sausages, their ancient Gossips and Confederates. The Chitterlings demanded that the Fort of Caques might be under their Government, as is the Castle of Sulloaoir, and that a parcel of I don't know what stinking Villains, Murtherers, Robbers, that held it then, should be expell'd. But they could not agree in this; and the Terms that were offer'd, seem'd too hard to either Party. So the Treaty broke off, and nothing was done. Nevertheless, they became less severe, and gentler enemies than they were before: But since the Denunciation of the National Council of Chesil, whereby they were roughly handled, hamper'd, and cited, whereby also Shrovetide was declared filthy, beshitten, and beray'd, in case he made any League or Agreement with them, they are grown wonderful inveterate, incens'd, and obstinate against one another; and there is no way to remedy it: You might sooner reconcile Cats and Rats, or Hounds and Hares together.

CHAPTER XXXVI

HOW THE WILD CHITTERLINGS LAID AN AMBUSCADO FOR PANTAGRUEL

WHILE Xenomanes was saying this, Fryar Jhon spy'd twenty five or thirty young slender-shap'd Chitterlings, posting as fast as they could towards their Town, Citadel, Castle, and Fort of Chimney; and said to Pantagruel, I smell a Rat; there will be here the Devil upon two sticks, or I am much out. These worshipful Chitterlings may chance to mistake you for Shrovetide, tho' you are not a bit like him. Let us once in our Lives leave our

Junketing for a while, and put our selves in a posture to give 'em a Belly-full of Fighting, if they wou'd be at that Sport. There can be no false Latin in this, said Xenomanes; Chitterlings are still Chitterlings, always double-hearted and treacherous.

Pantagruel then arose from Table, to visit and scoure the Thicket, and return'd presently, having discover'd on the Left an Ambuscade of Squob-Chitterlings; and on the Right, about half a League from thence, a large Body of huge Giant-like arm'd Chitterlings rang'd in Battalia along a little Hill, and marching furiously towards us, at the sound of Bag-pipes, Sheep's-paunches and Bladders, the merry Fifes and Drums, Trumpets and Clarions, hoping to catch us, as Moss caught his Mare. By the conjecture of Seventy eight Standards which we told, we guess'd their Number to be Two and forty thousand, at a modest Computation.

Their Order, proud Gate, and resolute Looks, made us judge that they were none of your raw paultry Links, but old Warlike Chitterlings and Sausages. From the foremost Ranks to the Colours they were all arm'd *Cap-a-pié* with Small-Arms, as we reckon'd them at a distance, yet very sharp and case-harden'd. Their Right and Left Wings were lin'd with a great number of Forest-Puddings,. heavy Patty-pans, and Horse-Sausages, all of them tall and proper Islanders, Banditti, and Wild.

Pantagruel was very much daunted, and not without cause, tho' Epistemon told him, that it might be the Use and Custom of the Chitterlingonians to welcom and receive thus in Arms their foreign Friends; as the Noble Kings of France are received and saluted at their first coming into the chief Cities of the Kingdom, after their advancement to the Crown. Perhaps, said he, it may be the usual Guard of the Queen of the Place; who

having Notice given her, by the Junior Chitterlings of the Forlorn-hope, whom you saw on the Tree, of the arrival of your fine and pompous Fleet, hath judg'd that it was without doubt some rich and potent Prince, and is come to visit you in Person.

Pantagruel little trusting to this, call'd a Council to have their Advice at large in this doubtful Case. He briefly shew'd them how this way of Reception with Arms, had often, under colour of Compliment and Friendship been fatal to the Parties so receiv'd. Thus, said he, the Emperor Antonius Caracalla at one time destroy'd the Citizens of Alexandria; and at another time cut off the Attendants of Artabanus King of Persia, under colour of Marrying his Daughter: Which, by the way, did not pass unpunish'd; for a while after, this cost him his life.

Thus Jacob's Children destroy'd the Sichemites, to revenge the Rape of their Sister Dina. By such another hypocritical trick, Galienus the Roman Emperor put to Death the Military Men in Constantinople. Thus, under colour of Friendship, Antonius inticed Artavasdes King of Armenia, then having caused him to be bound in heavy Chains, and shackled, at last put him to Death.

We find a thousand such Instances in History; and King Charles the VIth is justly commended for his Prudence to this Day, in that, coming back Victorious over the Ghenters and other Flemmings, to his good City of Paris, and when he came to Bourget, (a League from thence) hearing that the Citizens with their Mallets (whence they got the Name of Maillotins) were march'd out of a Town in Battalia Twenty thousand strong, he would not go into the Town till they had laid down their Arms, and retired to their respective homes, tho' they protested to him, that they had taken Arms with no

other design, than to receive him with the greater Demonstration of Honour and Respect.

CHAPTER XXXVII

HOW PANTAGRUEL SENT FOR COLONEL MAWL-CHITTERLING, AND COLONEL CUT-PUDDING; WITH A DISCOURSE WELL WORTH YOUR HEARING, ABOUT THE NAMES OF PLACES AND PERSONS

THE Resolution of the Council was, That, let things be how they wou'd, it behov'd the Pantagruelists to stand upon their Guard. Therefore Carpalin and Gymnast were order'd, by Pantagruel, to go for the Soldiers that were on-board the Cup-Gally, under the Command of Colonel Mawl-Chitterling, and those on-board the Vine-Tub-Frigat, under the Command of Colonel Cut-Pudding the Younger. I'll ease Gymnast of that trouble, said Panurge, who wanted to be upon the Run: You may have occasion for him here. By this worthy Frock of mine, quoth Fryar Jhon, thou hast a mind to slip thy Neck out of the Collar, and absent thy self from the Fight, thou White-liver'd Son of a Dunghil; upon my Virginity, thou'lt never come back. Well, there can be no great loss in thee; for thou would'st do nothing here but Houl, Bray, Weep, and dishearten the good Sholdiers. I'll certainly come back, (said Panurge) Fryar Jhon, my ghostly Father, and speedily too: Do but take care that these plaguy Chitterlings don't board our Ships; all the while you'll be a Fighting, I'll Pray heartily for your Victory, after the Example of the valiant Captain and Guide of the People of Israel, Moses. Having said this, he wheel'd off.

Then said Epistemon to Pantagruel, The Denomination of these two Colonels of yours, Mawl-Chitterling and Cut-Pudding, promiseth us Assurance, Success and Victory, if those Chitterlings should chance to set upon us. You take it rightly, said Pantagruel; and it pleaseth me to see you foresee and prognosticate our Victory, by the Names of our Colonels.

This way, of foretelling by Names, is not New; it was in Old-times celebrated, and religiously observed by the Pythagoreans. Several great Princes and Emperors have formerly made good Use of it. Octavianus Augustus, Emperor of the Romans, meeting on a day a Country Fellow nam'd Eutychius, (that is, Fortunate) driving an Ass nam'd Nicon, (that is, in Greek, Victorian) mov'd by the Signification of the Ass's and Ass-drivers Names, remain'd assur'd of all Prosperity and Victory.

The Emperor Vespasian, being once all alone at Prayers in the Temple of Serapis, at the sight and unexpected coming of a certain Servant of his nam'd Basilides, (that is, Royal) whom he had left sick a great way behind, took hopes and assurance of obtaining the Empire of the Romans. Regilian was chosen Emperor by the Soldiers, for no other reason, but the Signification of his Name. See the *Cratyle* of the divine Plato; (By my Thirst I will read it, said Rhizotome; I hear you so often quote it) see how the Pythagoreans, by reason of the Names and Numbers, conclude, that Patroclus was to fall by the hand of Hector, Hector by Achilles, Achilles by Paris, Paris by Philoctetes. I am quite lost in my Understanding, when I reflect upon the admirable Invention of Pythagoras, who by the Number, either Even or Odd, of the Syllables of every Noun, would tell you of what side a Man was Lame, Hunch-back'd, Blind, Gouty, troubled with the Palsy, Pleurisy, or any other

Distemper incident to Human Kind, allotting Even numbers to the Right, and Odd ones to the Left-side of the Body.

Indeed, said Epistemon, I saw this way of Syllabizing try'd at Xaintes, at a general Procession, in the Presence of that good, virtuous, learned and just President Brian Valleé, Lord of Douhait. When there went by a Man or Woman that was either Lame, Blind of one Eye, or Hump-back'd, he had an Account brought him of his or her Name, and if the Syllables of the Name were of an Odd Number, immediately, without seeing the Persons, he declar'd them to be Deform'd, Blind, Lame, or Crooked of the Right-side; and of the Left, if they were Even in Number: And such indeed we ever found them.

By this Syllabical Invention, said Pantagruel, the Learned have affirm'd, that Achilles kneeling, was wounded by the Arrow of Paris in the Right-Heel, for his Name is of Odd Syllables: (Here we ought to observe, that the Ancients us'd to kneel the Right-Foot.) And that Venus was also wounded before Troy in the Left-Hand; for her Name in Greek is Ἀφροδίτη, of four Syllables; Vulcan Lam'd of his Left-Foot, for the same reason; Philip King of Macedon, and Hannibal, Blind of the Right-Eye: Not to speak of Sciatica's, Broken-Bellies, and Hemicrania's, which may be distinguish'd by this Pythagorean Reason.

But returning to Names: Do but consider how Alexander the Great, Son to King Philip, of whom we spoke just now, compass'd his Undertaking, meerly by the Interpretation of a Name. He had besieged the strong City of Tyre, and for several Weeks batter'd it with all his Power: but all in vain; his Engines and Attempts were still baffled by the Tyrians: Which made

him finally resolve to raise the Siege, to his great Grief, foreseeing the great Stain which such a shameful Retreat would be to his Reputation. In this Anxiety and Agitation of Mind he fell asleep, and dreamt that a Satyr was come into his Tent, capering, skipping, and tripping it up and down with his Goatish Hoofs, and that he strove to lay hold on him. But the Satyr still slipt from him, till at last, having penn'd him up into a Corner, he took him. With this he awak'd; and telling his Dream to the Philosophers and Sages of his Court, they let him know, that it was a Promise of Victory from the Gods, and that he should soon be Master of Tyre; the word *Satyros* divided into two being *Sa Tyros*, and signifying Tyre is thine; and in truth, at the next On-set he took the Town by Storm, and by a compleat Victory, reduc'd that stubborn People to Subjection.

On the other hand, see how by the Signification of one word, Pompey fell into despair. Being overcome by Cæsar at the Battle of Pharsalia, he had no other way left to escape but by flight; which attempting by Sea, he arriv'd near the Island of Cyprus, and perceiv'd on the Shore, near the City of Paphos, a beautiful and stately Palace: Now asking the Pilot what was the name of it, he told him, that it was call'd Κακοβασιλέια, that is, Evil-King; which struck such a Dread and Terror in him, that he fell into Despair, as being assured of losing shortly his Life; insomuch that his Complaints, Sighs and Groans were heard by the Mariners and other Passengers. And indeed, a while after, a certain strange Peasant, call'd Achillas, cut off his Head.

To all these Examples might be added what happen'd to L. Paulus Æmilius, when the Senate elected him Emperor, that is, Chief of the Army which they sent

against Perses King of Macedon; that Evening returning Home to prepare for his Expedition, and kissing a little Daughter of his call'd Thrasia, she seem'd somewhat sad to him. What is the matter, said he, my Chicken; why is my Thrasia thus sad and melancholy? Daddy, (reply'd the Child) Persa is dead; this was the Name of a little Bitch which she lov'd mightily. Hearing this, Paulus took assurance of a Victory over Perses.

If Time would permit us to discourse of the Sacred Hebrew Writ, we might find a hundred noted Passages evidently shewing how religiously they observ'd Proper Names, and their Significations. He had hardly ended this Discourse, when the two Colonels arrived with their Soldiers, all well arm'd and resolute. Pantagruel made them a short Speech, intreating them to behave themselves bravely, in case they were attackt; for he cou'd not yet believe that the Chitterlings were so treacherous, but he bad them by no means to give the first Offence; giving them Carnaval for the Watch-word.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

HOW CHITTERLINGS ARE NOT TO BE SLIGHTED BY MEN

You shake your empty Noddles now, jolly Topers, and don't believe what I tell you here any more than if it were some Tale of a Tub: Well, well, I can't help it. Believe it if you will; if you won't, let it alone. For my part, I very well know what I saw. It was in the wild Island, in our Voyage to the Holy Bottle, I tell you the Time and Place, what would you have more? I would have you call to mind the strength of the ancient Giants that undertook to lay the high Mountain Pelion

on the top of Ossa, and set among those the shady Olympus, to dash out the Gods Brains, unnestle them, and scour their Heavenly Lodgings. Their's was no small strength, you may well think, and yet they were nothing but Chitterlings from the Waste downwards, or at least, Serpents, not to tell a Lye for the matter.

The Serpent that tempted Eve too was of the Chitterling kind, and yet it is recorded of him, that he was more subtle than any Beast of the Field. Even so are Chitterlings: Nay, to this very Hour they hold in some Universities that this same Tempter was the Chitterling call'd Ithyphallus, or Standing, into which was transform'd bawdy Priapus, Arch-Seducer of Females in Paradise, that is, a Garden in Greek.

Pray now tell me, Who can tell but that the Switzers, now so bold and warlike, were formerly Chitterlings? For my part, I would not take my Oath to the contrary. The Himantopodes, a Nation very famous in Ethiopia, according to Pliny's Description, are Chitterlings, and nothing else. If all this will not satisfie your Worships, or remove your Incredulity, I would have you forthwith (I mean drinking first, that nothing be done rashly) visit Lusignan, Parthenay, Vouant, Mervant, and Ponzauges in Poictou. There you will find a Cloud of Witnesses, not of your Affidavit-Men of the right stamp, but Credible, time out of mind, that will take their Corporal Oath, on Rigome's Knuckle-bone, that Mellusine their first Founder, or Foundress, which you please, was Woman from the Head to the Prick-purse, and thence downwards was a Serpentine Chitterling, or, if you'll have it otherwise, a Chitterlingdiz'd Serpent. She nevertheless had a genteel and noble Gate, imitated to this very Day by your Hop-Merchants of Britanny in their *Paspié* and Country Dances.

What do you think was the cause of Erichthonius's being the first Inventor of Coaches, Litters, and Chariots? Nothing but because Vulcan had begot him with Chitterlingdiz'd Legs, which to hide, he chose to ride in a Litter rather than on Horseback; for Chitterlings were not yet in esteem at that time.

The Scythian Nymph Ora was likewise half Woman and half Chitterling; and yet seem'd so beautiful to Jupiter, that nothing could serve him but he must give her a touch of his Godship's Kindness; and accordingly had a brave Boy by her call'd Colaxes, and therefore, I would have you leave off shaking your empty Noddles at this, as if it were a Story, and firmly believe that nothing is truer than the Gospel.

CHAPTER XXXIX

HOW FRYAR JHON JOYN'D WITH THE COOKS TO FIGHT THE CHITTERLINGS

FRYAR JHON, seeing these furious Chitterlings thus boldly march up, said to Pantagruel; here will be a rare Battel of Hobby-horses, a pretty kind of Puppet-show Fight for ought I see; Oh! What mighty Honour and wonderful Glory will attend our Victory? I would have you only be a bare Spectator of this Fight, and for any thing else leave me and my Men to deal with them. What men? said Pantagruel. Matter of Breviary, reply'd Fryar Jhon: How came Potiphar who was Head Cook of Pharaoh's Kitchins, he that bought Joseph, and whom the said Joseph might have made a Cuckold, if he had not been a Joseph; how came he I say, to be

made General of all the Horse in the Kingdom of Egypt? Why was Nabuzardan, King Nebuchadonozor's Head-Cook chosen, to the Exclusion of all other Captains, to besiege and destroy Jerusalem? I hear you, reply'd Pantagruel; By St. Christopher's Whiskers, said Fryar Jhon, I dare lay a Wager that it was because they had formerly engaged Chitterlings, or Men as little valu'd; whom to rout, conquer, and destroy, Cooks are without comparison, more fit than Cuirassiers and Gens d'Armes arm'd at all Points, or all the Horse and Foot in the world.

You put me in mind said Pantagruel, of what is written amongst the Facetious and merry Sayings of Cicero. During the more than Civil Wars between Cæsar and Pompey, tho' he was much Courted by the first, he naturally lean'd more to the side of the latter; now one day, hearing that the Pompejans in a certain Rencontre had lost a great many Men, he took a Fancy to visit their Camp. There he perceiv'd little Strength, less Courage, but much disorder. From that time, foreseeing that things would go ill with them, as it since happen'd, he began to Banter now one and then another, and be very Free of his cutting Jests: so some of Pompey's Captains playing the good Fellows to shew their assurance, told him, Do you see how many Eagles we have yet? (They were then the Devise of the Romans in War). They might be of use to you, reply'd Cicero, if you had to do with Magpies.

Thus seeing we are to fight Chitterlings, pursued Pantagruel, you infer thence that it is a Culinary War, and have a mind to joyn with the Cooks. Well, do as you please. I'll stay here in the mean time, and wait for the event of the Battel.

Fryar Jhon went that very moment among the Sutlers

into the Cooks Tents, and told them in a pleasing manner, I must see you Crown'd with Honour and Triumph this day, my Lads; To your Arms are reserv'd such Atchievments, as never yet were perform'd within the Memory of Man. Od's Belly, do they make nothing of the valiant Cooks? Let us go fight yonder fornicating Chitterlings, I'll be your Captain: But first let's drink, Boys—come on——Let us be of good Cheer. Noble Captain, return'd the Kitchin Tribe, this was spoken like your self, bravely offer'd: Huzza! we are all at your Excellency's Command, and will live and dye by you. Live, live, said Fryar Jhon, a God's Name; but dye by no means. That's the Chitterlings lot, they shall have their Belly full on 't: Come on then, let us put our selves in Order; Nabuzardan 's the word.

CHAPTER XL

HOW FRYAR JHON FITTED UP THE SOW; AND OF THE VALIANT COOKS THAT WENT INTO IT

THEN by Fryar Jhon's Order the Engineers and their Work-men fitted up the great Sow that was in the Ship *Leathern-Bottle*. It was a wonderful Machine, so contriv'd, that by the means of large Engines that were round about it in Rows, it throw'd forked Iron Bars, and four squar'd Steel Boults; and in its Hold two hundred Men at least could easily fight, and be shelter'd. It was made after the Model of the Sow of Riole, by the means of which Bergerac was re-taken from the English in the Reign of Charles the sixth.

Here are the Names of the Noble and Valiant Cooks

who went into the Sow, as the Greeks did into the Trojan Horse.

Sowre Sawce.	Crisp Pig.	Sop in Pan.
Sweet Meat.	Greasy Slouch.	Pick-foul.
Greedy Gut.	Fatgut.	Mustard-pot.
Licorish Chops.	Bray-mortar.	Calfs Pluck.
Sows'd Pork.	Lick-sawce.	Hogs Haslet.
Slap Sawce.	Hog's Foot.	Chopt-phiz.
Cock-Broth.	Hodgepodge.	Gallymaufrey.
Slipslop.	Carbonadoe.	

All these Noble Cooks in their Coat of Arms did bear in a Field Gules, a Larding-pin Vert, charg'd with a Chevron Argent.

Lard, Hogs Lard.	Pinch Lard.	Snatch Lard.
Nible Lard.	Top Lard.	Gnaw Lard.
Filch Lard.	Pick Lard.	Scrape Lard.
Fat Lard.	Save Lard.	Chew Lard.

Gaillard (by Syncope) born near Rambouillet: The said Culinary Doctor's name was Gaillard-lard; in the same manner as you use to Idolatrous for Idololatrous.

Stiff Lard.	Cut Lard.	Waste Lard.
Watch Lard.	Mince Lard.	Ogle-Lard.
Sweet Lard.	Dainty Lard.	Weigh Lard.
Eat Lard.	Fresh Lard.	Gulch Lard.
Snap Lard.	Rusty Lard.	Eye Lard.
Catch Lard.		

Names unknown among the Marranes and Jews.

Balloky.	Thirsty.	Porridge Pot.
Pick Sallat.	Kitchin Stuff.	Lick Dish.
Broyl Rasher.	Verjuice.	Salt Gullet.
Conny Skin.	Save Dripping.	Snail Dresser.
Dainty Chops.	Water-Creese.	Soupe-Monger.
Pye Wright.	Scrape Turnip.	Browis Belly.
Pudding-pan.	Trivet.	Chine Picker.
Toss-pot.	Monsieur Ragoust.	Suck Gravy.
Mustard Sawce.	Crack Pipkin.	Macaroon.
Claret Sawce.	Scrape Pot.	Scure Maker.
Swill Broth.		

Smell-Smock, he was afterwards taken from the Kitchin and remov'd to Chamber Practice, for the Service of the Noble Cardinal Hunt Venison.

Rot Rost.	Hogs Gullet.	Fox Tail.
Dishclout.	Sir Loyne.	Fly Flap.
Save Sewet.	Spit Mutton.	Old Grizle.
Fire Fumbler.	Friter Fryer.	Ruff Belly.
Pillicock.	Flesh Smith.	Saffron Sawce.
Long Tool.	Cram Gut.	Strutting Tom.
Prick Pride.	Tuzzymussy.	Slash'd Snout.
Prick-Madam.	Jacket Liner.	Smutty Face.
Pricket.	Guzzle Drink.	

Mondam that first invented Madam's Sawce, and for that Discovery, was thus called in the Scotch-French Dialect.

Loblolly.	Sloven.	Trencher-man.
Slabber Chops.	Swallow-pitcher.	Goodman Goosecap.
Scum Pot.	Wafer-Monger.	Munch Turnip.
Gully Guts.	Snap Gobbet.	Pudding-bag.
Rinse Pot.	Scurvy Phiz.	Pig-sticker.
Drink-spiller.		

Robert, he invented Robert's Sawce, so good and necessary for Roasted Coneys, Ducks, Fresh Pork, Poach'd Eggs, Salt Fish, and a thousand other such Dishes.

Cold Eel.	Frying-pan.	Big Snout.
Thornback.	Man-of Dough.	Lick-finger.
Gurnard.	Sawce-Doctor.	Titt Bit.
Grumbling Gut.	Waste Butter.	Sauce-box.
Alms-scrip.	Shitbreech.	All Fours.
Taste all.	Thick Brawn.	Whimwham.
Scrap Merchant.	Tom T——d.	Basterost.
Belly-timberman.	Mouldy Crust.	Gaping Hoyden.
Hashee.	Hasty.	Calf Pluck.
Frig-palat.	Red Herring.	Leather Breeches.
Powdering-tub.	Cheese Cake.	

All these Noble Cooks went into the Sow, Merry, Cherry, Hale, Brisk, old Dogs at Mischief, and ready to fight

stoutly; Fryar Jhon, ever and anon waving his huge Scimiter, brought up the Reer, and double-lock'd the Doors on the inside.

CHAPTER XLI

HOW PANTAGRUEL BROKE THE CHITTERLINGS AT THE KNEES

THE Chitterlings advanc'd so near, that Pantagruel perceiv'd that they stretched their Arms, and already began to charge their Lances, which caus'd him to send Gymnast to know what they meant, and why they thus, without the least provocation, came to fall upon their old trusty Friends, who had neither said nor done the least ill thing to them. Gymnast being advanc'd near their Front, bow'd very low, and said to them as loud as ever he could; We are Friends, we are Friends; all, all of us your Friends, yours, and at your command, we are for Carnaval your old Confederate. Some have since told me, that he mistook and said Cavernal instead of Carnaval.

Whatever it was, that word was no sooner out of his Mouth, but a huge wild Squob-Sawsage, starting out of the Front of their main Body, would have grip'd him by the Collar. By the Helmet of Mars, said Gymnast, I'll swallow thee, but thou shalt only come in in chips and slices; for, big as thou art, thou could'st never come in whole. This spoke, he lugs out his trusty Sword, Kiss-mine-Arse, (so he call'd it) with both his Fists, and cut the Sawsage in twain. Bless me how fat the foul Thief was! It puts me in mind of the huge Bull of Berne that was slain at Marignan when the

drunken Switzers were so mawl'd there. Believe me, it had little less than four inches Lard on its Punch.

The Sawsage's job being done, a Crowd of others flew upon Gymnast, and had most scurvily drag'd him down, when Pantagruel with his Men came up to his relief. Then began the Martial Fray, higledy pickledy. Mawl Chitterling did mawl Chitterlings, Cut Pudding did cut Puddings ; Pantagruel did break the Chitterlings at the Knees ; Fryar Jhon play'd at least in sight within his Sow, viewing and observing all things ; when the Patty-pans that lay in Ambuscado, most furiously sallied out upon Pantagruel.

Fryar Jhon, who lay snug all this while, by that time perceiving the Rout and Hurly-burly, set open the Doors of his Sow, and sallied out with his merry Greeks, some of them arm'd with Iron Spits, others with Andirons, Racks, Fire-Shouvels, Frying pans, Kettles, Grid Irons, Oven-Forks, Tongs, Dripping-pans, Brooms, Iron-pots, Mortars, Pestles, all in Battle array like so many House-breakers, hollowing and roaring out all together most frightfully, Nabuzardan, nabuzardan, nabuzardan. Thus shouting and hooting they fought like Dragons, and charg'd through the Patty-pans, and Sawsages. The Chitterlings perceiving this fresh reinforcement, and that the others would be too hard for 'em, betook themselves to their Heels, scampering off with full speed, as if the Devil had been come for them. Fryar Jhon with an Iron Crow knock'd them down as fast as Hops ; his Men too were not sparing on their side. Oh ! What a woeful Sight it was ! The field was all over strow'd with heaps of dead or wounded Chitterlings ; and History relates, that had not Heav'n had a hand in it, the Chitterling Tribe had been totally routed out of the World, by the Culinary Champions. But there

happened a wonderful thing, you may believe as little or as much of it as you please.

From the North flew towards us a huge, fat, thick, grizly Swine, with long and large Wings like those of a Windmil, its Plumes red Crimson, like those of a Phenicoptere (which in Languedoc they call Flaman) its Eyes were red and flaming like a Carbuncle, its Ears green like a Prasin Emerald, its Teeth like a Topaze, its Tail long and black like Jet, its Feet white, diaphanous, and transparent like a Diamond, somewhat broad and of the splay-kind, like those of Geese, and as Queen Dick's us'd to be at Tholose in the Days of Yore. About its Neck it wore a Gold Collar round which were some Ionian Characters whereof I could pick out but two words ΣΥΣ ΑΘΗΝΑΝ : Hog teaching Minerva.

The Sky was clear before, but at that Monster's appearance, it chang'd so mightily for the worse, that we were all amaz'd at it. As soon as the Chitterlings perceiv'd the flying Hog, down they all threw their Weapons and fell on their Knees, lifting up their Hands joyn'd together, without speaking one word, in a posture of Adoration. Fryar Jhon and his Party kept on mincing, felling, braining, mangling, and spitting the Chitterlings like mad ; But Pantagruel sounded a Retreat, and all Hostility ceas'd. The Monster, having several times hover'd backwards and forwards between the two Armies, with a Tail-shot voided above twenty seven Buts of Mustard on the ground ; then flew away through the Air, crying all the while, Carnaval, Carnaval, Carnaval.

CHAPTER XLII

HOW PANTAGRUEL HELD A TREATY WITH NIPHLESETH QUEEN OF THE CHITTERLINGS

THE Monster being out of sight, and the two Armies remaining silent, Pantagruel demanded a parly with the Lady Niphleseth, Queen of the Chitterlings, who was in her Chariot by the Standards, and it was easily granted. The Queen alighted, courteously receiv'd Pantagruel, and was glad to see him. Pantagruel complain'd to her of this Breach of Peace: But she civilly made her excuse, telling him that a false information had caus'd all this mischief, her Spies having brought her word, that Shrovetide their mortal foe was landed, and spent his time in examining the Urin of Physeteres.

She therefore intreated him to pardon them their Offence, telling him, that Sir-reverence was sooner found in Chitterlings than Gall; and offering, for her self, and all her Successors, to hold of him and his the whole Island and Country, to obey him in all his Commands, be Friends to his Friends, and Foes to his Foes; and also to send every Year, as an Acknowledgment of their Homage, a Tribute of Seventy eight thousand Royal Chitterlings, to serve him at his first Course at Table, six Months in the Year: which was punctually perform'd. For, the next Day, she sent the aforesaid quantity of Royal Chitterlings to the good Gargantua, under the Conduct of young Niphleseth Infanta of the Island.

The good Gargantua made a Present of them to the great King of Paris: But by change of Air, and for want of Mustard (the natural Balsam and Restorer of Chitters

lings) most of them died. By the great King's particular Grant, they were buried in heaps, in a part of Paris, to this day call'd *La Rue pavée d'Andouilles*, (The Street pav'd with Chitterlings). At the Request of the Ladies at his Court, young Niphleseth was preserv'd, honourably us'd, and since that marry'd to heart's content; and was the Mother of many Children, for which heav'n be prais'd.

Pantagruel civilly thank'd the Queen, forgave all Offences, refus'd the Offer she had made of her Country, and gave her a pretty little Knife: After that, he ask'd several nice Questions concerning the Apparition of that Flying-Hog? She answer'd, That it was the Idea of Carnaval, their Tutelary God, in time of War, first Founder and Original of all the Chitterling-race, for which reason he resembled a Hog, for Chitterlings drew their Extraction from Hogs.

Pantagruel asking to what Purpose, and curative Indication, he had voided so much Mustard on the Earth? The Queen reply'd, That Mustard was their Sang-real, and celestial Balsam, of which laying but a little in the wounds of the fallen Chitterlings, in a very short time the Wounded were heal'd, and the Dead restor'd to Life. Pantagruel held no further Discourse with the Queen, but retir'd a Ship-board: The like did all the Bon Companions with their Implements of Destruction, and their huge Sow.

CHAPTER XLIII

HOW PANTAGRUEL WENT INTO THE ISLAND OF RUACH

Two Days after, we arriv'd at the Island of Ruach; and I swear to you, by the Celestial Hen and Chickens,

that I found the way of Living of the People so strange and Wonderful, that I can't for the heart's blood of me half tell it you. They live on nothing but Wind, eat nothing but Wind, and drink nothing but wind: They have no other Houses but Weather-cocks: They sow no other Seeds but the three sorts of Wind-flowers, Rue, and Herbs that may make one break wind to the purpose; these scoure them off carefully. The Common Sort of People, to feed themselves, make use of Feather, Paper or Linnen Fans, according to their Abilities. As for the Rich, they live by the means of Wind-mills.

When they wou'd have some noble Treat, the Tables are spread under one or two Wind-mills: There they feast as merry as Beggars; and during the Meal, their whole Talk is commonly of the Goodness, Excellency, Salubrity and Rarity of Winds; as you jolly Topers, in your Cups, Philosophize and Argue upon Wines. The one praises the South-East; the other the South-West: This the West and by South, and this the East and by North; another the West, and another the East; and so of the rest. As for Lovers, and Amorous Sparks, no Gale for them like a Smock-Gale. For the Sick, they use Bellows, as we use Clysters among us.

Oh! (said to me a little diminutive swoln Bubble) that I had now but a Bladder-full of that same good Languedoc Wind, which they call Cierce. The famous Physician Scurron, passing one day by this Country, was telling us that it was so strong, that it will make nothing of overturning a loaded Waggon: Oh! what good wou'd it not do my oedipodic Legg. The biggest are not the best; but, said Panurge, rather would I had here a large Butt of that same good Languedoc Wine that grows at Mireveux, Canteperdrix, and Frontignan.

I saw a good likely sort of a Man there, much resembling Ventrose, tearing and fuming in a grievous fret, with a tall burly Groom, and a pimping little Page of his, laying them on, like the Devil, with a Buskin: Not knowing the cause of his Anger, at first I thought that all this was by the Doctor's Advice, as being a thing very healthy to the Master to be in a Passion, and to his Man to be bang'd for 't. But at last I heard him taxing his Man with stealing from him, like a Rogue as he was, the better half of a large Leathern Bag of an excellent Southerly Wind, which he had carefully lay'd up, like a hidden Reserve, against the Cold Weather.

They neither Exonerate, Piss, nor Spit in that Island; but to make amends, they Belch, Fizle, Funk, and give Tailshots in abundance. They are troubled with all manner of Distempers: And indeed, all Distempers are engendred and proceed from Ventosities, as Hippocrates demonstrates, lib. *de Flatibus*. But the most epidemical among them, is the Wind-Colick. The Remedies which they use are large Blisters, whereby they void store of Windiness. They all dye of Dropsies and Tympanies, the Men farting, and the Women fizling, so that their Soul takes her leave at the back-door.

Some time after, walking in the Island, we met three hare-brain'd airy Fellows, who seem'd mightily pufft up, and went to take their Pastime, and view the Pluvers who live on the same Diet as themselves, and abound in the Island. I observ'd, that as you true Topers, when you travell, carry Flasks, Leathern Bottles, and small Runlets along with you, so each of them had at his Girdle a pretty little Pair of Bellows. If they happen'd to want Wind, by the help of those pretty Bellows they immediately drew some fresh and cool, by Attraction, and Reciprocal Expulsion: For, as you well know,

Wind, essentially defin'd, is nothing but fluctuating and agitated Air.

A while after, we were commanded, in the King's Name, not to receive, for three hours, any Man or Woman of the Country on board our Ships. Some having stole from him a rousing Fart of the very individual Wind which old Goodman Æolus the Snoarer gave Ulysses, to conduct his Ship, when ever it should happen to be becalm'd: Which Fart the King kept religiously, like another Sangreal, and perform'd a world of wonderfull Cures with it, in many dangerous Diseases, letting loose and distributing to the Patient only as much of it as might frame a Virginal Fart; that is, if you must know, what our Sanctimonials, *alias* Nuns, in their Dialect, call Ringing backwards.

CHAPTER XLIV

HOW A SMALL RAIN LAYS A HIGH WIND

PANTAGRUEL commended their Government, and way of Living, and said to their Hypenemian Mayor, If you approve Epicurus's Opinion, placing the *summum bonum* in Pleasure (I mean Pleasure that's easie, and free from toil) I esteem you happy; for your Food being Wind, costs you little or nothing, since you need but blow. True, Sir, return'd the Mayor; but alas, nothing is perfect here below: For too often, when we are at Table feeding on some good blessed Wind of God, as on Celestial Manna, merry as so many Fryars, down drops on a sudden some small Rain, which lays our Wind, and so robs us of it; thus many a Meal is lost for want of Meat.

Just so, quoth Panurge, Jenin Toss-pot of Quinquenois, evacuating some Wine of his own burning on his Wife's Posteriors, laid the ill fum'd Wind that blow'd out of their Centre, as out of some Magisterial Æolipyle. Here's a kind of a Whim on that Subject which I made formerly:

One Evening, when Toss-pot had been at his Buts,
And Joane his fat Spouse cramm'd with Turnips her Guts,
Together they pigg'd; nor did Drink so besot him,
But he did what was done when his Daddy begot him.
Now when, to recruit, he'd fain have been snoaring,
Joane's Back-door was filthily puffing and roaring:
So for spight he bepiss'd her, and quickly did find,
That a very small Rain lays a very high Wind.

We are also plagu'd yearly with a very great Calamity, cry'd the Mayor; for a Giant call'd Widenostrils, who lives in the Island of Tohu, comes hither every Spring to purge, by the Advice of his Physicians, and swallows us, like so many Pills, a great number of Windmils and of Bellows also, at which his Mouth waters exceedingly.

Now this is a sad Mortification to us here, who are fain to fast over three or four whole Lents every Year for this, besides certain petty Lents, Ember-Weeks, and other Orison and Starving-tides. And have you no Remedy for this? ask'd Pantagruel. By the Advice of our Mezarims, reply'd the Mayor, about the time that he uses to give us a Visit, we Garrison our Windmills with good store of Cocks and Hens. So the first time that the greedy Thief swallow'd them, they had like to have done his business at once, for they crow'd and cackl'd in his Maw, and flutter'd up and down athwart and along in his Stomach, which threw the Glutton into a Lipothymy, Cardiac Passion, and dreadful and dangerous Convulsions, as if some Serpent creeping in at his Mouth, had been frisking in his Stomach.

Here is a Comparative *as* altogether incongruous and impertinent, cry'd Fryar Jhon, interrupting them; for I have formerly heard, that if a Serpent chance to get into a Man's Stomach, it will not do him the least hurt, but will immediately get out, if you do but hang the Patient by the Heels, and lay a Pan full of warm Milk near his Mouth. You were told this, said Pantagruel, and so were those who gave you this Account; but none ever saw or read of such a Cure. On the contrary, Hippocrates, in his Fifth Book of *Epidem.* writes, That such a case happening in his time, the Patient presently died of a Spasm and Convulsion.

Besides the Cocks and Hens, (said the Mayor, continuing his Story) all the Foxes in the Country whip'd into Widenostril's Mouth, posting after the Poultry, which made such a stir with Reynard at their Heels, that he grievously fell into Fits each minute of an hour.

At last, by the Advice of a Baden Enchanter, at the time of the Paroxysm, he us'd to flea a Fox by way of Antidote: Since that, he took better Advice, and eases himself with taking a Clyster made with a Decoction of Wheat and Barly-Corns, and of Livers of Goslins; to the first of which the Poultry run, and the Foxes to the latter. Besides, he swallows some of your Badgers or Fox-Dogs, by the way of Pills and Bolus's. This is our misfortune. Cease to fear, good People, cry'd Pantagruel: This huge Widenostrils, this same Swallower of Windmills, is no more, I'll assure you; he dy'd, being stifled and choak'd with eating a lump of Fresh Butter, at the Mouth of a hot Oven, by the Advice of his Physicians.

CHAPTER XLV

HOW PANTAGRUEL WENT ASHOAR IN THE ISLAND OF POPEFIG-LAND

THE next Morning we arriv'd at the Island of Popefigs, formerly a rich and free People call'd the Gaillardets, but now, alas, miserably poor, and under the Yoke of the Papimen. The Occasion of it was this.

On a certain yearly high Holy-day, the Burger-Master, Syndics and topping Rabbies of the Gaillardets chanc'd to go into the neighbouring Island of Papimany, to see the Festival, and pass away the Time. Now one of them having espy'd the Pope's Picture, (with the Sight of which, according to a laudable Custom, the People were bless'd on High-offering Holy-days) made mouths at it, and cry'd, A Fig for 't, as a sign of manifest Contempt and Derision. To be reveng'd of this Affront, the Papimen some Days after, without giving the others the least warning, took Arms, and surpriz'd, destroy'd, and ruin'd the whole Island of the Gaillardets, putting the Men to the Sword, and sparing none but the Women and Children, and those too only on Condition to do what the Inhabitants of Milan were condemn'd to, by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa.

These had rebell'd against him in his absence, and ignominiously turn'd the Empress out of the City, mounting her a Horse-back on a Mule call'd Thacor, with her Breech foremost towards the old Jaded Mule's Head, and her Face turn'd towards the Crupper. Now Frederick being return'd, master'd them, and caus'd so careful a Search to be made, that he found out and

got the famous Mule Thacor. Then the Hang-man, by his Order, clap'd a Fig into the Mule's Jim-crack, in the Presence of the inslav'd Citts that were brought into the middle of the great Market-place, and proclaim'd, in the Emperor's Name, with Trumpets, That whosoever of them would save his own Life, should publickly pull the Fig out with his Teeth, and after that put it in again in the very individual Cranny whence he had draw'd it, without using his Hands; and that whoever refused to do this, should presently swing for 't, and die in his Shoes. Some sturdy Fools, standing upon their Punctilio, chose Honourably to be hang'd, rather than submit to so shameful and abominable a Disgrace; and others, less nice in Point of Ceremony, took heart of grace, and ev'n resolv'd to have at the Fig, and a Fig for 't, rather than make a worse Figure with a Hempen Collar, and die in the Air, at so short Warning: Accordingly, when they had neatly pick'd out the Fig with their Teeth from old Thacor's Snatch-blatch, they plainly shew'd it the Heads-man, saying, *Ecco lo Fico!* (Behold the Fig!)

By the same Ignominy, the rest of these poor distress'd Gaillardets sav'd their Bacon, becoming Tributaries and Slaves; and the Name of Pope-Figs was given them, because they had said, A Fig for the Pope's Image. Since this, the poor Wretches never prosper'd; but every Year the Devil was at their Doors, and they were plagu'd with Hail, Storms, Famine, and all manner of Woes, as an everlasting Punishment for the Sin of their Ancestors and Relations. Perceiving the Misery and Calamity of that Generation, we did not care to go further up into the Country, contenting our selves with going into a little Chappel near the Haven, to take some Holy Water. It was dilapidated and ruin'd, wanting

also a Cover (like St. Peter at Rome). When we were in, as we dip'd our Fingers in the sanctifi'd Ci tern, we spy'd in the middle of that Holy Pickle a Fellow muffled up with Stoles all under Water, like a diving Duck, except the tip of his Snout to draw his Breath. About him, stood three Priests, true shavelings, clean shorn and poll'd, who were muttering strange Words to the Devils out of a Conjuring Book.

Pantagruel was not a little amaz'd at this, and, inquiring what kind of Sport these were at, was told, that, for three Years last past, the Plague had so dreadfully rag'd in the Island, that the better half of it had been utterly depopulated, and the Lands lay Fallow without Owners. Now the Mortality being over, this same Fellow, who was crept into the Holy Tub, having a large piece of Ground; chanc'd to be sowing it with White winter Wheat; at the very Minute of an Hour that a kind of a silly sucking Devil, who could not yet Write or Read, or Hail and Thunder, unless it were on Parsly or Colworts, had got leave of his Master Lucifer to go into this Island of Pope-figs, where the Devils were very familiar with the Men and Women, and often went to take their Pastime.

This same Devil being got thither, directed his Discourse to the Husband-man, and ask'd him what he was doing. The poor Man told him, that he was sowing this Ground with Corn to help him to subsist the next Year. Ay, but the Ground is none of thine, Mr. Plough-jobber, cry'd the Devil, but mine: for, since the time that you mock'd the Pope, all this Land has been proscrib'd, adjudg'd, and abandon'd to us. However, to sow Corn is not my Province; therefore I will give thee leave to sow the Field; that is to say, provided we share the Profit. I will, reply'd the Farmer. I mean, said

the Devil, that, of what the Land shall bear, two Lots shall be made, one of what shall grow above Ground, the other of what shall be cover'd with Earth; the right of chusing belongs to me, for I am a Devil of noble and ancient Race; thou art a base Clown. I therefore chuse what shall lye under Ground, take thou what shall be above. When dost thou reckon to reap, hah? About the middle of July, quoth the Farmer. Well, said the Devil, I'll not fail thee then: In the mean time, slave as thou oughtest. Work, Clown, work: I am going to tempt to the pleasing Sin of whoring, the Nuns of Dry-fart, the Sham-Saints of the Cowle, and the gluttonish Crew; I am more than sure of these. There needs but meet, and the Job 's done; true Fire and Tinder, touch and take; down falls Nun, and up gets Fryar.

CHAPTER XLVI

HOW A JUNIOR DEVIL WAS FOOL'D BY A HUSBANDMAN OF POPEFIG-LAND

In the middle of July, the Devil came to the Place aforesaid, with all his Crew at his Heels, a whole Quire of the younger Fry of Hell, and having met the Farmer, said to him; Well, Clod-pate, how hast thou done, since I went? Thou and I must now share the Concern. Ay, Master Devil, quoth the Clown, 'tis but reason we should. Then he and his Men began to cut and reap the Corn: and on the other side the Devil's Imps fell to work, grubbing up, and pulling out the Stubble by the Root.

The Country-man had his Corn thrash'd, winnow'd it, put it into Sacks, and went with it to Market. The

same did the Devil's Servants, and sate them down there by the Man, to sell their Straw. The Country-man sold off his Corn at a good rate, and with the Money fill'd an old kind of a Demy-Buskin, which was fasten'd to his Girdle; but the Devil a Sous the Devils took; far from taking Hansel, they were flouted, and jeer'd by the Country Louts.

Market being over, quoth the Devil to the Farmer, Well Clown thou hast chous'd me once, 'tis thy Fault; chouse me twice, 'twill be mine. Nay, good Sir Devil, reply'd the Farmer, how can I be said to have chous'd you, since 'twas your Worship that chose first. The truth is, that by this Trick you thought to cheat me, hoping that nothing would spring out of the Earth for my share, and that you should find whole under Ground the Corn which I had sow'd, and with it tempt the Poor and Needy, the close Hypocrite, or the covetous Gripe, thus making them fall into your Snares. But troth, you must e'en go to School yet, you are no Conjurer, for ought I see: for, the Corn that was sow'd is dead and rotten, its Corruption having caus'd the generation of that which you saw me sell: so you chose the worst, and therefore are curs'd in the Gospel. Well, talk no more on 't, quoth the Devil: what can'st thou sow our Field with for next Year? If a Man would make the best on 't, answer'd the Ploughman, 'twere fit he sow it with Radish. Now cry'd the Devil, thou talkst like an honest Fellow, Bumpkin, well, sow me good store of Radish, I'll see and keep them safe from Storms, and will not hail a bit on them; but harke'e me, this time I bespeak for my share what shall be above Ground, what 's under shall be thine: Drudge on, Looby, drudge on. I am going to tempt Hereticks, their Souls are dainty Victuals when broil'd in Rashers and well powder'd.

My Lord Lucifer has the griping in the Guts, they'l make a dainty warm Dish for his Honour's Maw.

When the season of Radishes was come, our Devil fail'd not to meet in the Field with a Train of rascally Underlings, all waiting Devils, and finding there the Farmer and his Men, he began to cut and gather the Leaves of the Radishes. After him the Farmer with his Spade digg'd up the Radishes, and clapt them up into Pouches. This done, the Devil, the Farmer, and their Gangs, hy'd them to Market, and there the Farmer presently made good Mony of his Radishes; but the poor Devil took nothing, nay, what was worse, he was made a common laughing-stock by the gaping Hoydons. I see thou hast play'd me a scurvy Trick, thou villainous Fellow, (cry'd the angry Devil), at last I am fully resolv'd e'en to make an end of the Business between thee and my self about the Ground, and these shall be the Terms; We'll chapperclaw each other, and whoever of us two shall first cry hold, shall quit his share of the Field, which shall wholly belong to the Conqueror. I fix the Time for this Tryal of Skill on this day se'night: Assure thy self that I'll claw thee off like a Devil. I was going to tempt your Fornicators, Bayliffs, Perplexers of Causes, Scriveners, Forgers of Deeds, two-handed Counsellors, prevaricating Sollicitors, and other such Vermine; but they were so civill as to send me word by an Interpreter, that they are all mine already: Besides, our Master Lucifer is so cloy'd with their Souls, that he often sends them back to the smutty Scullions and slovenly Devils, of his Kitchin, and they scarce go down with him, unless now and then, when they are high-season'd.

Some say there is no Breakfast like a Student's, no Dinner like a Lawyer's, no Afternoon's Nunchion like a Vintner's, no Supper like a Tradesman's, no second

Supper like a serving Wench's, and none of these Meals together like a frockifi'd Hobgoblin's. All this is true enough; accordingly at my Lord Lucifer's first Course Hobgoblings, *alias* Imps in Cowles, are a standing Dish. He willingly us'd to breakfast on Students; but, alas, I do not know by what ill Luck, they have of late years join'd the Holy Bible to their Studies; so the Devil a one we can get down among us, and I verily believe that unless the Hypocrites of the Tribe of Levi help us in it; taking from the inlightned Book-mongers their St. Paul, either by Threats, Revilings, Force, Violence, Fire and Faggot, we shall not be able to hook-in any more of them, to nibble at below. He dines commonly on Counsellors, Mischief-mongers, Multipliers of Law-Suits, such as wrest and pervert Right and Law, and grind and fleece the Poor: he never fears to want any of these. But who can endure to be wedded to a Dish?

He said t' other Day at a full Chapter, that he had a great mind to eat the Soul of one of the Fraternity of the Cowle that had forgot to speak for himself, in his Sermon, and he promis'd double Pay, and a large Pension, to any one that should bring him such a Tit-bit piping-hot. We all went a hunting after such a Rarity, but came home without the Prey; for they all admonish the good Women to remember their Convent. As for afternoon Nunchions, he has left them off, since he was so wofully grip'd with the Colic, his Fosterers, Sutlers, Char-Coalmen, and Boyling-Cooks having been sadly mawl'd and pepper'd off in the Northern Countries.

His high Devil-ship sups very well on Tradesmen, Usurers, Apothecaries, Cheats, Coyners, and Adulterers of Wares. Now and then when he is on the merry Pin, his second Supper is of serving Wenches who, after they have by stealth soak'd their Faces with their Masters

good Liquor, fill up the Vessel with it at second-hand, or with other stinking Water.

Well, drudge on, Boor, drudge on; I am going to tempt the Students of Trebisonde, to leave Father and Mother, forgo for ever the establish'd and common Rule of living; disclaim and free themselves from obeying their Lawfull Sovereign's Edicts, live in absolute Liberty, proudly despise every one, laugh at all Mankind, and taking the fine jovial little Cap of Poetic License, become so many pretty Hobgoblins.

CHAPTER XLVII

HOW THE DEVIL WAS DECEIVED BY AN OLD WOMAN OF POPEFIG-LAND

THE Country Lob trudg'd home very much concern'd and thoughtfull, you may swear; in so much that his good Woman, seeing him thus look moping, ween'd that something had been stolen from him at Market; but when she had heard the cause of his Affliction, and seen his Budget well lin'd with Coyn, she bad him be of good Cheer, assuring him that he'd be never the worse for the scratching Bout in question, wishing him only to leave her to manage that Business, and not trouble his head about it: for she had already contriv'd how to bring him off cleaverly. Let the worst come to the worst, said the Husbandman, it will be but a scratch, for I'll yield at the first stroke, and quit the Field. Quit a Fart, reply'd the Wife, he shall have none of the Field, rely upon me and be quiet, let me alone to deal with him. You say he's a pimping little Devil, that's enough; I'll soon make him give up the Field, I'll warrant you: Indeed had he been a great Devil, it had been somewhat.

The Day that we landed in the Island happen'd to be that which the Devil had fix'd for the Combat. Now the Countryman, having like a good Catholic very fairly confessed himself and received, betimes in the Morning, by the Advice of his Vicar had hid himself, all but the Snout, in the holy Water-stock in the Posture in which we found him: And just as they were telling us this Story, News came that the old Woman had fool'd the Devil, and gain'd the Field: you may not be sorry perhaps to hear how this happen'd.

The Devil, you must know, came to the poor Man's Door and rapping there, cry'd, So hoe, ho the House, hoe Clod-pate, where art thou? Come out with a vengeance, come out with a wannion, come out and be damn'd; now for clawing; then briskly and resolutely entring the House, and not finding the Country Man there, he spy'd his Wife lying on the Ground pitiously weeping and howling: What's the matter? ask'd the Devil, where is he? What does he? Oh! that I knew where he is, reply'd Threescore and five, the wicked Rogue, the Butcherly Dog, the Murtherer: he has spoyl'd me, I am undone, I dye of what he has done me. How, cry'd the Devil, what is it? I'll tickle him off for you by and by. Alas, cry'd the old Dissembler, he told me, the Butcher, the Tyrant, the Tearer of Devils, that he had made a match to scratch with you this Day, and to try his Clawes, he did but just touch me with his little Finger, here betwixt the Legs, and has spoyl'd me for ever. Oh! I am a dead Woman, I shall never be my self again: do but see! nay, and besides he talk'd of going to the Smiths to have his Pounces sharpen'd and pointed. Alas, you are undone, Mr. Devil; good Sir, Scamper quickly, I am sure he won't stay; save your self, I beseech you; while she said this, she uncover'd

her self up to the Chin, after the manner in which the Persian Women met their Children, who fled from the Fight, and plainly shew'd her What de'e call them. The frighted Devil, seeing the enormous Solution of the Continuity in all its Dimensions, blest himself, cry'd out, *Mahon, Demiourgon, Megæra, Alecto, Persephone*: s'Life, catch me here when he comes! I am gone, s'Death what a gash! I resign him the Field.

Having heard the Catastrophe of the Story, we retired a Ship-board, not being willing to stay there any longer. Pantagruel gave to the Poors-Box of the Fabrick of the Church, eighteen thousand Gold Royals in commiseration of the Poverty of the People, and the Calamity of the Place.

CHAPTER XLVIII

HOW PANTAGRUEL WENT ASHOAR AT THE ISLAND OF PAPIMANY

HAVING left the desolate Island of the Popefigs, we sailed for the space of a Day very fairly and merrily, and made the blessed Island of Papimany. As soon as we had dropt Anchor in the Road, before we had well-moor'd our Ship with ground Tackle, four Persons in different Garbs row'd towards us in a Skiff. One of them was dress'd like a Monk in his Frock, draggle-tail'd and booted: the other like a Falkoner with a Lure and a long-wing'd Hawk on his Fist; the third like a Sollicitor, with a large Bag, full of Informations, Subpœna's, Breviates, Bills, Writs, Cases, and other Implements of Pettifogging. The fourth look'd like one of your Vine Barbers about Orleans, with a jantee pair of Canvass Trowzers, a Dosser and a Pruning Knife at his Girdle.

As soon as the Boat had clap'd them on board, they all with one Voice ask'd, Have you seen him, good Passengers, have you seen him? Who, ask'd Pantagruel? You know who, answer'd they. Who is it, ask'd Fryar Jhon, s'Blood and Oonds, I'll thrash him thick and threefold? This he said, thinking that they enquir'd after some Robber, Murtherer, or Church-breaker. Oh wonderful, cry'd the four, do not you foreign People know the One? Sirs, reply'd Epistemon, we do not understand those Terms; but if you will be pleas'd to let us know who you mean, we'll tell you the truth of the matter without any more ado. We mean, said they, he that is; did you ever see him? He that is, return'd Pantagruel, according to our Theological Doctrine, is God, who said to Moses, I am that I am: We never saw him, nor can he be beheld by Mortal Eyes. We meant nothing less than that supream God who rules in Heaven, reply'd they, we spoke of the God on Earth, did you ever see him? Upon my Honour, cry'd Carpalin, they mean the Pope. Ay, ay, answer'd Panurge, yea verily, Gentlemen, I have seen three of them, whose sight has not much better'd me. How! cry'd they, our Sacred Decretals inform us, that there never is more than one living. I mean successively, one after the other, return'd Panurge; otherwise I never saw more than one at a time.

O thrice and four times happy People, cry'd they, you are welcom and more than double-welcom! They then kneel'd down before us, and would have kiss'd our Feet, but we would not suffer it, telling them, that, should the Pope come thither in his own Person, 'tis all they could do to him. No, certainly, answer'd they, for we have already resolv'd upon the matter. We would kiss his bare Arse, without boggling at it, and eke his two

Pounders; for he has a pair of them, the holy Father, that he has; we find it so by our fine Decretals, otherwise he could not be Pope. So that according to our subtile Decretalin Philosophy, this is a necessary Consequence; he is Pope, therefore he has Genitories; and, should Genitories no more be found in the World, the World could no more have a Pope.

While they were talking thus, Pantagruel enquir'd of one of their Coxwain's Crew, who those Persons were? he answer'd, that they were the four Estates of the Island, and added, that we should be made as welcom as Princes, since we had seen the Pope. Panurge having been acquainted with this by Pantagruel, said to him in his Ear, I swear and Vow, Sir, 'tis even so, he that has Patience may compass any thing. Seeing the Pope had done us no good, now in the Devil's Name, 'twill do us a great deal. We then went ashoar, and the whole Country, Men, Women and Children came to meet us as in a solemn Procession. Our four Estates cry'd out to them with a loud Voice; they have seen him, they have seen him, they have seen him. That Proclamation being made, all the Mob kneeled down before us, lifting up their Hands towards Heaven, and crying; O happy Men! O most happy. And this Acclamation lasted above a quarter of an Hour.

Then came the Busby of the Place, with all his Pedagogues, Ushers, and School-boys, whom he Magisterially flogg'd, as they us'd to whip Children in our Country, formerly when some Criminal was hang'd, that they might remember it. This displeas'd Pantagruel, who said to them; Gentlemen, if you do not leave off whipping these poor Children, I'm gone. The People were amaz'd hearing his Stentorean Voice; and I saw a little Hump with long Fingers, say to the Hypodidascal; What! In

the Name of Wonder, do all those that see the Pope, grow as tall as yon huge Fellow that threatens us? Ah! how I shall think time long, till I have seen him too, that I may grow and look as big. In short, the Acclamations were so great; that Homenas (so they call'd their Bishop) hasten'd thither on an unbridled Mule, with green Trappings, attended by his Aposts (as they said) and his Supposts or Officers, bearing Crosses, Banners, Standards, Canopies, Torches, Holy-water Pots, etc. He too wanted to kiss our Feet, (as the good Christian Valsinier did to Pope Clement) saying, that one of their Hypothetes, that's one of the Scavengers, Scowrers, and Commentators of their Holy Decretals, had written, that, in the same Manner as the Messiah, so long and so much expected by the Jews, at last appear'd among them; so on some happy Day of God the Pope would come into that Island; and that, while they waited for that blessed Time, if any who had seen him at Rome, or elsewhere, chanc'd to come among them, they should be sure to make much of them, feast them plentifully, and treat them with a great deal of reverence. However, we civilly desir'd to be excus'd.

CHAPTER XLIX

HOW HOMENAS BISHOP OF PAPIMANY SHEW'D US THE URANOPET DECRETALS

Homenas then said to us: 'Tis enjoyn'd us by our Holy Decretals, to visit Churches first, and Taverns after. Therefore, not to decline that fine Institution, let us go to Church; we shall afterwards go to Feast our selves. Man of God, quoth Fryar Jhon, do you go before, we'll

follow you; you spoke in the matter properly, and like a good Christian; 'tis long since we saw any such. For my part, this rejoyces my mind very much, and I verily believe that I shall have the better Stomach after it: Well, 'tis a happy thing to meet with good Men! Being come near the Gate of the Church, we spy'd a huge thick Book, gilt and cover'd all over with Precious Stones, as Rubies, Emeralds and Pearls, more or at least as valuable as those which Augustus consecrated to Jupiter Capitolinus. This Book hang'd in the Air, being fasten'd with two thick Chains of Gold to the Zoophore of the Porch. We look'd on it, and admir'd it. As for Pantagruel, he handled it, and dandled it, and turn'd it as he pleas'd, for he could reach it without straining; and he protested, that whenever he touch'd it, he was seiz'd with a pleasant tickling at his Fingers end, new Life and Activity in his Arms, and a violent temptation in his Mind to beat one or two Sergeants or such Officers, provided they were not of the Shaveling-kind. Homenas then said to us, The Law was formerly given to the Jews by Moses, written by God himself: At Delphos, before the Portal of Apollo's Temple, this Sentence, ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΕΑΥΤΟΝ, was found written with a Divine Hand, and sometime after it was also seen, and as Divinely written and transmitted from Heaven. Cybele's Shrine was brought out of Heaven into a Field, call'd Pessinunt in Phrygia; so was that of Diana to Tauris, if you will believe Euripides; the Oriflambe, or Holy Standard, was transmitted out of Heaven to the Noble and most Christian Kings of France to fight against the Unbelievers. In the Reign of Numa Pompilius, second King of the Romans, the famous Copper Buckler call'd Ancile was seen to descend from Heaven. At Acropolis near Athens, Minerva's Statue formerly fell from the Em-

pyreal Heaven. In like manner, the sacred Decretals, which you see, were written with the Hand of an Angel of the Cherubin-kind; you Outlandish People will hardly believe this, I fear. Little enough of Conscience, said Panurge.——And then, continued Homenas, they were miraculously transmitted to us here from the very Heaven of Heavens, in the same manner as the River Nile is call'd Diipetes, by Homer the Father of all Philosophy (the holy Decretals always excepted.) Now because you have seen the Pope, their Evangelist and everlasting Protector, we will give you leave to see and kiss them on the Inside, if you think it meet. But then you must fast three Days before, and Canonically confess, nicely and strictly mustering up, and inventorising your Sins great and small, so thick that one single Circumstance of them may not scape you, as our holy Decretals, which you see, direct. This will take up some time. Man of God, answered Panurge, we have seen and descry'd Decrees and eke Decretals enough o' Conscience, some on Paper, other on Parchment fine and gay like any painted Paper Lantern, some on Vellom, some in Manuscript, and others in Print; so you need not take half this Pains to shew us these. We'll take the Good-will for the Deed, and thank you as much as if we had. Ay, marry, said Homenas; but you never saw these that are Angelically written. Those in your Country, are only Transcripts from ours, as we find it written by one of our old Decretaline Scoliasts. For me; Do not spare me: I do not value the Labour, so I may serve you; do but tell me whether you will be confest, and fast only three short little Days of God? As for Shriving, answer'd Panurge, there can be no great harm in 't; but this same Fasting, Master of mine, will hardly down with us at this time; for we have so very much over-fasted our selves

at Sea, that the Spiders have spun their Cobwebs over our Grinders. Do but look on this, good Fryar Jhon des Entomeures, (Homenas then courteously demy-clip'd him about the Neck) some Moss is growing in his Throat, for want of bestirring and exercising his Chaps. He speaks the Truth, vouch'd Fryar Jhon; I have so much fasted, that I'm almost grown Hump-shoulder'd. Come then, let's go into the Church, said Homenas; and pray forgive us, if for the present we do not sing you a fine High Mass: The hour of Mid-day is past, and after it our sacred Decretals forbid us to sing Mass, I mean your high and lawful Mass. But I'll say a low and dry one for you. I had rather have one moisten'd with some good Anjou Wine, cry'd Panurge: Fall to, Fall to your Low Mass, and dispatch. Od's Bodikins, quoth Fryar Jhon, it frets me to the Guts, that I must have an empty Stomach at this time of day: For had I eaten a good breakfast, and fed like a Monk, if he should chance to sing us the *Requiem æternam dona eis, domine*, I had then brought thither Bread and Wine for the Traits passes, (those that are gone before.) Well, Patience; Pull away, and save a Tide; short and sweet, I pray you, and this for a Cause.

CHAPTER L

HOW HOMENAS SHEW'D US THE ARCH-TYPE, OR REPRESENTATION OF A POPE

Mass being mumbled over, Homenas took a huge bundle of Keys out of a Trunk near the Head Altar, and put Thirty two of them into so many Key-holes, put back so many Springs, then with Fourteen more master'd so many Padlocks, and at last open'd an Iron-Window

strongly barr'd above the said Altar. This being done, in token of great Mystery, he cover'd himself with wet Sackcloth, and drawing a Curtain of Crimson Sattin, shew'd us an Image daub'd over coarsly enough, to my thinking; then he touch'd it with a pretty long Stick, and made us all kiss the part of the Stick that had touch'd the Image. After this, he said to us, What think you of this Image? It is the Likeness of a Pope, answer'd Pantagruel; I know it by the Tripple-Crown, his Furr'd Aumusse, his Rochet, and his Slipper. You are in the right, said Homenas; it is the Idea of that same good God on Earth, whose coming we devoutly await, and whom we hope one day to see in this Country. O happy, wish'd for, and much expected Day; and happy, most happy, you whose propitious Stars have so far favour'd you, as to let you see the living and real Face of this good God on Earth, by the single Sight of whose Picture we obtain full Remission of all the Sins which we remember, that we have committed, as also a Third part, and Eighteen Quarantaines of the Sins which we have forgot: And indeed we only see it on high Annual Holy days.

This caus'd Pantagruel to say, That it was a Work like those which Dædalus us'd to make; since, tho' it were deform'd and ill drawn, nevertheless some divine Energy in Point of Pardons lay hid and conceal'd in it. Thus, said Fryar Jhon, at Sevillé, the raskally Beggers being one Evening on a Solemn Holy-day at Supper, in the Spittle, one bragg'd of having got Six Blancs, or Two pence halfpeny; another, Eight Liards, or Two pence; a third, Seven Carolus's, or Six pence; but an old Mumper made his Vaunts of having got Three Testons, or Five Shillings. Ah, but (cry'd his Comrades) thou hast a Leg of God. As if, continu'd Fryar Jhon, some divine Vertue could lye hid in a stenching ulcerated rotten

Shanck. Pray, said Pantagruel, when you are for telling us some such nauseous Tale, be so kind as not to forget to provide a Bason, Fryar Jhon; I'll assure you, I had much ado to forbear bringing up my Breakfast: Fy, I wonder a Man of your Coat is not asham'd to use thus the Sacred Name of God, in speaking of things so filthy and abominable. Fy, I say: If among your Monking Tribes such an abuse of Words is allow'd, I beseech you leave it there, and do not let it come out of the Cloysters. Physicians, said Epistemon, thus attribute a kind of Divinity to some Diseases. Nero also extoll'd Mushrooms, and in a Greek Proverb term'd them Divine Food, because with them he had Poyson'd Claudius his Predecessor. But methinks, Gentlemen, this same Picture is not over-like our late Popes: For I have seen them, not with their Pallium, Aumusse or Rochet on, but with Helmets on their Heads, more like the Top of a Persian Turbant: and while the Christian Commonwealth was in Peace, they alone were most furiously and cruelly making War. This must have been then, return'd Homenas, against the Rebellious, Heretical Protestants; Reprobates, who are disobedient to the Holiness of this good God on Earth. 'Tis not only lawful for him to do so, but it is enjoyn'd him by the Sacred Decretals; and if any dare transgress one single Iota against their Commands, whether they be Emperors, Kings, Dukes, Princes, or Commonwealths, he is immediately to pursue them with Fire and Sword, strip them of all their Goods, take their Kingdoms from them, proscribe them, Anathematize them, and destroy not only their Bodies, those of their Children, Relations and others, but Damn also their Souls to the very bottom of the most hot and burning Caldron in Hell. Here, in the Devil's Name, said Panurge, the People are no Hereticks, such as was our

Raminagrobis, and as they are in Germany and England. You are Christians of the best Edition, all pick'd and cull'd, for ought I see. Ay, marry are we, return'd Homenas, and for that reason we shall all be sav'd. Now let us go and bless our selves with Holy-water, and then to Dinner.

CHAPTER LI

TABLE-TALK IN PRAISE OF THE DECRETALS

Now Topers, pray observe, that while Homenas was saying his dry Mass, three Collectors, or Licens'd Beggers of the Church, each of them with a large Basin went round among the People, saying with a loud Voice; Pray remember the blessed Men who have seen his Face. As we came out of the Temple, they brought their Basins brim full of Papimany Chink to Homenas, who told us, that it was plentifully to feast with; and that of this Contribution and voluntary Tax, one part should be laid out in good Drinking, another in good Eating, and the remainder in both; according to an admirable Exposition hidden in a Corner of their holy Decretals; which was perform'd to a T, and that at a noted Tavern not much unlike that of Will's at Amiens. Believe me, we tickled it off there with copious Cramming, and numerous Swilling.

I made two notable Observations at that Dinner; the one, that there was not one Dish serv'd up, whether of Cabrittas, Capons, Hogs, (of which latter there's great plenty in Papimany) Pigeons, Coneys, Leverets, Turkeys, or others, without abundance of Magistral Stuff; the other, that every Course, and the Fruit also, were serv'd up by unmarried Females of the Place, tight Lasses,

I'll assure you, Waggish, Fair, Good-condition'd and Comely, Spruce, and fit for Business: They were clad all in fine long white Albes with two Girts, their Hair interwoven with narrow Tape and purple Ribbond, stuck with Roses, Gilly-flowers, Marjoram, Daffidowndillies, Thyme, and other sweet Flowers.

At every Cadence, they invited us to drink and bang it about, dropping us neat and gentile Court'sies: Nor was the Sight of them unwelcome to all the Company; and as for Fryar Jhon, he leer'd on them sideways, like a Cur that steals a Capon. When the first Course was taken off, the Females melodiously sung us an Epode in Praise of the Sacrosanct Decretals; and then the second Course being serv'd up, Homenas, joyful and cheery, said to one of the She Buttlers, Light here, Claricia. Immediately one of the Girls brought him a Tall-boy brim-full of Extravagant Wine. He took fast hold of it, and fetching a deep Sigh, said to Pantagruel; My Lord, and you my good Friends, Here's t' ye, with all my heart: You are all very Welcome. When he had tipp'd that off, and given the Tall-boy to the pretty Creature, he lifted up his Voice and said; O most holy Decretals, how good is good Wine found, through your means. This is the best Jest we have had yet, observ'd Panurge; but 'twould still be a better, if they could turn bad Wine into Good.

O Seraphic Sextum! (continu'd Homenas) how necessary are you not to the Salvation of poor Mortals. O Cherubic Clementinæ! how perfectly the perfect Institution of a true Christian is contain'd and describ'd in you! O Angelical Extravagants! how many poor Souls, that wander up and down in mortal Bodies, throw this vale of Misery, would perish, were it not for you! When, ha! when shall this special gift of grace be

bestow'd on Man kind, as to lay aside all other Studies and Concerns, to use you, to peruse you, to know you by heart, to practise you, to incorporate you, to turn you into Blood, and incenter you into the deepest Ventricles of their Brains, the inmost Marrow of their Bones, and most intricate Labyrinth of their Arteries? Then, ha then, and no sooner than then, nor otherwise than thus, shall the World be happy! While the Old Man was thus running on, Epistemon arose and softly said to Panurge; For want of a Close stool, I must e'en leave you for a Moment or two; this Stuff has unbung'd the Orifice of my Mustard-Barrel, but I'll not tarry long.

Then, ah then, continu'd Homenas, no Hail, Frost, Ice, Snow, Overflowing, or Vis-major: then plenty of all earthly Goods here below. Then uninterrupted and eternal Peace throw the Universe, an End of all Wars, Plunderings, Drudgeries, Robbing, Assassinates, unless it be to destroy these cursed Rebels the Heretics. Oh then, Rejoycing, Cheerfulness, Jollity, Solace, Sports, and delicious Pleasures, over the Face of the Earth. Oh! What great Learning, inestimable Erudition, and Godlike Precepts, are knit, link'd, rivetted and mortais'd in the Divine Chapters of these eternal Decretals?

Oh! How wonderfully, if you read but one Demy Canon, short Paragraph, or single Observation of these Sacrosanct Decretals, how wonderfully, I say, do you not perceive to kindle in your Hearts, a Furnace of Divine Love, Charity towards your Neighbour (provided he be no Heretic,) bold Contempt of all casual and sublunary Things, firm Content in all your Affections, and extatic Elevation of Soul even to the third Heaven!

CHAPTER LII

A CONTINUATION OF THE MIRACLES CAUS'D BY THE DECRETALS

WISELY, Brother Timothy, quoth Panurge, did am, did am; he says blew; but for my part I believe as little of it as I can. For, one Day by chance I happen'd to read a Chapter of them at Poictiers, at the most Decretali-potent Scotch Doctor's, and Old Nick turn me into Bumfodder, if this did not make me so Hide-bound and costive, that for four or five Days I hardly scumber'd one poor Butt of Sir-reverence; and that too was full as dry and hard, I protest, as Catullus tells us were those of his Neighbour Furius.

Nec toto decies cacas in anno,
Atque id durius est fabâ, et lapillis:
Quod tu si manibus teras, fricesque
Non unquam digitum inquinare posses.

Oh, ho, cry'd Homenas, by 'r Lady, it may be you were then in the state of Mortal Sin, my Friend. Well turn'd, cry'd Panurge, this was of a new strain é gad.

One day, said Fryar John, at Sevillé I had apply'd to my Posteriors by the way of Hind-Towel a Leaf of an old Clementinæ, which our Rent-gatherer John Guimard had thrown out into the Green of our Cloyster: now the Devil broyl me like a Black-pudding, if I wasn't so abominably plagu'd with Chaps, Chawns and Piles at the Fundament, that the Orifice of my poor Nockandroe was in a most wofull Pickle for I don't know how long. By 'r Lady, cry'd Homenas, 'twas a plain Punishment of God, for the Sin that you had committed in beraying

that sacred Book, which you ought rather to have kiss'd and ador'd, I say with an Adoration of Latria, or of Hyperdulia at least: the Panormitan never told a Lye in the matter.

Saith Ponocrates, at Montpelier, John Choüart having bought of the Monks of St. Olary a delicate Set of Decretals written on fine large Parchment of Lamballe, to beat Gold between the Leaves, not so much as a piece that was beaten in them came to good, but all were dilacerated and spoil'd. Mark this, cry'd Homenas, 'twas a Divine Punishment and Vengeance.

At Mans, said Eudemon, Francis Cornu, Apothecary, had turn'd an old Set of Extravagantes into waste Paper; may I never stir, if whatever was lapt up in them was not immediately corrupted, rotten and spoyl'd; Incense, Pepper, Cloves, Cinnamon, Saffron, Wax, Cassia, Rhubarb, Tamarinds, all, Drugs and Spices, were lost without exception. Mark, mark, quoth Homenas, an effect of Divine Justice! This comes of putting the Sacred Scriptures to such prophane Uses.

At Paris, said Carpalin, Snip Groignet the Taylor had turn'd an old Clementinæ into Patterns and Measures, and all the Clothes that were cut on them were utterly spoil'd and lost; Gowns, Hoods, Cloaks, Cassocks, Jerkins, Jackets, Wastcoats, Capes, Doublets, Petticoats, Corps de Robes, Vardingals, and soforth. Snip thinking to cut a Hood, would cut you out a Codpiece; instead of a Cassock he 'd make you a high crown'd Hat; for a Wastcoat he 'd shape you out a Rochet; on the Pattern of a Doublet he 'd make you a thing like a Frying-pan; then his Journey-men, having stitch'd it up, did jagg it and pink it at the bottom, and so it look'd like a pan to fry Chesnuts; instead of a Cape he made a Buskin; for a Vardingale he shap'd a Montero-Cap; and thinking

to make a Cloak, he'd cut out a pair of your big outstrouting Switzers Breeches, with Panes like the outside of a Tabor. In so much that Snip was condemn'd to make good the Stuffs to all his Customers; and to this Day poor Cabbidge's Hair grows through his Hood, and his Arse through his Pocket-holes. Mark, an effect of Heavenly Wrath and Vengeance, cry'd Homenas.

At Cahusac, said Gymnast, a match being made by the Lords of Estissac and Vicount Lausun to shoot at a Mark, Perotou had taken to pieces a set of Decretals, and set one of the Leaves for the White to shoot at; now I sell, nay, I give and bequeath for ever and aye the Mould of my Doublet to fifteen hundred Hampers full of black Devils, if ever any Archer in the Country (tho' they are singular Marksmen in Gujenne) could hit the White. Not the least bit of the Holy Scrible was contaminated or touch'd; nay, and Sansornin the Elder who held Stakes, swore to us, *Figues dioures*, hard Figs (his greatest Oath) that he had openly, visibly, and manifestly seen the Bolt of Carquelin moving right to the round Circle in the middle of the White, and that just on the point when it was going to hit and enter, it had gone aside above seven Foot and four Inches wide of it towards the Bakehouse.

Miracle! (cry'd Homenas) Miracle, Miracle! Clerica, come Wench, light, light here, Here's to you all Gentlemen; I vow you seem to me very sound Christians. While he said this, the Maidens began to snicker at his elbow, grinning, giggling and twittering among themselves. Fryar Jhon began to paw, neigh and whinny at the Snout's end, as one ready to leap, or at least to play the Ass, and to get up and ride tantivy to the Devil like a Beggar on Horseback.

Methinks, said Pantagruel, a Man might have been

more out of Danger near the White of which Gymnast spoke, than was formerly Diogenes near another. How's that? ask'd Homenas, what was it? Was he one of our Decretalists? Rarely fallen in again e'gad, said Epistemon returning from Stool, I see he will hook his Decretals in, tho' by the Head and Shoulders.

Diogenes, said Pantagruel, one Day for Pastime, went to see some Archers that shot at Butts, one of whom was so unskilful, that, when it was his turn to shoot, all the bystanders went aside, lest he should mistake them for the Mark. Diogenes had seen him shoot extremly wide off it, so when the other was taking aim a second time, and the People remov'd at a great distance to the right and left of the White, he placed himself close by the Mark, holding that place to be the safest, and that so bad an Archer would certainly rather hit any other.

One of the Lord d'Estissac's Pages at last found out the Charm, pursued Gymnast, and by his Advice Perotou put in another White made up of some Papers of Pouillac's Law Suit, and then every one shot cleverly.

At Landerousse, said Rhizotome, at John Delif's Wedding were very great doings, as 'twas then the Custom of the Country. After Supper, several Farces, Interludes, and Comical Scenes were acted: they had also several Morrice-dances with Bells and Tabors; and divers sorts of Masques, and Mummers were let in. My School-fellows and I, to grace the Festival to the best of our Power (for fine white and purple Liveries had been given to all of us in the Morning) contriv'd a merry Mask with store of Cockle-shells, shells of Snails, Periwinkles, and such other. Then for want of Cuckoe-pint or Priest-pintle, Louse-bur, Clote, and Paper, we made our selves false Faces with the Leaves of an old Sextum, that had been thrown by and lay there for any

one that would take it up, cutting out holes for the Eyes, Nose and Mouth. Now did you ever hear the like since you were born? When we had play'd our little Boyish Antick Tricks, and came to take off our sham-faces, we appear'd more hideous and ugly than the little Devils that acted the Passion at Douay: For our Faces were utterly spoyl'd at the places which had been touch'd by those Leaves; one had there the Small Pox, another God's Token, or the Plague Spot, a third the Crinckums, a fourth the Measles, a fifth Botches, Pushes and Carbuncles; in short, he came off the least hurt who only lost his Teeth by the bargain. Miracle, bawl'd out Homenas, Miracle!

Hold, hold, cry'd Rhizotome, 'tisn't yet time to clap; my Sister Kate, and my Sister Ren had put the Crepines of their Hoods, their Ruffles, Snuffekins, and Neck-Ruffs new wash'd, starch'd and iron'd, into that very Book of Decretals; for, you must know, it was cover'd with thick Boards and had strong Clasps; now, by the virtue of God——Hold, interrupted Homenas, what God do you mean? There is but one, answer'd Rhizotome. In Heaven, I grant, reply'd Homenas, but we have another here on earth, d' ye see. Ay marry, have we, said Rhizotome, but on my Soul I protest I had quite forgot it—well then, by the virtue of God the Pope, their Pinners, Neck-ruffs, Bibs, Coifs, and other Linnen turn'd as black as a Char-coal-man's Sack. Miracle, cry'd Homenas! Here, Clerica, light me here, and pr'ythee, Girl, observe these rare Stories. How comes it to pass then, ask'd Fryar Jhon, that People say,

Ever since Decrees had Tails
And Gens-d'Arms lugg'd heavy Mails,
Since each Monk would have a Horse,
All went here from bad to worse.

I understand you, answered Homenas; this is one of the Quirks and little Satyres of the new fangl'd Hereticks.

CHAPTER LIII

HOW, BY THE VIRTUE OF THE DECRETALS, GOLD IS SUBTILLY DRAWN OUT OF FRANCE TO ROME

I WOULD, said Epistemon, it had cost me a Pint of the best Tripe that ever can enter into Gut, so we had but compar'd with the Original, the dreadful Chapters, *Execrabilis. De multa. Si plures. De Annatis per totum. Nisi essent. Cum ad Monasterium. Quod dilectio. Mandatum*; and certain others that draw every Year out of France to Rome, four hundred thousand Ducats and more.

Do you make nothing of this? ask'd Homenas. Tho' methinks, after all, 'tis but little if we consider that France the most Christian, is the only Nurse, the See of Rome has. However find me in the whole World a Book, whether of Philosophy, Physic, Law, Mathematicks, or other human Learning, nay, even, by my God, of the Holy Scripture it self, that will draw as much Money thence? None, none, pshaw, tush, blurt, pish, none can: You may look till your Eyes drop out of your Head; nay, till Dooms-day in the afternoon, before you can find another of that Energy; I 'll pass my word for that.

Yet these Devilish Heretics refuse to learn and know it. Burn 'em, tear 'em, nip 'em with hot Pincers, drown 'em, hang 'em, spit 'em at the Bung-hole, pelt 'em, paut 'em, bruise 'em, beat 'em, cripple 'em, dismember 'em, cut 'em, gut 'em, bowel 'em, paunch 'em,

thrash 'em, slash 'em, gash 'em, chop 'em, slice 'em, slit 'em, carve 'em, saw 'em, bethwack 'em, pare 'em, hack 'em, hew 'em, mince 'em, flea 'em, boyl 'em, broyl 'em, roast 'em, toast 'em, bake 'em, fry 'em, crucifie 'em, crush 'em, squeeze 'em, grind 'em, batter 'em, burst 'em, quarter 'em, unlimb 'em, bebump 'em, bethump 'em, belamme 'em, belabour 'em, pepper 'em, spitchcock 'em, and carbonade 'em on Grid-irons, these wicked Heretics; Decretalifuges, Decretalicides, worse than Homicides, worse then Parricides, Decretalictones of the Devil of Hell.

As for you other good People, I most earnestly pray and beseech you to believe no other thing, think on, say, undertake, or do no other thing than what's contain'd in our Sacred Decretals, and their Corallaries, this fine Sextum, these fine Clementinæ, these fine Extravagantes. O Deific Books! So shall you enjoy Glory, Honour, Exaltation, Wealth, Dignities, and Preferments in this World; be rever'd, and dreaded by all, prefer'd, elected, and chosen above all Men.

For, there is not under the Cope of Heaven, a Condition of Men out of which you'll find Persons fitter to do and handle all things, than those who by Divine Prescience, Eternal Predestination, have applied themselves to the Study of the Holy Decretals.

Would you chuse a worthy Emperor, a good Captain, a fit General in time of War, one that can well forsee all Inconveniencies, avoid all Dangers, briskly and bravely bring his Men on to a Breach or Attack, still be on sure grounds, always overcome without loss of his Men, and know how to make a good use of his Victory? Take me a Decretist.—No, no, I mean a Decretalist. Ho, the foul Blunder, whisper'd Epistemon.

Would you in time of Peace, find a Man capable of

wisely governing the State of a Commonwealth, of a Kingdom, of an Empire, of a Monarchy, sufficient to maintain the Clergy, Nobility, Senate and Commons in Wealth, Friendship, Unity, Obedience, Virtue and Honesty? Take a Decretalist.

Would you find a Man, who, by his exemplary Life, Eloquence, and pious Admonitions, may in a short time without effusion of human Blood Conquer the Holy Land, and bring over to the Holy Church the misbelieving Turks, Jews, Tartars, Muscovites, Mammelus, and Sarrabonites? Take me a Decretalist.

What makes in many Countries, the People rebellious and deprav'd, Pages Sawcy and mischievous, Students sottish and duncical? Nothing but that their Governors, Esquires, and Tutors were not Decretalists.

But what, on your Conscience, was it d'ye think that establish'd, confirm'd and authoris'd these fine Religious Orders with whom you see the Christian World every where adorn'd, grac'd and illustrated as the Firmament is with its glorious Stars? The Holy Decretals.

What was it that founded, underpropt, and fix'd, and now maintains, nourishes and feeds the devout Monks and Fryars in Convents, Monasteries and Abbeys, so that did they not daily and mightily pray without ceasing, the World would be in evident danger of returning to its Primitive Chaos? The Sacred Decretals.

What makes, and daily encreases the famous and celebrated Patrimony of St. Peter in plenty of all Temporal, Corporeal and Spiritual Blessings? The Holy Decretals.

What made the Holy Apostolick See and Pope of Rome in all times, and at this present so dreadful in the Universe, that all Kings, Emperors, Potentates, and Lords willing nilling must depend on him, hold of him,

be crown'd, confirm'd, and authoris'd by him, come thither to strike sail, buckle, and fall down before his Holy Slipper, whose Picture you have seen? The mighty Decretals of God.

I will discover you a great Secret; The Universities of your World have commonly a Book either open or shut in their Arms and Devises; what Book do you think it is? Truly, I do not know, answer'd Pantagruel, I never read it. It is the Decretals, said Homenas, without which the Privileges of all Universities would soon be lost. You must own I have taught you this, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Here Homenas began to belch, to fart, to funk, to laugh, to slaver, and to sweat; and then he gave his huge greasie four-corner'd Cap to one of the Lasses, who clapt it on her pretty Head with a deal of Joy, after she had lovingly buss'd it, as a sure Token that she should be first married. *Vivat*, cry'd Epistemon, *fifat*, *bibat*, *pipat*.

O Apocalyptic Secret, continued Homenas! light, light, Clerica, light here with double Lanterns. Now for the Fruit, Virgins.

I was saying then, that giving your selves thus wholly to the study of the Holy Decretals, you'll gain Wealth and Honour in this World; I add, that in the next you'll infallibly be saved in the blessed Kingdom of Heaven, whose Keys are given to Our good God and Decretaliarch. O My good God, whom I adore and never saw, by thy special Grace open unto us, at the Point of Death at least, this most Sacred Treasure of our Holy Mother Church, whose Protector, Preserver, Buttler, Chief Larder, Administrator, and Disposer thou art; and take care, I beseech thee, O Lord, that the precious Works of Supererogation, the goodly Pardons do not fail

us in time of need; so that the Devils may not find an opportunity to gripe our precious Souls, and the dreadful Jaws of Hell may not swallow us. If we must pass thro' Purgatory, Thy Will be done. It is in thy Power to draw us out of it when thou pleasest. Here Homenas began to shed huge hot briny Tears, to beat his Breast, and kiss his Thumbs in the shape of a Cross.

CHAPTER LIV

HOW HOMENAS GAVE PANTAGRUEL SOME BON-CHRISTIAN PEARS

Epistemon, Fryar Jhon, and Panurge seeing this doleful Catastrophe, began under the cover of their Napkins to cry, Meeow, Meeow, Meeow, feining to wipe their Eyes all the while, as if they had wept. The Wenches were doubly diligent, and brought Brimmers of Clementine Wine to every one, besides store of Sweet-meats, and thus the Feasting was reviv'd.

Before we arose from Table, Homenas gave us a great quantity of fair large Pears; saying, Here, my good Friends, these are singular good Pears; you'll find none such anywhere else, I dare warrant. Every Soil bears not every thing, you know: India alone boasts Black Ebony, the best Incense is produced in Sabæa, the Sphragitid Earth at Lemnos; so this Island is the only Place where such fine Pears grow. You may, if you please, make Seminaries with their Pippins, in your Country.

I like their Taste extremely, said Pantagruel; if they were slic'd and put into a Pan on the Fire with Wine and Sugar, I fancy they would be very wholsom Meat

for the Sick as well as for the Healthy; Pray, what do you call 'em? No otherwise than you've heard, reply'd Homenas; we are a plain down-right sort of People, as God wou'd have it, and call Figs, Figs; Plumbs, Plumbs; and Pears, Pears. Truly, said Pantagruel, if I live to go home, (which I hope will be speedily, God willing) I'll set and graff some in my Garden in Touraine by the Banks of the Loire, and will them call Bon-Christian or Good-Christian Pears; for I never saw better Christians than are these good Papimans. I'd like him two to one better yet, said Fryar Jhon, would he but give us two or three Cart-loads of yon buxom Lasses. Why, what wou'd you do with them, cry'd Homenas? Quoth Fryar Jhon, No harm, only bleed the kind-hearted Souls straight between the two Great-Toes with certain clever Lancets of the right stamp: By which Operation, Good-Christian Children would be inoculated upon them, and the Breed be multiplied in our Country, in which there are not many over-good, the more 's the pity.

Nay, verily reply'd Homenas, we cannot do this, for you wou'd make them tread their Shoes awry, crack their Pipkins, and spoil their Shapes: You love Mutton, I see; you'll run at Sheep; I know you by that same Nose and Hair of yours, tho' I never saw your Face before. Alas, alas, how kind you are! And wou'd you indeed Damn your precious Soul? Our Decretals forbid this: Ah, I wish you had them at your Fingers-end. Patience, said Fryar Jhon: But, *Si tu non vis dare, præsta, quæsumus*; matter of Breviary; as for that, I defie all the World, and I fear no Man that wears a Head and a Hood, tho' he were a Chrystallin, I mean, a Decretalin Doctor.

Dinner being over, we took our Leave of the Right Reverend Homenas, and of all the good People, humbly

giving Thanks; and to make them amends for their kind Entertainment, promised them, that at our coming to Rome we would make our Applications so effectually to the Pope, that he would speedily be sure to come to Visit them in Person. After this, we went o' Board.

Pantagruel, by an Act of Generosity, and as an Acknowledgment for the Sight of the Pope's Picture, gave Homenas Nine Pieces of double-friz'd Cloth of Gold to be set before the Grates of the Window. He also caus'd the Church-Box for its Repairs and Fabrick, to be quite fill'd with Double-Crowns of Gold, and order'd Nine hundred and fourteen Angels to be deliver'd to each of the Lasses, who had waited at Table, to buy them Husbands when they could get them.

CHAPTER LV

HOW PANTAGRUEL, BEING AT SEA, HEARD VARIOUS UNFROZEN WORDS

When we were at Sea, Junketing, Tipling, Discoursing, and telling Stories, Pantagruel rose and stood up to look out; then ask'd us, Do you hear nothing, Gentlemen? Methinks I hear some People talking in the Air; yet I can see no body; Hark! According to his Command we listen'd, and with full Ears suck'd in the Air, as some of you suck Oysters, to find if we could hear some Sound scatter'd through the Sky; and to lose none of it, like the Emperor Antoninus, some of us laid their Hands hollow next to their Ears: But all this wou'd not do, nor cou'd we hear any Voice. Yet Pantagruel continued to assure us he heard various Voices in the Air, some of Men, and some of Women.

At last we began to fancy that we also heard something, or at least that our Ears tingled; and the more we listen'd, the plainer we discern'd the Voices, so as to distinguish Articulate Sounds. This mightily frighted us, and not without cause, since we could see nothing, yet heard such various Sounds and Voices of Men, Women, Children, Horses, etc. insomuch that Panurge cry'd out, Cods Belly, there's no fooling with the Devil; we are all beshit; let's fly. There is some Ambuscado hereabouts. Fryar Jhon, Art thou here, my Love? I prithee stay by me, old Boy: Hast thou got thy swindging Tool? See that it do not stick in the Scabbard; thou never scour'st it half as it should be. We are undone. Hark! They are Guns, Gad judge me; Let's fly, I do not say with Hands and Feet, as Brutus said at the Battle of Pharsalia, I say with Sails and Oars; Let's whip it away, I never find my self to have a bit of Courage at Sea: In Cellars and elsewhere I have more than enough: Let's fly, and save our Bacon. I do not say this, for any Fear that I have; for I dread nothing but Danger, that I don't: I always say it, that shou'dn't. The Free Archer of Baignolet said as much. Let's hazard nothing therefore, I say, lest we come off bluely. Tack about! Helm a Lee! thou Son of a Batchelor. Wou'd I were now well in Quinquenois, tho' I were never to Marry. Haste away; let's make all the Sail we can, they'll be too hard for us, we are not able to cope with them; they are ten to our one, I'll warrant you; nay, and they are on their Dunghil, while we do not know the Country. They'll be the death of us. We'll lose no Honour by flying; Demosthenes saith, That the Man that runs away, may fight another time. At least, let us retreat to the Lee-ward. Helm a Lee! Bring the Main-tack aboard! Hawl the Bowlins!

Hoist the Top-gallants! We are all dead Men: Get off, in the Devil's Name, get off.

Pantagruel, hearing the sad Outcry which Panurge made, said, Who talks of Flying? Let's first see who they are; perhaps they may be Friends: I can discover no body yet, tho' I can see a hundred Miles round me: But let's consider a little; I have read, that a Philosopher, nam'd Perron, was of Opinion, that there were several Worlds that touch'd each other in an Equilateral Triangle; in whose Centre, he said, was the Dwelling of Truth; and that the words, Ideas, Copies and Images of all things past and to come, resided there: round which was the Age; and that with Success of Time part of them us'd to fall on Mankind like Rheums and Mildews, just as the Dew fell on Gideon's Fleece, till the Age was fulfilled.

I also remember, continu'd he, that Aristotle affirms Homer's Words to be flying, moving, and consequently animated. Besides, Antiphanes said, that Plato's Philosophy was like Words which being spoken in some Country during a hard Winter, are immediately congeal'd, frozen up, and not heard; for what Plato taught young Lads, could hardly be understood by them when they were grown old: Now, continu'd he, we should Philosophise and Search whether this be not the Place where those Words are thaw'd.

You'd wonder very much, should this be the Head and Lyre of Orpheus. When the Thracian Women had torn him to pieces, they threw his Head and Lyre into the River Hebrus; down which they floated to the Euxine Sea, as far as the Island of Lesbos, the Head continually uttering a doleful Song, as it were, lamenting the Death of Orpheus, and the Lyre, with the Wind's impulse, moving its Strings, and harmoniously Accompanying

the Voice. Let's see if we cannot discover them hereabouts.

CHAPTER LVI

HOW AMONG THE FROZEN WORDS, PANTAGRUEL FOUND SOME ODD ONES

THE Skipper made answer; Be not afraid, my Lord, we are on the Confines of the Frozen Sea, on which, about the beginning of last Winter, happen'd a great and bloody Fight between the Arimaspians and the Nephelibates. Then the Words and Cries of Men and Women, the hacking, slashing and hewing of Battle-axes, the shocking, knocking and joulting of Armours and Harnesses, the neighing of Horses, and all other Martial Din and Noise, froze in the Air: And now the Rigour of the Winter being over, by the succeeding Serenity and Warmth of the Weather, they melt, and are heard.

By jingo, quoth Panurge, the Man talks somewhat like; I believe him; but cou'dn't we see some of 'em? Methinks I have read, that on the edge of the Mountain on which Moses receiv'd the Judaic Law, the People saw the Voices sensibly.—Here, here, said Pantagruel, here are some that are not yet thaw'd. He then throw'd us on the Deck whole handfuls of frozen Words, which seem'd to us like your rough Sugar-Plumbs, of many Colours, like those us'd in Heraldry, some Words *Gules* (This means also Jests and merry Sayings) some *Vert*, some *Azure*, some *Black*, some *Or*, (This means also fair Words;) and when we had somewhat warm'd them between our Hands, they melted like Snow, and we really heard them, but cou'd not understand them, for it was a Barbarous Gibberish; one of them only that was

pretty big, having been warm'd between Fryar Jhon's Hands, gave a sound much like that of Chesnuts when they are thrown into the Fire without being first cut, which made us all start. This was the Report of a Field-piece in its time, cry'd Fryar Jhon.

Panurge pray'd Pantagruel to give him some more; but Pantagruel told him, that to give Words, was the Part of a Lover. Sell me some then, I pray you, cry'd Panurge. That's the Part of a Lawyer, return'd Pantagruel; I wou'd sooner sell you Silence, tho' at a dearer Rate, as Demosthenes formerly sold it, by the means of his Argentangina or Silver Squinsey.

However, he threw three or four handfulls of them on the Deck, among which I perceiv'd some very sharp Words, and some bloody Words, which, the Pilot said, us'd sometimes to go back and recoil to the Place whence they came, but 'twas with a slit Wesand; we also saw some terrible Words, and some others not very pleasant to the Eye.

When they had been all melted together, we heard a strange Noise, Hin, hin, hin, hin, his, tick, tock, taack, brededin, brededack, frr, frr, frr, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, track, track, trr, trr, trr, trrr, trrrrrr, on, on, on, on, on, on, ououououon, gog, magog, and I do not know what other barbarous Words, which, the Pilot said, were the Noise made by the Charging Squadrons, the Shock and Neighing of Horses.

Then we heard some large ones go off like Drums and Fifes, and others like Clarions and Trumpets. Believe me, we had very good Sport with them. I wou'd fain have sav'd some merry Odd Words, and have preserv'd them in Oil, as Ice and Snow are kept, and between clean Straw: But Pantagruel would not let me, saying, that 'tis a folly to hoard up what we are never like to

want, or have always at hand, odd, quaint, merry and fat Words of *Gules* never being scarce among all good and jovial Pantagruelists.

Panurge somewhat vex'd Fryar Jhon, and put him in the Pouts; for he took him at his Word, while he dreamt of nothing less. This caus'd the Fryar to threaten him with such a piece of Revenge as was put upon G. Jousseaume, who having taken the merry Patelin at his Word, when he had overbid himself in some Cloth, was afterwards fairly taken by the Horns like a Bullock, by his jovial Chapman whom he took at his Word like a Man. Panurge well knowing that threaten'd Folks live long, bobb'd and made mouths at him, in token of Derision; then cry'd, Wou'd I had here the Word of the Holy Bottle, without being thus oblig'd to go farther in Pilgrimage to her.

CHAPTER LVII

HOW PANTAGRUEL WENT ASHORE AT THE DWELLING OF GASTER THE FIRST MASTER OF ARTS IN THE WORLD

THAT Day Pantagruel went ashore in an Island, which for Situation and Government, may be said not to have its fellow. When you just come into it, you find it rugged, craggy, barren, unpleasant to the Eye, painful to the Feet, and almost as inaccessible as the Mountain of Dauphine, which is somewhat like a Toadstool, and was never clim'd, as any can remember, by any but Doyac, who had the charge of King Charles the Eighth's Train of Artillery.

This same Doyac, with strange Tools and Engines,

gain'd that Mountain's Top, and there he found an old Ram. It puzzl'd many a wise Head to guess how it got thither. Some said, that some Eagle, or great Horn-Coot, having carry'd it thither while 'twas yet a Lambkin, it had got away and sav'd it self among the Bushes.

As for us, having with much toil and sweat overcome the difficult Ways at the Entrance, we found the Top of the Mountain so fertile, healthful and pleasant, that I thought I was then in the true Garden of Eden, or Earthly Paradise, about whose Situation our good Theologues are in such a quandary, and keep such a pother.

As for Pantagruel, he said, That here was the Seat of Arete (that's as much as to say, Virtue) describ'd by Hesiod; this however, with submission to better Judgments. The Ruler of the Place was one Master Gaster, the first Master of Arts in this World, for if you believe that Fire is the great Master of Arts, as Tully writes, you very much wrong him and your self; alas, Tully never believ'd this. On the other side, if you fansie Mercury to be the first Inventer of Arts, as our ancient Druids believ'd of old, you are mightily beside the Mark. The Satyrist's Sentence, that affirms Master Gaster to be Master of all Arts, is true. With him peacefully resided old Goody Penia alias Poverty, the Mother of the Ninety Nine Muses, on whom Porus the Lord of Plenty formerly begot Love, that Noble Child, the Mediator of Heaven and Earth, as Plato affirms in his *Symposium*.

We were all oblig'd to pay our Homage and swear Allegiance to that mighty Sovereign; for he is Imperious, Severe, Blunt, Hard, Uneasie, Inflexible; you cannot make him believe, represent to him, or persuade him any thing.

He do's not hear; and as the Egyptians said, That Harpocrates the God of Silence nam'd Sigalion in Greek

was Astomé, that is, without a Mouth; so Gaster was created without Ears, even like the Image of Jupiter in Candia.

He only speaks by Signs, but those Signs are more readily obey'd by every one, than the Statutes of Senates, or Commands of Monarchs; neither will he admit the least lett, or delay in his Summons. You say, that when a Lyon roars all the Beasts at a considerable distance round about, as far as his Roar can be heard, are seiz'd with a shivering. This is written, 'Tis true, I have seen it. I assure you, that at Master Gaster's Command, the very Heavens tremble, and all the Earth shakes, his Command is call'd, Do this or die: Needs must whom the Devil drives, there's no gainsaying of it.

The Pilot was telling us how on a certain Time, after the manner of the Members that mutin'd against the Belly, as Æsop describes it, the whole Kingdom of the Somates went off into a direct Faction against Gaster, resolving to throw off his Yoke, but they soon found their mistake and most humbly submitted, for otherwise they had all been famish'd.

What Companies soever he is in, none dispute with him for Precedence or Superiority, he still goes first, tho' Kings, Emperors, or even the Pope were there. So he held the first Place at the Council of Basle, tho' some will tell you that the Council was tumultuous by the Contentions and Ambition of many for Priority.

Every one is busied, and labours to serve him; and indeed, to make amends for this, he do's this good to Mankind, as to invent for them all Arts, Machines, Trades, Engines, and Crafts: he even instructs Brutes in Arts which are against their Nature, making Poets of Ravens, Jack-Daws, chattering Jays, Parrots and Starlings, and Poetresses of Magpies, teaching them to utter human

Languages, Speak and Sing; and All for the Gut. He reclaims and tames Eagles, Gerfaulcons, Faulcons-gentle, Sakers, Lanniers, Gosse-hawks, Spar-hawks, Merlins, Hagards, Passengers, wild rapacious Birds; so that setting them free in the Air, whenever he thinks fit, as high and as long as he pleases, he keeps them suspended, straying, flying, hovering, and courting him above the Clouds: then on a sudden he makes them stoop and come down amain from Heaven next to the Ground; and all for the Gut.

Elephants, Lions, Rhinocerotes, Bears, Horses, Mares, and Dogs, he teaches to Dance, Prance, Vault, Fight, Swim, hide themselves, fetch and carry what he pleases; and all for the Gut.

Salt and fresh-water Fish, Whales, and the Monsters of the Main, he brings up from the bottom of the Deep; Wolves he forces out of the Woods, Bears out of the Rocks, Foxes out of their Holes, and Serpents out of the Ground; and all for the Gut.

In short, he is so unruly, that in his Rage he devours all Men and Beasts; as was seen among the Vascons, when Q. Metellus besieg'd them in the Sertorian Wars; among the Sanguntines besieg'd by Hannibal; among the Jews besieg'd by the Romans, and Six hundred more; and all for the Gut. When his Regent Penia takes a Progress, where-ever she moves, all Senates are shut up, all Statutes repeal'd, all Orders and Proclamations vain: she knows, obeys, and has no Law. All shun her, in every Place chusing rather to expose themselves to Ship-wracks at Sea, and venture through Fire, Rocks, Caves and Precipices, than be seiz'd by that most dreadful Tormentor.

CHAPTER LVIII

HOW AT THE COURT OF THE MASTER OF INGENUITY, PANTAGRUEL DETESTED THE ENGASTRIMYTHES AND THE GASTROLATERS

At the Court of that great Master of Ingènuity, Pantagruel observ'd two sorts of troublesom and too officious apparitors, whom he very much detested. The first, were call'd Engastrimythes; the others, Gastrolaters.

The first pretended to be descended of the ancient Race of Euricles; and for this brought the Authority of Aristophanes, in his Comedy call'd, *The Wasps*; whence of old they were call'd Euriclians, as Plato writes, and Plutarch in his Book of the *Cessation of Oracles*. In the Holy Decrees 26 Qu. 3. they are stil'd Ventriloqui; and the same Name is given them in Ionian by Hippocrates, in his fifth Book of *Epid.* as Men who speak from the Belly. Sophocles calls them Sternomantes. These were Southsayers, Enchanters, Cheats, who gull'd the Mob, and seem'd not to speak and give Answers from the Mouth; but from the Belly.

Such a one, about the Year of our Lord 1513, was Jacoba Rodogina, an Italian Woman of mean Extract; from whose Belly, we, as well as an infinite Number of others at Ferrara, and elsewhere, have often heard the Voice of the Evil Spirit speak, low, feeble and small indeed; but yet very distinct, articulate, and intelligible, when she was sent for, out of Curiosity, by the Lords and Princes of the Cisalpine Gaul. To remove all manner of Doubt, and be assur'd that this was not a Trick, they us'd to have her stripp'd stark naked, and caus'd her

Mouth and Nose to be stopp'd. This Evil Spirit would be call'd Curl'd-Pate, or Cincinnatulo, seeming pleas'd when any call'd him by that Name; at which, he was always ready to answer. If any spoke to him of things past or present, he gave pertinent Answers, sometimes to the Amazement of the Hearers; but, if of things to come, then the Devil was gravell'd, and us'd to Lye as fast as a Dog can trot. Nay, sometimes he seem'd to own his Ignorance, instead of an Answer, letting out a rouzing Fart, or muttering some Words with barbarous and uncouth Inflexions, and not to be understood.

As for the Gastrolaters, they stuck close to one another in Knots and Gangs. Some of them merry, wanton and soft as so many Milksops; others lowring, grim, dogged, demure and crabbed, all idle, mortal Foes to Business, spending half their Time in sleeping, and the rest in doing nothing, a Rent-charge and dead unnecessary Weight on the Earth, as Hesiod saith; afraid (as we judg'd) of offending or lessening their Paunch. Others were mask'd, disguis'd, and so oddly dress'd, that 'twould have done you good to have seen them.

There's a Saying, and several Ancient Sages write, That the Skill of Nature appears wonderful in the Pleasure which she seems to have taken in the Configuration of Sea-shells, so great is their Variety in Figures, Colours, Streaks, and inimitable Shapes. I protest the Variety we perceiv'd in the Dresses of the Gastrolatrous Coquillons was not less. They all own'd Gaster for their Supreme God, ador'd him as a God, offer'd him Sacrifices as to their Omnipotent Deity, own'd no other God, serv'd, lov'd, and honour'd him above all things.

You would have thought that the Holy Apostle spoke of those, when he said, Phil. Chap. 3. Many walk of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weep-

ing, that they are Enemies of the Cross of Christ: whose End is Destruction, whose God is their Belly. Pantagruel compar'd them to the Cyclops Polyphemus, whom Euripides brings in speaking thus, I only Sacrifice to my self (not to the Gods) and to this Belly of mine, the greatest of all the Gods.

CHAPTER LIX

OF THE RIDICULOUS STATUE MANDUCE; AND HOW, AND WHAT THE GASTROLATERS SACRIFICE TO THEIR VENTRIPOTENT GOD

WHILE we fed our Eyes with the sight of the Phyzzes and Actions of these lozelly Gulligutted Gastrolaters, we on a sudden heard the Sound of a Musical Instrument call'd a Bell, at which all of them plac'd themselves in Rank and File as for some mighty Battel, every one according to his Office, Degree and Seniority.

In this Order, they mov'd towards Master Gaster, after a plump, young, lusty gorbellied Fellow, who on a long Staff fairly gilt, carried a wooden Statue grosly carv'd, and as scurvily daub'd o'er with Paint, such a one as Plautus, Juvenal and Pomp. Festus describe it. At Lions during the Carnaval 'tis call'd Maschecrouste, or Gnaw-crust; they call'd this Manduce.

It was a monstrous, ridiculous, hideous Figure, fit to fright little Children: Its Eyes were bigger than its Belly, and its Head larger than all the rest of its Body, well Mouth-cloven however, having a goodly Pair of wide, broad Jaws, lin'd with two Rows of Teeth, upper Teer and under Teer, which, by the Magic of a small Twine hid in the hollow part of the Golden Staff, were

made to clash, clatter and rattle dreadfully one against another, as they do at Metz with St. Clement's Dragon.

Coming near the Gastrolaters, I saw they were follow'd by a great number of fat Waiters and Tenders laden with Baskets, Dossers, Hampers, Dishes, Wallets, Pots and Kettles: Then under the Conduct of Manduce, and singing I don't know what Dithyrambicks, Crepalocomes and Epenons, opening their Baskets and Pots, they offer'd their God,

White Hippocras with dry Toasts.
White-Bread.
Brown-Bread.
Carbonadoes, six sorts.
Brawn.
Sweet-breads.
Fricasses, 9 sorts.
Monastical Browess.
Gravy-soupe.
Hotch-pots.
Soft-bread.
Houshold-Bread.
Capirotadoes.
Cold Loins of Veal with Spice.
Zinziberine.
Beatille-Pyes.
Brewess.
Marrow-Bones, Toast and Cabbige Hashes.

Eternal Drink intermix'd. Brisk delicate White-wine led the Van, Claret and Champaign follow'd, cool, nay, as cold as the very Ice, I say, fill'd and offer'd in large Silver Cups: Then they offer'd,

Chitterlings garnish'd with Mustard.
Saucidges.
Neats Tongues.
Hung Beef.
Chines and Pease.
Hogs-haslets.
Scotch Collops.
Puddings.
Cervelats.
Bolonia Sawcidges.
Hams.
Brawn-heads.
Powder'd Venison, with Turnips.
Pickled Olives.

All this associated with Sempiternal Liquor. Then they hous'd within his Muzzle,

Legs of Mutton with Shallots.
Ollas.
Lumber-Pyes, with hot Sauce.
Ribs of Pork, with Onion Sauce.
Roast Capons basted with their own Dripping.
Caponets.
Caviar and Toast.
Fawns, Deer.
Hares, Leverets.
Partridges, and young Partridges.
Pluvers.
Dwarfe-herons.
Teals.
Duckers.
Bittors.

Shovelers.
Curlues.
Wood-hens.
Coots with Leeks.
Fat Kids.
Shoulders of Mutton with Capers.
Sir-Loins of Beef.
Breasts of Veal.
Phesants and Phesant poots.
Peacocks.
Storks.
Woodcocks.
Snipes.
Hortolans.
Turkey - Cocks, Hen-Turkeys and Turkey-poots.
Stock-doves, and Wood-culvers.
Pigs with Wine Sauce.
Blackbirds, Owsels, and Rayles.
Moor-hens.
Bustards and Bustard poots.
Fig-peckers.
Young Guiny-hens.
Flemmings.
Cignets.
A Renforcement of Vinegar intermixt.
Venison Pasties.
Lark Pyes.
Dormise Pyes.
Cabretto Pasties.
Roe-buck Pasties.
Pigeon Pyes.
Kid Pasties.
Capon Pyes.
Bacon Pyes.
Souc'd Hogs-feet.
Fry'd Pasty-crust.
Forc'd Capons.
Parmesan Cheese.
Red and Pale Hippocras.
Gold-Peaches.
Artichokes.
Dry and wet Sweet-meats, 78 sorts.
Boyl'd Hens and fat Capons maronated.
Pullets with Eggs.
Chickens.
Rabbets and sucking Rabbets.
Quails and young Quails.
Pigeons, Squobbs and Squeakers.
Herons and young Herons.
Feldivers.
Olaves.
Thrushes.
Young Sea-Ravens.
Geese, Goslins.
Queests.
Widgeons.
Mavises.
Grouses.
Turtles.
Doe-Conneys.
Hedge-hogs.
Snytes.
Then large Puffs.
Thistle-Finches.
Whore's-Farts.
Fritters.
Cakes, 16 sorts.
Crisp Wafers.
Quince Tarts.
Curds and Cream.
Whipp'd Cream.
Preserv'd Myrabolans.
Gellies.
Welch Barrapyclids.
Macaroons.
Tarts, 20 sorts.
Lemon Cream, Rasberry Cream, etc.
Comfits, 100 Colours.
Cream Wafers.
Cream Cheese.

Vinegar brought up the Reer to wash the Mouth, and for fear of the Squinsy: Also Toasts to scower the Grinders.

CHAPTER LX

WHAT THE GASTROLATERS SACRIFIC'D TO THEIR GOD ON INTERLARDED FISH-DAYS

PANTAGRUEL did not like this Pack of Rascally Scoundrels with their manifold Kitchen Sacrifices, and would have been gone, had not Epistemon prevail'd with him to stay and see the End of the Farce; he then ask'd the Skipper, what the idle Lobcocks us'd to sacrifice to their gorbellied God on interlarded Fish-days? For his first Course, said the Skipper, they give him

Caviar.
Botargoes.
Fresh Butter.
Pease soupe.
Spinage.
Fresh Herrings full-roed.
Salats, a hundred Varieties, of Creesses, sodden Hop-tops, Bishops-Cods, Sellery, Sives, Rampions, Jew's-Ears, (a sort of Mushrooms that sprout out of old Elders) Sparagus Woodbind, and a World of others.
Red-herrings.
Pilchards.
Anchovies.
Fry of Tunny.
Collyflowers.
Beans.
Salt Salmon.
Pickled Griggs.
Oysters in the Shell.

Then he must drink or the Devil would gripe him at the Throat; this therefore they take care to prevent, and nothing's wanting. Which being done, they give him Lampreys with Hippocras Sawce.

Gurnards.
Salmon-Trouts.
Barbels great and small.
Roaches.
Cockrells.
Menews.
Thornbacks.
Sleeves.
Sturgeons.
Sheath-fish.
Mackerels.
Maids.
Plaice.
Fry'd Oysters.
Cockles.
Prawnes.
Smelts.
Rock-fish.
Gracious Lords.
Sword-fish.
Skate-fish.
Lamprills.
Jegs.
Pickerells.
Golden Carps.
Burbates.

Salmons.
Salmon-perls.
Dolphins.
Barn Trouts.
Miller's-Thumbs.
Preeks.
Bret-fish.
Flounders.
Sea-nettles.
Mullets.
Gudgeons.
Dabs and Sandings.
Haddocks.
Carpes.
Pykes.
Botitoes.
Rochets.
Sea-Bears.
Sharplings.
Tunnyes.
Silver Eels.
Chevins.
Cray-fish.
Pallours.
Shrimps.
Congers.
Porposes.
Bases.
Shads.
Murenes, a sort of Lampreys.
Graylings.
Smys.
Turbots.
Trouts not above a Foot long.
Salmons.
Meagers.
Sea-Breams.
Halibuts.
Soles.
Dog's-tongue or Kind-fool.
Muskles.
Lobsters.
Great Prawnes.
Dace.
Bleaks.
Tenches.
Ombers.
Fresh Cods.
Dried Melwells.
Darefish.
Fausens, and Griggs.
Eel-pouts.
Tortoises.
Serpents, *i.e.* Wood-Eeles.
Dorces.
Moor-game.
Pearches.
Loaches.
Crab-fish.
Snails and Whelks.
Froggs.

If, when he had cramm'd all this down his Guttural Trap-door, he did not immediately make the Fish swim again in his Paunch, Death would pack him off in a trice; special care is taken to Antidote his Godship with Vine-tree Syrup. Then is sacrific'd to him, Haberdines, Poor-Jack, minglemangled mishmash'd, etc.

Eggs fry'd, beaten, butter'd, poach'd, hardened, boyl'd, broyl'd, stew'd, slic'd, roasted in the Embers, toss'd in the Chimney, etc.
Stock-fish.
Green-fish.
Sea-Batts.
Cod's-Ounds.
Sea-Pikes.

Which to concoct and digest the more easily, Vinegar is multiply'd. For the latter part of their Sacrifices they offer,

Rice Milk and hasty Pudding.
Butter'd Wheat and Flummery.
Watergruel, and Milk-Porradge.

Frumenty and Bonyclaber.	Figgs.	Chestnuts and Wallnuts.
Stew'd Prunes, and bak'd Bullies.	Almond-Butter	Filberds.
Pistachoes or Fistick-Nuts.	Skirret-Root.	Parsenips.
	White-Pot.	Artichoakes.
	Raisins.	
	Dates.	

Perpetuity of Soaking with the whole.

'Twas none of their Fault, I'll assure you, if this same God of theirs was not publickly, preciously and plentifully serv'd in his Sacrifices, better yet than Heliogabalus's Idol; nay, more than Bell and the Dragon in Babylon under King Balshazzar. Yet Gaster had the Manners to own that he was no God, but a poor, vile, wretched Creature. And as King Antigonus, first of the Name, when one Hermodotus, (as Poets will flatter, especially Princes) in some of his Fustian dub'd him a God, and made the Sun adopt him for his Son, said to him, My Lasanophore (or in plain English, my Groom of the Close-stool) can give thee the Lye; so Master Gaster very civilly us'd to send back his bigotted Worshipers to his Close-stool, to see, smell, taste, philosophise and examine what kind of Divinity they could pick out of his Sir-reverence.

CHAPTER LXI

HOW GASTER INVENTED MEANS TO GET AND PRESERVE CORN

Those Gastrolatrous Hobgoblins being withdrawn, Pantagruel carefully minded the famous Master of Arts, Gaster. You know that by the Institution of Nature, Bread has been assign'd him for provision and Food, and

that as an addition to this Blessing, he should never want the means to get Bread.

Accordingly, from the beginning he invented the Smith's Art and Husbandry to manure the Ground that it might yield him Corn; he invented Arms, and the Art of War to defend Corn; Physick and Astronomy, with other parts of Mathematicks, which might be useful to keep Corn a great number of Years in safety from the Injuries of the Air, Beasts, Robbers and Purloiners; he invented Water, Wind and Hand-Mills, and a thousand other Engines to grind Corn, and turn it into Meal, Leaven to make the Dough ferment, and the use of Salt to give it a savour, for he knew that nothing bred more Diseases than heavy, unleaven'd, unsavoury Bread.

He found a way to get Fire to Bake it; Hour-glasses, Dials and Clocks to mark the time of its Baking; and as some Countries wanted Corn, he contriv'd means to convey some out of one Country into another.

He had the Wit to pimp for Asses and Mares, Animals of different Species, that they might Copulate for the Generation of a third, which we call Mules, more strong and fit for hard Service than the other two. He invented Carts and Waggons to draw him along with greater ease; and as Seas and Rivers hindred his Progress, he devis'd Boats, Gallies and Ships (to the astonishment of the Elements) to waft him over to barbarous, unknown, and far distant Nations, thence to bring, or thither to carry Corn.

Besides, seeing that, when he had tilled the Ground, some Years the Corn perish'd in it for want of Rain in due season, in others rotted, or was drown'd by its excess, sometimes spoil'd by Hail, eat by Worms in the Ear, or beaten down by Storms, and so his Stock was destroy'd on the Ground; we were told that ever since the Days of

Yore, he has found out a way to conjure the Rain down from Heaven only with cutting certain Grass, common enough in the Field, yet known to very few, some of which was then shown us: I took it to be the same as the Plant, one of whose Boughs being dipp'd by Jove's Priest into the Agrian Fountain, on the Lycæan Mountain in Arcadia in time of Drought, rais'd Vapours which gather'd into Clouds, and then dissolv'd into Rain, that kindly moisten'd the whole Country.

Our Master of Arts was also said to have found a way to keep the Rain up in the Air, and make it fall into the Sea; also to annihilate the Hail, suppress the Winds, and remove Storms as the Methanensians of Trœzene us'd to do. And as in the Fields, Thieves and Plunderers sometimes stole and took by force the Corn and Bread which others had toyl'd to get, he invented the Art of building Towns, Forts, and Castles, to hoard and secure that Staff of Life; on the other hand, finding none in the Fields, and hearing that it was hoarded up and secur'd in Towns, Forts and Castles, and watch'd with more care than ever were the Golden Pippins of the Hesperides, he turn'd Engenier, and found ways to beat, storm, and demolish Forts and Castles with Machines, and warlike Thunderbolts, Battering-Rams, Balists, and Catapults, whose shapes were shown us, not over-well understood by our Engeniers, Architects, and other Disciples of Vitruvius, as Master Philebert de l'Orme, King Megistus's principal Architect, has own'd to us.

And seeing that sometimes all these Tools of Destruction were baffled by the cunning Subtilty, or the subtle Cunning (which you please) of Fortifiers, he lately invented Cannons, Field-pieces, Culverins, Bombards, Basilisko's, murthering Instruments that dart Iron, Leaden and Brazen Balls, some of them outweighing

huge Anvils; this by the means of a most dreadful Powder, whose Hellish Compound and Effect has even amazed Nature, and made her own her self out-done by Art; the Oxydracan Thunders, Hails and Storms, by which the People of that Name immediately destroy'd their Enemies in the Field, being but meer Pot-guns to these. For, one of our great Guns, when us'd, is more dreadful, more terrible, more diabolical, and maims, tears, breaks, slays, mows down, sweeps away more Men, and causes a greater Consternation and Destruction than a hundred Thunderbolts.

CHAPTER LXII

HOW GASTER INVENTED AN ART TO AVOID BEING HURT OR TOUCH'D BY CANNON BALLS

GASTER having secur'd himself with his Corn within strong Holds, has sometimes been attack'd by Enemies, his Fortresses, by that thrice threefold curst Instrument, levell'd and destroy'd, his dearly beloved Corn and Bread snatch'd out of his Mouth, and sack'd by a Titannick Force, therefore he then sought means to preserve his Walls, Bastions, Rampiers, and Sconces from Cannon-shot, and to hinder the Bullets from hitting him, stopping them in their flight, or at least from doing him, or the Besiegers and Walls any damage; he show'd us a tryal of this, which has been since us'd by Fronton, and is now common among the Pastimes and harmless Recreations of the Thelemites. I'll tell you how he went to work, and pray for the future be a little more ready to believe what Plutarch affirms to have try'd; Suppose a Herd of Goats were all scampering as if the Devil drove

'em, do but put a bit of Eringo into the Mouth of the hindmost Nanny, and they will all stop stock-still, in the time you can tell three.

Thus Gaster, having caus'd a Brass Faulkon to be charg'd, with a sufficient quantity of Gunpowder, well purg'd from its Sulphur, and curiously made up with fine Camphir, he then had a suitable Ball put into the Piece, with twenty four little Pellets like Hail-shot, some round, some Pearl fashion, then taking his aim, and levelling it at a Page of his, as if he would have hit him on the Breast, about sixty strides off the Piece, half way between it and the Page in a right Line, he hang'd on a Gibbet by a Rope a very large Side-ride or Iron-like Stone, otherwise call'd Herculean, formerly found on Ida in Phrygia by one Magnes as Nicander writes and commonly call'd Load-stone; then he gave Fire to the Prime on the Piece's Touch-hole, which in an instant consuming the Powder, the Ball and Hail-shot, were with incredible violence and swiftness hurried out of the Gun at its Muzzle, that the Air might penetrate to its Chamber, where otherwise would have been a Vacuum; which Nature abhors so much that this Universal Machine, Heaven, Air, Land, and Sea, would sooner return to the Primitive Chaos than admit the least void any where. Now the Ball and small Shot which threaten'd the Page with no less than quick Destruction, lost their impetuosity, and remain'd suspended and hovering round the Stone, nor did any one of them, notwithstanding the Fury with which they rush'd, reach the Page.

Master Gaster could do more than all this yet, if you'll believe me, for he invented a way how to cause Bullets to fly backwards, and recoyl on those that sent 'em, with as great a Force, and in the very numerical Parallel for which the Guns were planted. And indeed, why

should he have thought this difficult, seeing the Herb Ethiopis opens all Locks whatsoever, and an Achineis or Remora, a silly weakly Fish, in spight of all the Winds that blow from the 32 Points of the Compass, will in the midst of a Hurricane make you the biggest First Rate remain stock still, as if she were becalm'd, or the blustering Tribe had blown their last; nay, and with the Flesh of that Fish preserv'd with Salt, you may fish Gold out of the deepest Well that was ever sounded with a Plummet, for it will certainly draw up the precious Metal, since Democritus affirm'd it.

Theophrastus believ'd and experienc'd that there was an Herb at whose single touch an Iron Wedge, tho' never so far driven into a huge Log of the hardest Wood that is, would presently come out, and 'tis this same Herb your Hickways, *alias* Woodpeckers use, when with some mighty Ax any one stops up the hole of their Nests, which they industriously dig and make in the Trunk of some sturdy Tree. Since Stags and Hinds when deeply wounded with Darts, Arrows, and Bolts, if they do but meet the Herb call'd Dittany, which is common in Candia, and eat a little of it, presently the Shafts come out, and all's well again; even as kind Venus cur'd her beloved By-blow Æneas, when he was wounded on the right Thigh with an Arrow by Juturna Turnus's Sister. Since the very Wind of Laurels, Fig-trees, or Sea-calves, makes the Thunder sheer off, insomuch that it never strikes them. Since at the sight of a Ram, mad Elephants recover their former Senses; since mad Bulls coming near wild Fig-trees call'd Caprifici grow tame, and will not budge a foot, as if they had the Cramp. Since the venomous Rage of Vipers is asswag'd, if you but touch them with a Beechen Bough. Since also Euphorion writes, that in the Isle of Samos, before Juno's Temple

was built there, he has seen some Beasts call'd Neades, whose Voice made the Neighbouring Places gape and sink into a Chasm and Abyss. In short, since Elders grow of a more pleasing Sound, and fitter to make Flutes in such places where the crowing of Cocks is not heard, as the Ancient Sages have writ, and Theophrastus relates; as if the crowing of a Cock dull'd, flatten'd and perverted the Wood of the Elder, as it is said to astonish and stupifie with Fear that strong and resolute Animal, a Lion.

I know that some have understood this of wild Elder, that grows so far from Towns or Villages that the crowing of Cocks cannot reach near it; and doubtless that sort ought to be preferr'd to the stenching common Elder that grows about decay'd and ruin'd Places; but others have understood this in a higher Sense, not Literal, but Allegorical, according to the Method of the Pythagoreans. As when it was said that Mercury's Statue could not be made of every sort of Wood, to which Sentence they give this Sense; That God is not to be worshipp'd in a vulgar form, but in a chosen and religious manner.

In the same manner by this Elder, which grows far from places where Cocks are heard, the Ancients meant, that the wise and studious ought not to give their Minds to trivial or vulgar Musick, but to that which is Celestial, Divine, Angelical, more abstracted and brought from remoter parts, that is from a Region where the crowing of Cocks is not heard; for, to denote a solitary and unfrequented Place, we say, Cocks are never heard to crow there.

CHAPTER LXIII

HOW PANTAGRUEL FELL ASLEEP NEAR THE ISLAND OF CHANEPH, AND OF THE PROBLEMS PROPOS'D TO BE SOLV'D WHEN HE WAK'D

THE next Day merrily pursuing our Voyage we came in sight of the Island of Chaneph, where Pantagruel's Ship could not arrive, the Wind chopping about, and then failing us, so that we were becalm'd, and could hardly get o' head, tacking about from Starboard to Larboard, and Larboard to Starboard, tho' to our Sails we had added Drablers.

With this accident we were all out of sorts, moping, drooping, metagrabolized, as dull as Dun in the Mire, in C sol fa ut flat out of Tune, off the Hinges, and I don't know howish, without caring to speak one single Syllable to each other.

Pantagruel was taking a Nap, slumbering and nodding on the Quarter-Deck, by the Cuddy, with an Heliodorus in his Hand, for still 'twas his custom to sleep better by Book than by Heart.

Epistemon was Conjuring with his Astrolabe to know what Latitude we were in.

Fryar Jhon was got into the Cook-room examining by the Ascendant of the Spits, and the Horoscope of Ragousts and Fricassees what time o' day it might then be.

Panurge (sweet Baby !) held a stalk of Pantagruelion, *alias* Hemp, next his Tongue, and with it made pretty Bubbles and Bladders.

Gymnast was making Tooth-pickers with Lentisk.

Ponocrates, dozing, doz'd, and dreaming dream'd,

tickled himself to make himself laugh, and with one Finger scratch'd his Noddle where it did not itch.

Carpalin with a Nut-shell, and a Trencher of Verne, (that's a Card in Gascony) was making a pretty little merry Wind-mill, cutting the card long-ways into four slips, and fastning them with a Pin to the Convex of the Nut, and its Concave to the tarr'd side of the Gunnel of the Ship.

Eusthenes bestriding one of the Guns, was playing on it with his Fingers, as if it had been a Trump-marine.

Rhizotome with the soft Coat of a Field-Tortoise, *alias* eclip'd a Mole, was making himself a Velvet Purse.

Xenomanes was patching up an old weather-beaten Lantern with a Hawk's Jesses.

Our Pilot (good Man!) was pulling Maggots out of the Seamen's Noses.

At last Fryar Jhon returning from the Fore-castle, perceiv'd that Pantagruel was awake. Then breaking this obstinate Silence, he briskly and cheerfully asked him, how a Man should kill Time, and raise good Weather, during a Calm at Sea?

Panurge, whose Belly thought his Throat cut, back'd the Motion presently, and ask'd for a Pill to purge Melancholy?

Epistemon also came on, and ask'd how a Man might be ready to bepiss himself with Laughing, when he has no heart to be merry?

Gymnast arising, demanded a Remedy for a dimness of Eyes.

Ponocrates, after he had a while rub'd his Noddle, and shak'd his Ears, ask'd, How one might avoid Dog-sleep? Hold, cry'd Pantagruel, the Peripateticks have wisely made a Rule, that all Problems, Questions and Doubts which are offer'd to be solv'd, ought to be certain,

clear, and intelligible; What do you mean by Dog-sleep? I mean, answer'd Ponocrates, to sleep fasting in the Sun at Noon-day, as the Dogs do.

Rhizotome, who lay stooping on the Pump, rais'd his drowsy Head, and lazily yawning, by natural Sympathy, set almost every one in the Ship a yawning too; then ask'd for a Remedy against Oscitations and Gapings?

Xenomanes, half puzzled, and tir'd out with new vamping his antiquated Lantern, ask'd, How the Hold of the Stomach might be so well ballasted and freighted from the Keel to the Main-hatch with Stores well stowed, that our human Vessels might not heeld, or be walt, but well trimm'd, and stiff?

Carpalin twirling his diminutive Wind-mill, ask'd how many Motions are to be felt in Nature before a Gentleman may be said to be hungry?

Eusthenes hearing them talk, came from between Decks, and from the Capstern call'd out to know why a Man that's fasting, bit by a Serpent also fasting, is in greater danger of death than when Man and Serpent have eat their breakfasts? Why a Man's fasting-spittle is poysonous to Serpents and venomous Creatures?

One single Solution may serve for all your Problems, Gentlemen, answer'd Pantagruel, and one single Medicine for all such Symptoms and Accidents. My Answer shall be short, not to tire you with a long needless Train of pedantick Cant: The Belly has no Ears, nor is it to be fill'd with fair Words; you shall be answer'd to content by Signs and Gestures. As formerly at Rome, Tarquin the Proud, its last King, sent an Answer by Signs to his Son Sextus, who was among the Gabii, (saying this, he pull'd the String of a little Bell, and Fryar Jhon hurried away to the Cook-room.) The Son having sent his Father a Messenger to know how he might bring the

Gabii under a close subjection; the King mistrusting the Messenger, made him no Answer, and only took him into his Privy-garden, and in his presence with his Sword lopt off the Heads of the tall Poppies that were there. The Express return'd without any other dispatch, yet having related to the Prince what he had seen his Father do, he easily understood that by those Signs he advis'd him to cut off the Heads of the chief Men in the Town, the better to keep under the rest of the People.

CHAPTER LXIV

HOW PANTAGRUEL GAVE NO ANSWER TO THE PROBLEMS

PANTAGRUEL then ask'd, what sorts of People dwell'd in that damn'd Island? They are, answer'd Xenomanes, all Hypocrites, holy Mountebanks, Tumblers of Beads, Mumblers of *Ave Maries*, spiritual Comedians, sham Saints, Hermits, all of them poor Rogues, who like the Hermit of Lormont, between Blaye and Bordeaux, live wholly on Alms given them by Passengers. Catch me there if you can, cry'd Panurge, may the Devil's Head-cook conjure my Bum-gut into a pair of Bellows, if ever you find me among them. Hermits, sham Saints, living Forms of Mortification, holy Mountebanks, avaunt, in the Name of your Father Sathan get out of my sight; when the Devil's a Hog you shall eat Bacon. I shall not forget yet a while our fat Concilipetes of Chesil; O that Beelzebub and Astaroth had counsell'd them to hang themselves out of the way, and they had done 't, we had not then suffer'd so much by devilish Storms as we did for having seen 'em. Harkee me, dear Rogue, Xenomanes, my Friend, I pr'y thee, are these Hermits,

Hypocrites, and Eves-droppers, Maids or Married? Is there any thing of the Feminine Gender among them? Could a Body hypocritically take there a small hypocritical Touch? Will they lye backwards, and let out their fore-rooms? There's a fine Question to be ask'd, cry'd Pantagruel! Yes, yes, answer'd Xenomanes, you may find there many goodly Hypocritesses, jolly spiritual Actresses, kind Hermitesses, Women that have a plaguy deal of Religion; then there's the Copies of 'em, little Hypocritillons, Sham-sanctios, and Hermitillons. Foh, away with them, cry'd Fryar Jhon, a young Saint an old Devil, (mark this, an old Saying, and as true a one, as a young Whore an old Saint.) Were there not such, continu'd Xenomanes, the Isle of Caneph for want of a multiplication of Progeny, had long ere this been desert and desolate.

Pantagruel sent them by Gymnast in the Pinnace seventy eight thousand fine pretty little Gold Half-Crowns, of those that are mark'd with a Lantern. After this he ask'd, What's o' Clock? Past nine, answer'd Epistemon. 'Tis then the best time to go to Dinner, said Pantagruel, for the sacred Line so celebrated by Aristophanes in his Play call'd *Concionatores*, is at hand, never failing when the Shadow is decempedal.

Formerly among the Persians Dinner-time was at a set Hour only for Kings; as for all others, their Appetite and their Belly was their Clock; when that chim'd, they thought it time to go to Dinner. So we find in Plautus a certain Parasite making a heavy do, and sadly railing at the Inventors of Hour-glasses and Dials, as being unnecessary things, there being no Clock more regular than the Belly.

Diogenes Being ask'd at what times a Man ought to eat, answer'd, The Rich when he is hungry, the Poor

when he has any thing to eat. Physicians more properly say, that the Canonical Hours are,

To rise at five, to dine at nine,
To sup at five, to sleep at nine.

The famous King Petorsiris's Magick was different—Here the Officers for the Gut came in, and got ready the Tables and Cupboards, laid the Cloth, whose sight and pleasant smell were very comfortable; and brought Plates, Napkins, Salts, Tankards, Flaggons, Tall-boys, Ewers, Tumblers, Cups, Goblets, Basons, and Cisterns.

Fryar Jhon at the head of the Stewards, Sewers, Yeomen of the Pantry, and of the Mouth, Tasters, Carvers, Cup-bearers, and Cupboard-keepers, brought four stately Pasties, so huge that they put me in mind of the four Bastions at Turin; 'ods Fish, how manfully did they storm them! What havock did they make with the long Train of Dishes that came after them, how bravely did they stand to their Pan puddings, and pay'd off their Dust! How merrily did they soak their Noses!

The Fruit was not yet brought in, when a fresh Gale at West and by North began to fill the Main-course, Misen-sail, Fore-sail, Tops, and Top-gallants; for which Blessing they all sung divers Hymns of Thanks and Praise.

When the Fruit was on the Table, Pantagruel ask'd, Now tell me, Gentlemen, are your Doubts fully resolv'd or no? I gape and yawn no more, answer'd Rhizotome; I sleep no longer like a Dog, said Ponocrates; I have clear'd my Eye-sight, said Gymnast; I have broke my Fast, said Eusthenes; so that for this whole Day shall be secure from the danger of my Spittle

Aspes.	Anerudutes.	Alhatrafs.
Amphisbenes.	Abedissimons.	Ammobates.

Apimaos.
Alhatabans.
Aractes.
Asterions.
Alcharates.
Arges.
Spiders.
Starry Lizards.
Attelabes.
Ascalabotes.
Hæmorrhoids.
Basilisks.
Fitches.
Sucking Water-snakes.
Black Wag leg-flies.
Spanish flies.
Catoblepes.
Horn'd Snakes.
Caterpillars.
Crocodiles.
Toads.
Night-mares.
Mad Dogs.
Colotes.
Cychriodes.
Cafezates.
Cauhares.
Snakes.
Cuhersks, Two-tongu'd Adders.
Amphibious Serpents.
Cenchres.
Cockatrices.
Dipsades.
Domeses.
Dryinades.
Dragons.
Elopes.
Enhydrides.
Falvises.
Galeotes.
Harmenes.
Handons.
Icles.
Jarraries.
Ilicines.
Pharao's Mice.
Kedusudures.
Sea-hares.
Chalcidic Newts.
Footed Serpents.
Manticores.
Mulures.
Mouse-serpents.
Shrew-mice.
Miliares.
Megalaunes.
Spitting Asps.
Porphyri.
Parcades.
Phalangs.
Pemphredons.
Pine-tree-worms.
Rutelæ.
Worms.
Rhagia.
Rhaganes.
Salamanders.
Sloe-worms.
Stellions.
Scorpones.
Scorpions.
Horn-worms.
Scalavotins.
Solofruidars.
Deaf-Asps.
Horse-Leeches.
Salt-haters.
Rot Serpents.
Stink-fish.
Stuphes.
Sabrins.
Blood-sucking-flies.
Hornfretters.
Scolopendres.
Tarantolas.
Blind-worms.
Tetragnathias.
Teristals.
Vipers, etc.

CHAPTER LXV

HOW PANTAGRUEL PAST THE TIME WITH HIS SERVANTS

In what Hierarchy of such venemous Creatures do you place Panurge's future Spouse, ask'd Fryar Jhon? Art thou speaking ill of Women, cry'd Panurge, thou mangy

Scoundrel, thou sorry, noddy-peak'd, shaveling Monk? By the Cenomanic Paunch and Gixie, said Epistemon, Euripides has written, and makes Andromache say it, that by Industry, and the help of the Gods, Men had found Remedies against all poisonous Creatures; but none was yet found against a bad Wife.

This flaunting Euripides, cry'd Panurge, was gabbling against Women every foot, and therefore was devour'd by Dogs, as a Judgment from Above; as Aristophanes observes——Let's go on, let him speak that's next. I can leak now like any Stone-horse, said then Epistemon. I am, said Xenomanes, full as an Egg and round as a Hoop; my Ship's Hold can hold no more, and will now make shift to bear a steddy Sail. Said Carpalin, A Truce with Thirst, a Truce with Hunger; they're strong, but Wine and Meat are stronger. I'm no more in the Dumps, cry'd Panurge, my Heart's a Pound lighter. I'm in the right Cue now, as brisk as a Body-Louse, and as merry as a Beggar. For my part, I know what I do when I drink; and 'tis a true thing (though 'tis in your Euripides) that is said by that jolly Toper Silenus, of blessed Memory, that

> The Man's emphatically Mad,
> Who drinks the Best, yet can be sad.

We must not fail to return our humble and hearty Thanks to the Being, who, with this good Bread, this cool delicious Wine, these good Meats and rare Dainties, removes from our Bodies and Minds these Pains and Perturbations, and, at the same time, fills us with Pleasure and with Food.

But methinks, Sir, you did not give an Answer to Fryar Jhon's Question; which, as I take it, was, how to raise good Weather? Since you ask no more than this easie Question, answer'd Pantagruel, I'll strive to give

you satisfaction, and some other time we'll talk of the rest of the Problems, if you will.

Well then, Fryar Jhon ask'd how good Weather might be rais'd: have we not rais'd it? Look up, and see our full Top-sails; Hark! how the Wind whistles through the Shrouds, what a stiff Gale it blows; observe the rattling of the Tacklings, and see the Sheats, that fasten the Main-sail behind; the force of the Wind puts them upon the stretch. While we pass'd our time merrily, the dull Weather also pass'd away, and while we rais'd the Glasses to our Mouths, we also rais'd the Wind by a secret sympathy in Nature.

Thus Atlas and Hercules clubb'd to raise and underprop the falling Sky, if you'll believe the wise Mythologists; but they rais'd it some half an Inch too high; Atlas to entertain his Guest Hercules more pleasantly, and Hercules to make himself amends for the Thirst which sometime before had tormented him in the Deserts of Africa.——Your good Father, said Fryar Jhon, interrupting him, takes care to free many People from such an Inconveniency; for I have been told by many venerable Doctors, that his chief Butler Turelupin saves above eighteen hundred Pipes of Wine yearly, to make Servants and all Comers and Goers drink before they are a dry.——As the Camels and Dromedaries of a Caravan, continued Pantagruel, use to drink for the Thirst that's past, for the present, and for that to come, so did Hercules; and being thus excessively rais'd, this gave a new Motion to the Sky, which is that of Titubation and Trepidation, about which our crack-brain'd Astrologers make such a pother.——This, said Panurge, makes the Saying good,

> While jolly Companions carrouse it together,
> A fig for the Storm; it gives way to good Weather.

Nay, continued Pantagruel, some will tell you, that we have not only shortned the time of the Calm, but also much disburthen'd the Ship, not like Æsop's Basket, by easing it of the Provision, but by breaking our Fasts, and that a Man is more Terrestrial and heavy when fasting, than when he has eaten and drank, even as they pretend that he weighs more dead than living. However 'tis you'll grant they are in the right, who take their Mornings draught, and Breakfast before a long Journey, then say that the Horses will perform the better, and that a Spur in the Head, is worth two in the Flank; or in the same Horse Dialect,

That a Cup in the Pate
Is a Mile in the Gate.

Don't you know that formerly the Amycleans worshiped the Noble Father Bacchus above all other Gods, and gave him the Name of Psila, which in the Dorick Dialect signifies Wings; for, as the Birds raise themselves by a towering flight with their Wings above the Clouds; so with the help of soaring Bacchus, the powerful Juice of the Grape, our Spirits are exalted to a pitch above themselves, our Bodies are more sprightly, and their Earthy Parts become soft and pliant.

CHAPTER LXVI

HOW BY PANTAGRUEL'S ORDER THE MUSES WERE SALUTED NEAR THE ISLE OF GANABIM

This fair Wind and as fine Talk brought us in sight of a high Land, which Pantagruel discovering afar off, shew'd it Xenomanes, and ask'd him, do you see yonder to the Leeward a high Rock with two Tops, much like Mount

Parnassus in Phocis ? I do plainly, answer'd Xenomanes, 'tis the Isle of Ganabim ; have you a mind to go ashoar there ? No, return'd Pantagruel. You do well indeed, said Xenomanes, for there is nothing worth seeing in the Place. The People are all Thieves ; yet there is the finest Fountain in the World, and a very large Forest towards the right top of the Mountain. Your Fleet may take in Wood and Water there.

He that spoke last spoke well, quoth Panurge, let us not by any means be so mad as to go among a parcel of Thieves and Sharpers. You may take my word for 't, this Place is just such another, as, to my knowledge, formerly were the Islands of Sark and Herm between the smaller and the greater Britain ; such as were the Ponero-polis of Philip in Thrace ; Islands of Thieves, Banditti, Picaroons, Robbers, Ruffians, and Murtherers, worse than Raw-head and Bloody-bones, and full as honest as the Senior Fellows of the College of Iniquity, the very Out-casts of the County-Gaol's Common-side. As you love your self, do not go among 'em ; if you go, you'll come off but bluely, if you come off at all. If you will not believe me, at least believe what the good and wise Xenomanes tells you : for may I never stir if they are no worse than the very Canibals, they would certainly eat us alive. Do not go among 'em, I pray you, 'twere safer to take a Journey to Hell. Hark, by Cob's Body, I hear 'em ringing the Alarm-Bell most dreadfully, as the Gascons about Bourdeaux us'd formerly to do against the Commissaries and Officers for the Tax on Salt, or my Ears tingle. Let's shear off.

Believe me, Sir, said Fryar Jhon, let's rather land, we'll rid the World of that Vermin, and inn there for nothing. Old Nick go with thee for me, quoth Panurge. This rash hair-brain'd Devil of a Fryar fears nothing,

but ventures and runs on like a mad Devil as he is, and cares not a Rush what becomes of others; as if every one was a Monk like his Fryarship; a Pox on grinning Honour, say I. Go to, return'd the Fryar, thou mangy Noddy-peak! thou forlorn druggle-headed Sneaksby! And may a Million of black Devils Anatomise thy Cockle Brain. The Hen-hearted Rascal is so cowardly, that he berays himself for Fear, every Day. If thou art so afraid, Dunghil, don't go, stay here and be hang'd, or go and hide thy Logger-head under Madam Proserpine's Petticoat.

Panurge hearing this, his Breech began to make Buttons, so he slunk in in an instant, and went to hide his Head down in the Bread-room among the musty Biscuits, and the Orts, and Scraps of broken Bread.

Pantagruel in the mean time said to the rest, I feel a pressing retraction in my Soul, which, like a Voice, admonishes me not to land there. Whenever I have felt such a Motion within me, I have found my self happy in avoiding what it directed me to shun, or in undertaking what it prompted me to do, and I never had occasion to repent following its Dictates.

As much, said Epistemon, is related of the Dæmon of Socrates, so celebrated among the Academics. Well then, Sir, said Fryar Jhon, while the Ship's Crew water, have you a mind to have good Sport? Panurge is got down somewhere in the Hold, where he is crept into some Corner and lurks like a Mouse in a Cranny; let 'em give the word for the Gunner to fire yon Gun over the Round-house on the Poop; this will serve to salute the Muses of this Antiparnassus; besides, the Powder does but decay in it. You are i' th' right, said Pantagruel; here, give the word for the Gunner.

The Gunner immediately came, and was order'd by

Pantagruel to fire that Gun, and then charge it with fresh Powder, which was soon done; the Gunners of the other Ships, Frigats, Gallions, and Gallies of the Fleet hearing us fire, gave every one a Gun to the Island; which made such a horrid Noise, that you'd have sworn Heav'n had been tumbling about our Ears.

CHAPTER LXVII

HOW PANURGE BERAY'D HIMSELF FOR FEAR, AND OF THE HUGE CAT RODILARDUS, WHICH HE TOOK FOR A PUNY DEVIL

PANURGE like a wild addle-pated giddy Goat, sallies out of the Bread-room in his Shirt, with nothing else about him but one of his Stockings, half on half off, about his Heel, like a rough-footed Pigeon, his Hair and Beard all bepowdered with Crums of Bread, in which he had been over Head and Ears, and a huge and mighty Puss partly wrapt up in his other Stocking. In this Equipage, his Chops moving like a Monkey's who's a Louse-hunting, his Eyes staring like a dead Pig's, his Teeth chattering, and his Bum quivering, the poor Dog fled to Fryar Jhon, who was then sitting by the Chain-Wales of the Starboard-side of the Ship, and pray'd him heartily to take pity on him, and keep him in the safeguard of his trusty Bilbo, swearing by his share of Papimany that he had seen all Hell broke loose.

Woe's me, my Jackee (cry'd he) my dear Johny, my old Crony, my Brother, my Ghostly Father, all the Devils keep Holy-day, all the Devils keep their Feast to day, Man; Pork and Pease choak me, if ever thou sawest such Preparations in thy life for an Infernal Feast.

Dost thou see the Smoke of Hell's Kitchens? (This he said shewing him the Smoke of the Gun-powder above the Ships). Thou never sawest so many damn'd Souls since thou wast born; and so fair, so bewitching they seem, that one would swear they are Stygian Ambrosia. I thought at first, (God forgive me) they had been English Souls, and I don't know but that this Morning, the Isle of Horses near Scotland was sack'd with all the English who had surpris'd it, by the Lords of Termes and Essay.

Fryar Jhon, at the approach of Panurge, was entertain'd with a kind of Smell that was not like that of Gun-powder, nor altogether so sweet as Musk; which made him turn Panurge about, and then he saw that his Shirt was dismally bepah'd, and beray'd with fresh Sir-reverence. The retentive Faculty of the Nerve which restrains the Muscle call'd Sphincter ('tis the Arse-hole an 't please you) was relaxated by the violence of the Fear which he had been in during his fantastic Visions. Add to this the thundering Noise of the shooting, which seems more dreadful between Decks than above. Nor ought you to wonder at such a mishap, for one of the Symptoms and Accidents of Fear is, that it often opens the Wicket of the Cupboard wherein second-hand-meat is kept for a time. Let's illustrate this noble Theme with some Examples.

Messer Pantolfe de la Cassina of Siena, riding Post from Rome, came to Chamberry, and alighting at honest Vinet's, took one of the Pitch-forks in the Stable; then turning to the Inn-keeper, said to him *Da Roma in qua io non son andato del Corpo. Di gratia piglia in mano questa forcha, e fa mi paura.* I have not had a Stool since I left Rome; I pray thee take this Pitch-fork and fright me. Vinet took it, and made several Offers, as if he

would in good earnest have hit the Signior, but all in vain ; so the Sienese said to him, *Si tu non fai altramente, tu non fai nulla : Pero sforzati di ad operarli piu guagliardamente* ; If thou dost not go another way to work, thou hadst as good do nothing ; therefore try to bestir thy self more briskly. With this, Vinet lent him such a swinging stoater with the Pitch-fork sowce between the Neck and the Collar of his Jerkin, that down fell Signore on the ground Arsyversy with his spindle-shanks wide straggling over his Pole. Then mine Host sputtering, with a full-mouth'd laugh, said to his Guest, By Belzebub's Bum-gut, much good may do you, Signore Italiano ; take notice this is *Datum Camberiaci*, given at Chamberry. 'Twas well the Sienese had untruss'd his Points and let down his Drawers ; for this Physick work'd with him as soon as he took it, and as copious was the Evacuation, as that of nine Buffeloes, and fourteen missificating Archlubbers. Which Operation being over, the mannerly Sienese courteously gave mine Host a whole bushel of thanks, saying to him, *Io ti ringratio, bel messere ; cosi faciendo tu m'ai esparagnata la speza d'un Servitiale* : I thank thee, good Landlord ; by this thou hast e'en sav'd me the expence of a Clyster.

I'll give you another Example of Edward the Fifth, King of England. Master Francis Villon being banish'd France, fled to him, and got so far into his Favour, as to be privy to all his Houshold Affairs. One day the King being on his Close-stool, show'd Villon the Arms of France, and said to him, Dost thou see what Respect I have for thy French Kings ? I have none of their Arms any where but in this Back-side near my Close-stool. Od's Life, said the Buffoon, how Wise, Prudent, and careful of your Health, your Highness is ! How carefully your learned Doctor Thomas Linacre looks

after you! He saw that, now you grow old, you are enclin'd to be somewhat Costive, and every day were fain to have an Apothecary, I mean, a Suppository or Clyster thrust into Royal Nockandro, so he has, much to the purpose, induc'd you to place here the Arms of France; for the very sight of them puts you into such a dreadful fright, that you immediately let fly, as much as would come from eighteen squattering Bonasi of Peonia: and if they were painted in other Parts of your House, by Jingo, you would presently conskite your self whereever you saw them: Nay, had you but here a picture of the great Oriflamb of France, Od's-bodikins, your Tripes and Bowels would be in no small danger of dropping out at the Orifice of your Posteriors.——But henh, henh, *atque iterum* henh.

A silly Cockney am I not,
As ever did from Paris come?
And with a Rope and Sliding-knot
My Neck shall know what weighs my Bum.

A Cockney of short reach, I say, shallow of Judgment, and judging shallowly to wonder, that you should cause your Points to be untrussed in your Chamber before you came into this Closet; by 'r Lady, at first I thought your Close-stool had stood behind the Hangings, or your Bed, otherwise it seem'd very odd to me you should untruss so far from the Place of Evacuation. But now I find I was a Gull, a Wittal, a Woodcock, a meer Ninny, a Jolt-head, a Noddy, a Changeling, a Calf-lolly, a Doddipole. You do wisely, by the Mass, you do wisely; for had not you been ready to clap your Hind-face on the Mustard-pot as soon as you came within sight of these Arms, mark ye me, Cop's Body, the bottom of your Breeches had supply'd the Office of a Close-stool.

Fryar Jhon stopping the Handle of his Face with his

Left-hand, did, with the Fore-finger of the Right, point out Panurge's Shirt to Pantagruel; who, seeing him in this Pickle, scar'd, appall'd, shivering, raving, staring, beray'd, and torn with the Claws of the famous Cat Rodilardus, could not chuse but laugh, and said to him, Pr'ythee what wouldst thou do with this Cat? With this Cat, quoth Panurge, the Devil scratch me, if I did not think it had been a young Soft-chin'd Devil, which, with this same Stocking instead of Mitten, I had snatch'd up in the great Hutch of Hell, as Thievishly as any Sizar of Mountague College cou'd ha' done. The Devil take Tybert, I feel it has all bespink'd my poor Hide, and drawn on it to the Life I don't know how many Lobster's Whiskers: with this he threw his Boar-Cat down.

Go, go, said Pantagruel, be bath'd and clean'd, calm your Fears, put on a clean Shirt, and then your Cloaths. What! do you think I am afraid? cry'd Panurge: Not I, I protest; by the Testicles of Hercules, I am more hearty and stout, tho' I say it that should not, than if I had swallow'd as many Flyes as are put into Plumb-Cakes, and other Paste at Paris, from Midsummer to Christmas.——But what's this? hah! oh, oh, how the Devil came I by this? Do you call this what the Cat left in the Malt, Filth, Dirt, Dung, Dejection, fœcal Matter, Excrement, Stircoration, Sir-reverence, Ordure, Second-hand-meat, Fewmets, Stronts, Scybal or Syparathe? 'Tis Hybernian Saffron, I protest, Hah, hah, hah, 'tis Irish Saffron by Shaint Pawtrick. And so much for this time. *Selah*, Let's drink.

THE FIFTH BOOK

THE AUTHOR'S PROLOGUE TO THE FIFTH BOOK

INDEFATIGABLE Topers, and you Thrice precious Martyrs of the Smock, give me leave to put a serious Question to your Worships, while you are idly stroaking your Cod-pieces, and I my self not much better employ'd: Pray, why is it that People say, that Men are not such Sots now-a-days as they were in the days of Yore? Sot is an old word, that signifies a Dunce, Dullard, Jolthead, Gull, Wittal, or Noddy, one without Guts in his Brains, whose Cockloft is unfurnish'd, and in short, a fool. Now would I know, Whether you would have us understand by this same Saying, as indeed you logically may, That formerly Men were Fools, and this Generation is grown Wise? How many and what Dispositions made them fools? How many and what Dispositions were wanting to make 'em Wise? Why were they Fools? How should they be Wise? Pray, how came you to know that Men were formerly Fools? How did you find that they are now Wise? Who the Devil made 'em Fools? Who a God's Name made 'em Wise? Who d'ye think are most, those that lov'd Mankind Foolish, or those that love it Wise? How long has it been Wise? How long otherwise? Whence proceeded the foregoing Folly? Whence the following Wisdom? Why did the old Folly end now, and no later? Why did the Modern Wisdom begin now, and no sooner? What were we the worse for the former Folly? What the better for the succeeding

Wisdom ? How should the Ancient Folly be come to nothing ? How should this same new Wisdom be started up and establish'd ?

Now answer me, an 't please you ; I dare not adjure you in stronger Terms, Reverend Sirs, lest I make your pious fatherly Worships in the least uneasie. Come, pluck up a good Heart, speak the Truth, and shame the Devil. Be cheery, my Lads, and if you are for me, take me off three or five Bumpers to the best, while I make an halt at the first part of the Sermon ; then answer my Question. If you are not, avaunt ! avoid Satan ! For I swear by my great Grandmother's Placket (and that's a horrid Oath !) that if you don't help me to solve that puzzling Problem, I will, nay, I already do repent, having propos'd it : For still I must remain netled and gravell'd, and the Devil a bit I know how to get off. Well, what say you ? I' faith, I begin to smell you out. You are not yet dispos'd to give me an Answer ; nor I neither, by these Whiskers. Yet to give some Light into the Business, I'll e'en tell you what had been anciently foretold in the Matter, by a Venerable Doc, who being mov'd by the Spirit in a Prophetic Vein, wrote a Book eclip'd *The Prelatical Bagpipe.* What d'ye think the Old Fornicator saith ? Hearken, you old Noddies, hearken now or never.

> The Jubilee's Year, when all, like Fools, were shorn,
> Is about thirty (*Trente*) supernumerary.
> O want of Veneration ! Fools they seem'd,
> But, persevering, with long Briefs, at last
> No more they shall be gaping greedy Fools :
> For they shall shell the Shrub's delicious Fruit,
> Whose Flow'r they in the Spring so much had fear'd.

Now you have it, what do you make on 't ? The Seer is Ancient, the Style Laconic, the Sentences dark, like those of Scotus, though they treat of Matters dark enough in

themselves. The best Commentators on that good Father take the Jubilee after the Thirtieth, to be the Years that are included in this present Age till 1550, (there being but one Jubilee every fifty Years.) Men shall no longer be thought Fools next Green Pease Season.

The Fools, whose Number, as Solomon certifies, is infinite, shall go to pot like a parcel of mad Bedlamites as they are; and all manner of Folly shall have an end, that being also numberless, according to Avicenna, *Maniæ infinitæ sunt species.* Having been driven back and hidden towards the Centre, during the rigour of the Winter, 'tis now to be seen on the Surface, and buds out like the Trees. This is as plain as a Nose in a Man's Face; you know it by Experience, you see it. And it was formerly found out by that great good Man Hippocrates, *Aphorism. Veræ etenim maniæ, etc.* The World therefore, wisifying it self, shall no longer dread the Flower and Blossoms of Beans every coming Spring; that is, as you may believe, Bumper in Hand, and Tears in Eyes in the woful time of Lent, which us'd to keep them company.

Whole Cartloads of Books that seem'd florid, flourishing and flowry, gay and gawdy as so many Butterflies; but in the main were tiresome, dull, soporiferous, irksome, mischievous, crabbed, knotty, puzzling, and dark as those of Whining Heraclitus, as unintelligible as the Numbers of Pythagoras, that King of the Bean according to Horace: Those Books, I say, have seen their best days, and shall soon come to nothing, being deliver'd to the executing Worms, and merciless Petty-Chandlers; such was their Destiny, and to this they were Predestinated.

In their stead Beans in Cod are started up; that is, these Merry and Fructifying Pantagruelian Books, so

much sought now-a-days, in expectation of the following Jubilee's period; to the study of which Writings all People have given their Minds; and accordingly have gain'd the Name of Wise.

Now, I think, I have fairly solv'd and resolv'd your Problem; then reform and be the better for it. Hem once or twice like Hearts of Oak, stand to your Pan-puddings, and take me off your Bumpers, Nine go downs, and Huzza! since we are like to have a good Vintage, and Misers hang themselves: Oh! they'll cost me an Estate in Hempen Collars if fair Weather hold. For I hereby promise to furnish them with twice as much as will do their Business, on free cost, as often as they will take the pains to dance at a Rope's end, providently to save Charges, to the no small disappointment of the Finisher of the Law.

Now my Friends, that you may put in for a share of this new Wisdom, and shake off the antiquated Folly, this very Moment, scratch me out of your Scrouls, and quite discard the Symbol of the old Philosopher with the Golden Thigh, by which he has forbidden you to eat Beans: For you may take it for a truth granted among all Professors in the Science of good eating, that he enjoyn'd you not to taste of them, only with the same kind intent that a certain fresh-water Physician had, when he did forbid to Amer, late Lord of Camelotiere, Kinsman to the Lawyer of that Name, the Wing of the Partridge, the Rump of the Chicken, and the Neck of the Pigeon, saying, *Ala mala, Rumpum dubium, Collum bonum pelle remotâ.* For the Dunsical Dog-leech was so selfish, as to reserve them for his own dainty Chops, and allowed his poor Patients little more than the bare Bones to pick, lest they should overload their squeamish Stomachs.

To the Heathen Philosopher succeeded a pack of Capusions, Monks, who forbid us the use of Beans, that is, Pantagruelian Books. They seem to follow the Example of Philoxenus and Gnatho, Sicilians of fulsome Memory, the Ancient Master-Builders of their Monastick Cramgut Voluptuousness; who when some dainty Bit was serv'd up at a Feast, filthily us'd to spit on it, that none but their nasty selves might have the stomach to eat of it, though their lickerish Chops watered never so much after it.

So those hideous, snotty, pthisicky, eves-dropping, musty, moving Forms of Mortification, both in publick and private, curse those dainty Books, and like Toads spit their Venom upon them.

Now though we have in our Mother-Tongue several excellent Works in Verse and Prose, and, Heav'n be prais'd, but little left of the Trash and Trumpery Stuff of those dunsical Mumblers of Avemaries, and the barbarous foregoing Gothick Age; I have made bold to chuse to chirrup and warble my plain Ditty, or as they say, to whistle like a Goose among the Swans, rather than be thought deaf among so many pretty Poets and Eloquent Orators. And thus I am prouder of acting the Clown, or any other under-part among the many ingenious Actors in that Noble Play; than of herding among those Mutes, who, like so many Shadows and Cyphers, only serve to fill up the House, and make up a Number, gaping and yawning at the Flies, and pricking up their Lugs, like so many Arcadian Asses at the striking up of the Musick, thus silently giving to understand, that their Fopships are tickled in the right Place.

Having taken this Resolution, I thought it would not be amiss to move my Diogenical Tub, that you might not accuse me of living without Example. I see a swarm

of our Modern Poets and Orators, your Collinets, Marots, Drouets, Saingelais, Salels, Masuels, and many more; who having commenc'd Masters in Apollo's Academy on Mount Parnassus, and drunk Brimmers at the Caballin Fountain, among the Nine merry Muses, have rais'd our Vulgar Tongue and made it a noble and everlasting Structure. Their Works are all Parian Marble, Alebaster, Porphiry, and Royal Ciment, they treat of nothing but Heroick Deeds, mighty Things, grave and difficult Matters, and this in a Crimson Alamode Rhetorical Style. Their Writings are all Divine Nectar, rich, racy, sparkling, delicate and luscious Wine. Nor does our Sex wholly engross this Honour; Ladies have had their share of the Glory: One of them of the Royal Blood of France, whom it were a Prophanation but to name here, surprizes the Age at once by her transcendent and inventive Genius in her Writings, and the admirable Graces of her Style. Imitate those great Examples, if you can, for my part I cannot. Every one, you know, cannot go to Corinth. When Solomon built the Temple, all could not give Gold by handfuls.

Since then 'tis not in my power to improve our Architecture as much as they, I am e'en resolv'd to do like Renault of Montauban; I'll wait on the Masons, set on the Pot for the Masons, cook for the Stone-cutters; and since it was not my good luck to be cut out for one of them, I will live and die the Admirer of their Divine Writings.

As for you, little envious Prigs, snarling, bastard, puny Criticks, you'll soon have rail'd your last: Go hang your selves, and chuse you out some well-spread Oak, under whose shade you may swing in state, to the Admiration of the gaping Mob; you shall never want Rope enough. While I here solemnly protest before my Helicon, in the

Presence of my Nine Mistresses the Muses, that if I live yet the Age of a Dog, ek'd out with that of three Crows, sound Wind and Limbs, like the old Hebrew Captain Moses, Xenophilus the Musicianer, and Demonax the Philosopher, by Arguments no ways impertinent, and Reasons not to be disputed, I will prove, in the Teeth of a parcel of Brokers and Retailers of Ancient Rhapsodies, and such mouldy Trash, That our Vulgar Tongue is not so mean, silly, poor, and contemptible, as they pretend. Nor ought I to be afraid of I know not what Botchers of old thredbare Stuff a hundred and a hundred times clouted up and piec'd together; wretched Bunglers, that can do nothing but new vamp old rusty Saws; beggarly Scavengers, that rake even the muddiest Canals of Antiquity for scraps and bits of Latin, as insignificant as they are often uncertain. Beseeching our Grandees of Witland, that, as when formerly Apollo had distributed all the Treasures of his Poetical Exchequer to his Favourites, little hulchback'd Æsop got for himself the Office of Apologuemonger: In the same manner, since I do not aspire higher, they would not deny me that of Puny Riparographer, or Riffraff-scribler of the Sect of Pyrrhicus.

I dare swear they will grant me this; for they are all so kind, so good-natur'd, and so generous, that they'll ne'er boggle at so small a Request. Therefore both dry and hungry Souls, Pot and Trenchermen, fully enjoying those Books, perusing, quoting them, in their merry Conventicles, and observing the great Mysteries of which they treat, shall gain a singular Profit and Fame; as in the like case was done by Alexander the Great, with the Books of Prime Philosophy compos'd by Aristotle.

O rare! Belly on Belly! what Swillers, what Twisters will there be!

Then be sure, all you that take care not to die of the

Pip, be sure, I say, you take my Advice, and stock your selves with good store of such Books, as soon as you meet with them at the Booksellers, and do not only shell those Beans in Cods, but e'n swallow them down like an Opiat Cordial, and let them be in you, I say, let them be within you: Then shall you find, my Beloved, what good they do to all clever Shellers of Beans.

Here is a good handsome Basketful of them, which I here lay before your Worships; they were gather'd in the very individual Garden whence the former came. So I beseech you, Reverend Sirs, with as much Respect as e'er was paid by Dedicating Author, to accept of the Gift, in hopes of somewhat better against next Visit the Swallows give us.

THE FIFTH BOOK

CHAPTER I

HOW PANTAGRUEL ARRIV'D AT THE RINGING ISLAND, AND OF THE NOISE THAT WE HEARD

PURSUING our Voyage, we sail'd three Days without discovering any thing; on the fourth we made Land. Our Pilot told us, That it was the Ringing Island; and indeed we heard a kind of a confus'd and often-repeated Noise, that seem'd to us at a great distance not unlike the Sound of great, middle-siz'd and little Bells rung all at once, as 'tis customary at Paris, Tours, Gergeau, Nantes, and elsewhere on high Holidays; and the nearer we came to the Land, the louder we heard that Jangling.

Some of us doubted that this was the Dodonan Kettles, or the Portico call'd Heptaphone in Olympia, or the eternal Humming of the Colossus rais'd on Memnon's Tomb in Thebes of Egypt, or the horrid Din that us'd formerly to be heard about a Tomb at Lipara, one of the Eolian Islands. But this did not square with Chorography.

I don't know, said Pantagruel, but that some Swarms of Bees here-abouts may be taking a Ramble in the Air, and so the Neighbourhood make this dingle-dangle with Pans, Kettles, and Basons, the Coribanting Cymbals of

Cybele, Grand-mother of the Gods, to call them back. Let's hearken! when we were nearer, among the everlasting Ringing, we heard the indefatigable Singing (as we thought) of some Men. For this Reason, before we offer'd to land on the Ringing Island, Pantagruel was of opinion that we should go in the Pinnace to a small Rock, near which we discover'd an Hermitage, and a little Garden. There we found a diminutive old Hermit, whose Name was Braguibus, born at Glenay. He gave us a full Account of all the Jangling, and regal'd us after a strange sort of a fashion; four live-long-days did he make us fast, assuring us, that we should not be admitted into the Ringing Island otherwise, because 'twas then one of the four Fasting, or Ember-Weeks. As I love my Belly, quoth Panurge, I by no means understand this Riddle: Methinks this should rather be one of the four Windy-Weeks; for while we fast, we are only pufft up with Wind. Pray now, good Father Hermit, have not you here some other Pastime besides Fasting: methinks 'tis somewhat of the leanest, we might well enough be without so many Palace-holidays, and those Fasting-Times of yours. In my Donatus, quoth Fryar Jhon, I could find yet but Three Times or Tenses, the Preterit, the Present, and the Future; doubtless here the fourth ought to be a work of Supererogation. That Time or Tense, said Epistemon, is Aorist, deriv'd from the Preterimperfect Tense of the Greeks, admitted in War, and odd Cases: Patience per force, is a Remedy for a Mad-Dog. Saith the Hermit, 'Tis as I told you, fatal to go against this; whoever does it, is a rank Heretick, and wants nothing but Fire and Faggot, that's certain. To deal plainly with you, my dear Pater, cry'd Panurge, being at Sea, I much more fear being wet than being warm, and being drown'd than being burnt.

Well, however, let us fast a God's Name; yet I have fasted so long, that it has quite undermin'd my Flesh, and I fear that at last the Bastions of this Bodily Fort of mine will fall to ruin. Besides, I am much more afraid of vexing you in this same Trade of Fasting, for the Devil a bit I understand any thing in it, and it becomes me very scurvily, as several People have told me, and I am apt to believe them. For my part, I have no great Stomach to Fasting; for alas, 'tis as easie as pissing a Bed, and a Trade of which any body may set up, there needs no Tools. I am much more enclin'd not to fast for the future; for to do so, there's some Stock required, and some Tools are set a work. No matter, since you are so stedfast, and have us fast, let's fast as fast as we can, and then breakfast in the name of Famine; now we are come to these esurial idle Days. I vow, I had quite put them out of my head long ago. If we must fast, said Pantagruel, I see no other Remedy but to get rid of it as soon as we can, as we wou'd out of a bad Way. I'll in that space of time somewhat look over my Papers, and examine whether the Marine Study be as good as ours at Land. For Plato, to describe a silly, raw, ignorant Fellow, compares him to those that are bred on Ship-board, as we wou'd do to one bred up in a Barrel, who never saw anything but through the Bung-hole. To tell you the short and long of the matter, our Fasting was most hideous and terrible; for, the first day we fasted at Fisticuffs, the second at Cudgels, the third at Sharps, and the fourth at Blood and Wounds; such was the Order of the Fairies.

CHAPTER II

HOW THE RINGING ISLAND HAD BEEN INHABITED BY THE SITICINES, WHO WERE BECOME BIRDS

HAVING fasted as aforesaid, the Hermit gave us a Letter for one whom he call'd Albiam Camar, Master Ædituus of the Ringing Island; but Panurge greeting him, call'd him, Master Antitus. He was a little quear old Fellow, bald pated, with a Snout whereat you might easily have lighted a Card-match, and a Phiz as red as a Cardinal's Cap. He made us all very welcome, upon the Hermit's Recommendation, hearing that we had fasted, as I have told you.

When we had well stuff'd our Puddings, he gave us an Account of what was Remarkable in the Island; affirming, That it had been at first inhabited by the Siticines; but that according to the course of Nature, as all things, you know, are subject to change, they were become Birds.

There I had a full Account of all that Atteius Capito, Paulus Marcellus, A. Gellius, Athenæus, Suidas, Ammonius and others had writ of the Siticines and Sicinnists; and then we thought we might as easily believe the Transmutations of Nectimene, Progne, Itys, Alcyone, Antigone, Tereus, and other Birds. Nor did we think it more reasonable to doubt of the Transmogrification of the Macrobian Children into Swans, or that of the Men of Pallene in Thrace into Birds, as soon as they have bath'd themselves in the Tritonic Lake. After this, the Devil a word we cou'd get out of him, but of Birds and Cages.

The Cages were spacious, costly, magnificent, and of admirable Architecture. The Birds were large, fine, and

neat accordingly; looking as like the Men in my Country, as one Pea do's like another; for they eat and drank like Men, muted like Men, endued or digested like Men, farted like Men, but stunk like Devils, slept, bill'd and trod their Females like Men, but somewhat oftener: In short, had you seen and examin'd 'em from Top to Toe, you would have laid your Head to a Turnip, that they had been meer Men. However, they were nothing less, as Master Ædituus told us; assuring us at the same time, that they were neither Secular nor Layic; and truth is, the diversity of their Feathers and Plumes did not a little puzzle us.

Some of them were all over as white as Swans, others as black as Crows, many as grey as Owls, others black and white like Magpies, some all red like Red-birds, and others purple and white like some Pigeons. He call'd the Males, Clerghawks, Monkhawks, Priesthawks, Abbothawks, Bishhawks, Cardinhawks, and one Popehawk, who is a Species by himself. He call'd the Females, Clergkites, Nunkites, Priestkites, Abbesskites, Bishkites, Cardinkites, and Popekites.

However, said he, as Hornets and Drones will get among the Bees, and there do nothing but buzz, eat and spoil everything; so, for these last Three hundred Years, a vast Swarm of Bigottello's flockt I don't know how among these goodly Birds every fifth Full Moon, and have bemuted, bewray'd, and conskited the whole Island. They are so hard-favoured and monstrous, that none can abide 'em. For their wry Necks make a figure like a crooked Billet; their Paws are hairy like those of rough-footed Pigeons; their Claws and Pounces, Belly and Breech like those of the Stymphalid Harpies. Nor is it possible to root them out; for if you get rid of one, strait four and twenty new ones fly thither.

There had been need of another Monster-hunter, such as was Hercules; for Fryar Jhon had like to have run distracted about it, so much he was nettled and puzzled in the matter. As for the good Pantagruel, he was e'en serv'd as was Messer Priapus, contemplating the Sacrifices of Ceres, for want of Skin.

CHAPTER III

HOW THERE IS BUT ONE POPEHAWK IN THE RINGING ISLAND

We then ask'd Master Ædituus why there was but one Popehawk, among such numbers of venerable Birds, multiply'd in all their Species? He answer'd, That such was the first Institution and fatal Destiny of the Stars. That the Clerghawks begot the Priesthawks and Monkhawks, without Carnal Copulation, as some Bees are born of a young Bull. The Priesthawks beget the Bishhawks, the Bishhawks the stately Cardinhawks, and the stately Cardinhawks, if they live long enough, at last come to be Popehawk.

Of this last King, there never is more than one at a time, as in a Bee-hive there is but one King, and in the World is but one Sun.

When the Popehawk dies, another arises in his stead out of the whole Brood of Cardinhawks, that is, as you must understand it all along, without Carnal Copulation. So that there is in that Species an individual Unity, with a perpetuity of Succession, neither more nor less than in the Arabian Phœnix.

'Tis true, that about Two thousand seven hundred and sixty Moons ago, two Popehawks were seen upon the

Face of the Earth; but then you never saw in your lives such a woful Rout and Hurly-burly as was all over this Island. For all these same Birds did so peck, clapper-claw and maul one another all that time, that there was the Devil and all to do, and the Island was in a fair way of being left without Inhabitants. Some stood up for this Popehawk, some for t' other. Some, struck with a Dumbness, were as mute as so many Fishes; the Devil a Note was to be got out of them; part of the merry Bells here were as silent as if they had lost their Tongues, I mean their Clappers.

During these troublesom Times, they call'd to their Assistance the Emperors, Kings, Dukes, Earls, Barons, and Commonwealths of the World that live on t' other side the Water; nor was this Schism and Sedition at an end, till one of them died, and the Plurality was reduc'd to Unity.

We then ask'd what mov'd those Birds to be thus continually chanting and singing? He answer'd, That it was the Bells that hang'd on the tops of their Cages. Then he said to us, Will you have me make these Monk-hawks whom you see bardocucullated with a Bag, such as you use to still Brandy, sing like any Wood-Larks? Pray do, said we. He then gave half a dozen pulls to a little Rope, which caus'd a diminutive Bell to give so many Ting-tings, and presently a parcel of Monkhawks ran to him as if the Devil had drove 'em, and fell a singing like mad.

Pray, Master, cry'd Panurge, if I also rang this Bell, could I make those other Birds yonder with Red-herring-colour'd Feathers, sing? Ay, marry wou'd you, return'd Ædituus. With this Panurge hang'd himself (by the Hands, I mean) at the Bell-rope's end, and no sooner made it speak, but those smoak'd Birds hy'd them thither,

and began to lift up their Voices, and make a sort of an untowardly hoarse Noise, which I grudge to call Singing. Ædituus indeed told us, That they fed on nothing but Fish, like the Herns and Cormorants of the World, and that they were a fifth kind of Cucullati newly stampt.

He added, That he had been told by Robert Valbringue, who lately pass'd that Way in his Return from Africa, that a sixth kind was to fly hither out of hand, which he call'd Capushawks, more grum, vinegar-fac'd, brainsick, froward, and loathsom, than any kind whatsoever in the whole Island. Africa, said Pantagruel, still uses to produce some new and monstrous Thing.

CHAPTER IV

HOW THE BIRDS OF THE RINGING ISLAND WERE ALL PASSENGERS

SINCE you have told us, said Pantagruel, how the Pope-hawk is begot by the Cardinhawks, the Cardinhawks by the Bishhawks, and the Bishhawks by the Priesthawks, and the Priesthawks by the Clerghawks, I would gladly know whence you have these same Clerghawks. They are all of them Passengers, return'd Ædituus, and come hither from t' other World; part out of a vast Country call'd Want-o'-Bread; the rest out of another toward the West, which they style, Too-many-of-'em. From these two Countries flock hither every Year, whole Legions of these Clerghawks, leaving their Fathers, Mothers, Friends and Relations.

This happens when there are too many Children, whether Male or Female, in some good Family of the latter Country; insomuch that the House would come

to nothing, if the Paternal Estate were shar'd among them all; (as Reason requires, Nature directs, and God commands). For this cause, Parents use to rid themselves of that Inconveniency, by packing off the Younger Fry, and forcing them to seek their Fortune in this Isle Bossart, (Crooked Island.) I suppose he means l'Isle Bouchart, near Chinon, cry'd Panurge. No, reply'd t' other, I mean Bossart (Crooked); for there is not one in ten among them, but is either crooked, crippled, blinking, limping, ill-favour'd, deform'd, or an unprofitable Load to the Earth.

'Twas quite otherwise among the Heathens, said Pantagruel, when they us'd to receive a Maiden among the number of Vestals; for Leo Antistius affirms, that it was absolutely forbidden to admit a Virgin into that Order, if she had any Vice in her Soul, or Defect in her Body, tho' it were but the smallest Spot on any part of it. I can hardly believe, continued Ædituus, that their Dams on t' other side the Water go Nine Months with them; for they cannot endure them Nine Years, nay, scarce Seven, sometimes in the House: But by putting only a Shirt over the other Cloaths of the Young Urchins, and lopping off I don't well know how many Hairs from their Crowns, mumbling certain apostrophis'd and expiatory Words, they visibly, openly, and plainly, by a Pythagorical Metempsychosis, without the least hurt, transmogrifie them into such Birds as you now see; much after the fashion of the Egyptian Heathens, who us'd to constitute their Isiacs, by shaving them, and making them put on certain Linostoles, or Surplices. However, I don't know, my good Friends, but that these She-things, whether Clergkites, Monkites, and Abesskites, (that should not) instead of singing some plaisant Verses and Charisters, such as us'd to be sung to Oromasis by

Zoroaster's Institution, may be bellowing out such Cataretes and Scythropys, (curs'd, lamentable, and wretched Imprecations) as were usually offer'd to the Arimanian Dæmon; being thus in Devotion for their kind Friends and Relations, that transform'd them into Birds, whether when they were Maids, or Thornbacks, in their Prime, or at their last Prayers.

But the greatest number of our Birds come out of Want-o'-bread, which tho' a barren Country, where the Days are of a most tedious lingring length, overstocks this whole Island with the lower Class of Birds. For hither flie the Assaphis that inhabit that Land, either when they are in danger of passing their time scurvily for want of Belly-timber, being unable, or, what's more likely, unwilling to take heart of grace, and follow some honest lawful Calling, or too proud-hearted and lazy to go to Service in some sober Family. The same is done by your frantick Inamorado's, who when cross'd in their wild Desires, grow stark-staring mad, and chuse this Life suggested to them by their despair, too cowardly to make them swing like their Brother Iphis of doleful Memory. There is another sort, that is, your Jail-birds, who having done some Rogue's Trick, or other heinous Villany, and being sought up and down to be truss'd up, and made to ride the Two or Three-legg'd Mare that groans for them, warily scour off, and come here to save their Bacon: Because all these sorts of Birds are here provided for, and grow in an instant as fat as Hogs, tho' they came as lean as Rakes: For having the Benefit of the Clergy, they are as safe as Thieves in a Mill, within this Sanctuary.

But, ask'd Pantagruel, Do these Birds never return to the World where they were hatch'd? Some do, answer'd Ædituus; formerly very few, very seldom, very

late, and very unwillingly. However, since some certain Eclipses, by the virtue of the Celestial Constellations, a great Croud of them fled back to the World. Nor do we fret or vex our selves a jot about it; for those that stay, wisely sing, The fewer, the better Cheer; and all those that flie away first, cast off their Feathers here among these Nettles and Bryars. Accordingly we found some thrown by there; and as we look'd up and down, we chanc'd to light on what some People will hardly thank us for having discover'd; and thereby hangs a Tale.

CHAPTER V

OF THE DUMB KNIGHTHAWKS OF THE RINGING ISLAND

These Words were scarce out of his mouth, when some Five and twenty or Thirty Birds flew towards us: They were of a Hue and Feather like which we had not yet seen any thing in the whole Island. Their Plumes were as changeable as the Skin of the Chamelion, and the Flower of Tripolion, or Tenerion. They had all under the Left-Wing a Mark like two Diameters dividing a Circle into Equal Parts, or (if you had rather have it so) like a Perpendicular Line falling on a Right Line. The Marks which each of them bore, were much of the same Shape, but of different Colours; for some were White, others Green, some Red, others Purple, and some Blue. Who are those, ask'd Panurge, and how do you call them? They are Mongrels, quoth Ædituus.

We call them Knighthawks, and they have a great number of rich Commanderies, (fat Livings) in your World. Good your Worship, said I, make them give us a Song, an 't please you, that we may know how they

sing. They scorn your words, cry'd Ædituus, they are none of your Singing Birds; but to make amends, they feed as much as the best two of them all. Pray, where are their Hens, where are their Females? said I. They have none, answer'd Ædituus. How comes it to pass then, ask'd Panurge, that they are thus bescabb'd, bescurf'd, all embroider'd o'er the Phiz with Carbuncles, Pushes, and Pockroyals, some of which undermine the Handles of their Faces. This same Fashionable and Illustrious Disease, quoth Ædituus, is common among that kind of Birds, because they are pretty apt to be toss'd on the Salt Deep.

He then acquainted us with the Occasion of their coming. This, next to us, said he, looks so wistfully upon you, to see whether he may not find among your Company a stately gaudy kind of huge dreadful Birds of Prey, which yet are so untoward, that they ne'er cou'd be brought to the Lure, nor to Perch on the Glove. They tell us that there are such in your World, and that some of them have goodly Garters below the Knee, with an Inscription about them, which condemns him (*qui mal y pense*) who shall think ill of it, to be bewray'd and conskited. Others are said to wear the Devil in a String before their Paunches; and others a Ram's Skin. All that's true enough, good Master Ædituus, quoth Panurge, but we have not the honour to be acquainted with their Knightships.

Come on, cry'd Ædituus in a merry mood, we have had Chat enough o' Conscience! let's e'en go Drink: ——And Eat, quoth Panurge. Eat, reply'd Ædituus, and Drink bravely, old Boy; Twist like Plough-jobbers, and Swill like Tinkers; Pull away and save Tide; for nothing is so dear or precious as Time, therefore we'll be sure to put it to a good Use.

He wou'd fain have carried us first to bathe in the Bagnio's of the Cardinhawks, which are goodly delicious Places, and have us lick'd over with precious Ointments by the Alyptes *alias* Rubbers, as soon as we should come out of the Bath. But Pantagruel told him, That he could Drink but too much without that: He then led us into a spacious delicate Refectuary, or Fratrie-room, and told us, Braguibus the Hermit made you fast four days together; now, contrarywise, I'll make you eat and drink of the best, four Days through-stitch before you budge from this place. But hark-ye-me, cry'd Panurge, mayn't we take a Nap in the mean time? Ay, ay, answer'd Ædituus, that's as you shall think good, for he that sleeps, drinks. Good Lord! how we liv'd! what good Bub! what dainty Cheer! Oh what an honest Cod was this same Ædituus!

CHAPTER VI

HOW THE BIRDS ARE CRAMM'D IN THE RINGING ISLAND

PANTAGRUEL look'd I don't know howish, and seem'd not very well pleas'd with the four Days Junketting which Ædituus enjoyn'd us. Ædituus, who soon found it out, said to him, You know, Sir, that seven Days before Winter, and seven Days after, there is no Storm at Sea: For then the Elements are still, out of respect for the Halcyons, or Kingfishers, Birds sacred to Thetis, which then lay their Eggs and hatch their Young near the Shoar. Now here the Sea makes it self amends for this long Calm; and whenever some Foreigners come hither, it grows Boisterous and Stormy for four Days together.

We can give no other reason for it, but that it is a piece of its Civility, that those who come among us may stay whether they will or no, and be copiously feasted all the while with the Incomes of the Ringing. Therefore pray don't think your time lost, for willing, nilling, you'll be forc'd to stay; unless you are resolv'd to encounter Juno, Neptune, Doris, Æolus and his Fluster-blusters; and, in short, all the pack of ill-natur'd left-handed Godlings and Vejoves. Do but resolve to be cheary, and fall to briskly.

After we had pretty well staid our Stomachs, with some tight Snatches, Fryar Jhon said to Ædituus, For ought I see, you have none but a parcel of Birds and Cages in this Island of yours, and the Devil-a-bit of one of them all that sets his Hand to the Plough, or Tills the Land, whose Fat he devours: Their whole business is to be frolick, to chirp it, to whistle it, to warble it, to sing it, and roar it merrily Night and Day; Pray then, if I may be so bold, Whence comes this Plenty and Over-flowing of all dainty Bits and good Things which we see among you? From all the other World, return'd Ædituus, if you except some part of the Northern Regions, who of late Years have stirr'd up the Jakes; Mum! they may chance ere long to rue the Day they did so; their Cows shall have Porrage, and their Dogs Oats; there will be work made among them, that there will: Come, a Fig for 't, let's drink,——But, pray what Country Men are you? Tourain is our Country, answer'd Panurge; Cod so, cry'd Ædituus, you were not then hatch'd of an ill Bird, I'll say that for you, since the blessed Tourain is your Mother. For from thence there comes hither every Year such a vast store of good Things, that we were told by some Folks of the Place that happen'd to touch at this Island, that your

Duke of Tourain's Income will not afford him to eat his Belly-full of Beans and Bacon (a good Dish spoil'd between Moses and Pythagoras) because his Predecessors have been more than liberal to these most holy Birds of ours, that we might here munch it, twist it, cram it, gorge it, craw it, riot it, junket it, and tickle it off, stuffing our Puddings with dainty Pheasants, Partridges, Pullets with Eggs, fat Capons of Loudunois, and all sorts of Venison and wild Fowl. Come, box it about, tope on my Friends. Pray do but see yon jolly Birds that are perch'd together, how Fat, how Plump, and in good Case, they look with the Income that Tourain yields us! And in faith they sing rarely for their good Founders, that's the truth on't. You never saw any Arcadian Birds mumble more fairly than they do over a Dish, when they see these two gilt Battoons, or when I ring for them these great Bells that you see above their Cages. Drink on, Sirs, whip it away, verily Friends, 'tis very fine drinking to Day, and so 'tis every Day o' the Week; then drink on, toss it about; here's to you with all my Soul, you are most heartily welcome: Never spare it, I pray you, fear not we should ever want good Bub, and Belly-Timber; for, look here, though the Sky were of Brass, and the Earth of Iron, we should not want wherewithal to stuff the Gut, though they were to continue so seven or eight Years longer than the Famine in Egypt. Let us then with Brotherly Love and Charity refresh our selves here with the Creature.

Woons, Man, cry'd Panurge, what a rare time you have on't in this World! Pshaw, return'd Ædituus, this is nothing to what we shall have in t' other: The Elizian Fields will be the least that can fall to our Lot. Come, in the mean time let's drink here, come here's to thee old Fuddlecap.

Your first Siticines, said I, were superlatively wise, in devising thus a means for you to compass whatever all Men naturally covet so much, and so few, or (to speak more properly) none can enjoy together; I mean, a Paradise in this Life, and another in the next; sure you were born wrapt in your Mother's Smickits. O happy Creatures! O more than Men! would I had the luck to fare like you.

CHAPTER VII

HOW PANTAGRUEL CAME TO THE ISLAND OF THE APEDEFERS, OR IGNORAMUS'S, WITH LONG CLAWS, AND CROOKED PAWS, AND OF TERRIBLE ADVENTURES AND MONSTERS THERE

As soon as we had cast Anchor and had moor'd the Ship, the Pinnace was put over the Ship's side, and Mann'd by the Coxswain's Crew. When the good Pantagruel had prayed publickly, and given Thanks to the Lord that had deliver'd him from so great a Danger, he stept into it with his whole Company, to go on shoar, which was no ways difficult to do; for as the Sea was Calm, and the Winds laid, they soon got to the Cliffs. When they were set on shoar, Epistemon, who was admiring the Situation of the Place, and the strange Shape of the Rocks, discover'd some of the Natives. The first he met, had on a short Purple Gown, a Doublet cut in Pains like a Spanish Leather Jerkin; Half-sleeves of Sattin, and the upper part of them Leather, a Coif like a Black Pot tipp'd with Tin; he was a good likely sort of a Body, and his Name, as we heard afterwards, was Double-fee. Epistemon ask'd him, how they call'd those strange craggy

Rocks and deep Vallies? He told him it was a Colony, brought out of Attorney-land, and call'd Process; and that if we forded the River somewhat further beyond the Rocks, we should come into the Island of the Apedefers. By the Memory of the Decretals, ask'd Fryar Jhon, tell us, I pray you, what you honest Men here live on? Could not a Man take a chirping Bottle with you, to taste your Wine? I can see nothing among you but Parchment, Ink-horns and Pens. We live on nothing else, return'd Double-fee; and all who live in this Place must come through my Hands. How, quoth Panurge, are you a Shaver then, do you fleece 'em? Ay, ay, their Purse, answer'd Double-fee, nothing else. By the Foot of Pharao, cry'd Panurge, the De'll a Sous you'll get of me. However, sweet Sir, be so kind as to shew an honest Man the way to those Apedefers, or Ignorant People, for I come from the Land of the Learned, where I did not learn over much.

Still talking on, they got to the Island of the Apedefers, for they were soon got over the Ford. Pantagruel was not a little taken up with admiring the Structure and Habitation of the People of the Place. For they live in a swindging Wine-press, fifty Steps up to it; you must know there are some of all sorts, little, great, private, middlesiz'd, and so forth. You go through a large Peristile, alias a long Entry set about with Pillars, in which you see in a kind of Landskip, the Ruins of almost the whole World; besides so many great Robbers Gibbets, so many Gallows and Racks, that 'tis enough to fright you out of your seven Senses. Double-fee perceiving that Pantagruel was taken up with contemplating those things, Let us go further, Sir, said he to him, all this is nothing yet. Nothing, quoth he, cry'd Fryar Jhon, By the soul of my over-heated Codpiece,

Friend Panurge and I here shake and quiver for meer Hunger. I had rather be drinking, than staring on those Ruins. Pray come along, Sir, said Double-fee. He then led us into a little Wine-press that lay backwards in a blind Corner, and was call'd Pithies in the Language of the Country. You need not ask whether Master Jhon and Panurge made much of their sweet selves there; 'tis enough that I tell you, there was no want of Bolonia Saucidges, Turky-poots, Capons, Bustards, Malmesy, and all other sorts of good Belly-Timber, very well drest.

A pimping Son of ten Fathers, who, for want of a better, who did the Office of a Butler, seeing that Fryar Jhon had cast a Sheep's Eye at a choice Bottle that stood near a Cupboard by it self, at some distance from the rest of the Bottellic Magazine, like a Jack in an Office, said to Pantagruel, Sir, I perceive that one of your Men here is making Love to this Bottle, he ogles it, and would fain caress it; but I beg that none offer to meddle with it; for 'tis reserv'd for their Worships. How, cry'd Panurge, there are some Grandees here then I see: 'Tis Vintage-time with you, I perceive.

Then Double-fee led us up a private Stair-case, and shew'd us into a Room, whence, without being seen, out at a Loop-hole, we could see their Worships in the great Wine-press, where none could be admitted without their leave. Their Worships, as he call'd them, were about a score of fusty Crackropes and Gallowclappers, or rather more, all posted before a Bar, and staring at each other like so many dead Pigs: Their Paws were as long as a Crane's Foot, and their Claws four and twenty Inches long at least; for you must know, they are injoin'd never to pair off the least Chip of them, so that they grow as crooked as a Welch Hook, or a Hedging Bill.

We saw a swindging Bunch of Grapes that are gather'd and squeez'd in that Country, brought in to them. As soon as it was laid down, they clapp'd it into the Press, and there was not a bit of it out of which each of them did not squeeze some Oil of Gold. Insomuch, that the poor Grape was tri'd with a Witness, and brought off so drain'd and pick'd, and so dry, that there was not the least Moisture, Juice or Substance left in it, for they had prest out its very Quintessence.

Double-fee told us they had not often such huge Bunches, but, let the worst come to the worst, they were sure never to be without others in their Press. But hark you me, Master of mine, ask'd Panurge, Have they not some of different growth? Ay marry have they, quoth Double-fee; do you see here this little Bunch, to which they are going to give t' other wrinch; 'Tis of Tyth-growth you must know; they crush'd, wrung, squeez'd and strain'd out the very Heart's Blood of it but t' other Day, but it did not bleed freely, the Oil came hard, and smelt of the Priest's Chest; so that they found there was not much good to be got out of 't. Why then, said Pantagruel, do they put it again into the Press? Only, answer'd Double-fee, for fear there should still lurk some Juice among the Husks, and Hullings, in the Mother of the Grape. The Devil be damn'd, cry'd Fryar Jhon, do you call these same Folks illiterate Lobcocks, and Dunsical Doddipoles? May I be broil'd like a Red-herring, if I don't think they are wise enough to skin a Flint, and draw Oil out of a Brick-wall. So they are, said Double-fee, for they sometimes put Castles, Parks, and Forests into the Press, and out of them all extract *Aurum potabile*. You mean, *Portabile*, I suppose, cry'd Epistemon, such as may be born. I mean as I said, repli'd Double-fee, *Potabile*, such as

may be drunk; for it makes them drink many a good Bottle more than otherwise they should.

But I cannot better satisfie you as to the growths of the Vine-tree Syrup that is here squeez'd out of Grapes, than in desiring you to look your self yonder in that Back-yard, where you'll see above a thousand different growths that lie a waiting to be squeez'd every Moment. Here are some of the publick, and some of the private growth; some of the Builders, Fortifications, Loans, Gifts and Gratuities, Escheats, Forfeitures, Fines and Recoveries, Penal Statutes, Crown-Lands and Demesne, Privy-Purse, Post-Office, Offerings, Lordships of Mannors, and a world of other growths for which we want Names. Pray, quoth Epistemon, tell me of what growth is that great one with all those little Grapelings about it. Oh, oh! return'd Double-fee, that plump one is of the Treasury, the very best growth in the whole Country; whenever any one of that growth is squeez'd, there is not one of their Worships but gets Juice enough out of it to soak his Nose six Months together. When their Worships were up, Pantagruel desir'd Double-fee to take us into that great Wine-press, which he readily did. As soon as we were in, Epistemon, who understood all sorts of Tongues, began to shew us many Devises on the Press, which was large and fine, and made of the Wood of the Cross (at least Double-fee told us so.) On each part of it were Names of every thing in the Language of the Country. The Spindle of the Press was call'd Receipt; the Trough, Costs and Damages; the Hole for the Vice-pin, State; the Sideboards, Money paid into the Office; the great Beam, Respit of homage; the Branches, *Radiatur*; the Side-beams, *Recuperetur*; the Fats, *Ignoramus*; the two-handled Baskets, the Rolls; the Treading place, Acquittance; the Dossers,

Validation; the Panniers, Authentic Decrees; the Pailes, Potentials; the Funnel, *Quietus est.*

By the Queen of the Chitterlings, quoth Panurge, all the Hieroglyphics of Egypt are mine A—— to this Jargon. Why! here's a parcel of Words full as analogous as Chalk and Cheese, or a Cat and a Cart-wheel! But why, pr'y thee, Dear Double-fee, do they call these worshipful Dons of yours, Ignorant Fellows? Only, said Double-fee, because they neither are or ought to be Clerks, and all must be ignorant as to what they transact here; nor is there to be any other Reason given, but, The Court hath said it; The Court will have it so; The Court has decreed it. Cop's Body, quoth Panurge, they might full as well have call'd 'em Necessity; for Necessity has no Law.

From thence, as he was leading us to see a thousand little puny Presses, we spy'd another paltry Bar, about which sate four or five ignorant waspish Churls, of so testy, fuming a Temper, and so ready to take Pepper in the Nose for Yea and Nay, that a Dog wou'd not have liv'd with 'em. They were hard at it with the Lees and Dregs of the Grapes, which they grip'd over and over again, might and main with their clench'd Fists. They were call'd Contractors, in the Language of the Country: These are the ugliest, mishapen, grim-look'd Scrubbs, said Fryar Jhon, that ever were beheld with or without Spectacles. Then we pass'd by an infinite number of little pimping Wine-presses, all full of Vintage-mongers, who were picking, examining, and raking the Grapes with some Instruments call'd Bills of Charge.

Finally, We came into a Hall down Stairs, where we saw an overgrown curs'd mangy Curr with a pair of Heads, a Wolf's Belly, and Claws like the Devil of Hell. The Son of a Bitch was fed with Cost; for he liv'd on a

Mulctiplicity of Fine Amonds, and Amerciaments, by Order of their Worships, to each of whom the Monster was worth more than the best Farm in the Land. In their Tongue of Ignorance, they call'd him Twofold. His Dam lay by him, and her Hair and Shape was like her Whelp's; only she had four Heads, two Male, and two Female, and her Name was Fourfold. She was certainly the most curs'd and dangerous Creature of the Place, except her Grandam, that had been kept lock'd up in a Dungeon time out of mind, and her Name was Refusing of Fees.

Fryar Jhon, who had always twenty Yards of Gut ready empty, to swallow a Gallimaufry of Lawyers, began to be somewhat out of humour, and desir'd Pantagruel to remember he had not din'd, and bring Double-fee along with him. So, away we went; and as we march'd out at the Back-gate, whom shou'd we meet but an old Piece of Mortality in Chains; he was half Ignorant, and half Learned, like an Hermaphrodite of Satan. The Fellow was all caparison'd with Spectacles, as a Tortoise is with Shells, and liv'd on nothing but a sort of Food, which, in their Gibberish, was call'd Appeals. Pantagruel ask'd Double-fee, of what Breed was that Prothonotary, and what Name they gave him? Double-fee told us, That, time out of mind, he had been kept there in Chains, to the great grief of their Worships, who starv'd him; and his Name was Review. By the Pope's sanctify'd Two-pounders, cry'd Fryar Jhon, I don't much wonder at the meagre Cheer which this old Chuff finds among their Worships, do but look a little on the weather-beaten Scratch Toby, Friend Panurge; by the sacred Tip of my Cowle, I'll lay Five Pounds to a Hazelnut, the foul Thief has the very Looks of Gripe-me-now. These same Fellows here, ignorant as they be, are as

sharp and knowing as other Folk. But were it my Case, I'd send him packing with a Squib in his Breech, like a Rogue enough as he is. By my Oriental Barnicles, quoth Panurge, honest Fryar, thou'rt in the right; for if we but examin that treacherous Review's ill-favour'd Phiz, we find that the filthy Snudge is yet more mischievous and ignorant than these ignorant Wretches here; since they (honest Dunces!) grapple and glean with as little harm and pother as they can, without any long Fiddle-come-farts or Tantalizing in the Case; nor do they dally and demur in your Suit, but, in two or three words, whip-stitch in a trice, they finish the Vintage of the Close, bating you all those damn'd tedious Interlocutories, Examinations and Appointments, which fiets to the hearts-blood your Furr'd Law-cats.

CHAPTER VIII

HOW PANURGE RELATED TO MASTER ÆDITUUS, THE FABLE OF THE HORSE AND THE ASS

When we had cramm'd and cramm'd again, Ædituus took us into a Chamber that was well furnish'd, hung with Tapestry, and finely gilt. Thither he caus'd to be brought store of Mirabolans, Cashou, Green Ginger preserv'd, with plenty of Hypocrass, and delicious Wine. With these Antidotes, that were like a sweeter Lethe, he invited us to forget the Hardships of our Voyage; and at the same time he sent Plenty of Provisions on board our Ships that rid in the Harbour. After this, we e'en jogg'd to Bed for that Night, but the Devil-a-bit poor Pilgarlic could sleep one wink, the everlasting Jingle-jangle of the Bells kept me awake whether I wou'd or no.

About Midnight Ædituus came to wake us, that we might drink. He himself shew'd us the way, saying, You Men of t' other World say, That Ignorance is the Mother of all Evil; and so far you are right: yet for all that, you don't take the least care to get rid of it, but still plod on, and live in it, with it, and by it; for which cause, a plaguy-deal of Mischief lights on you every day, and you are right enough serv'd; you are perpetually ailing somewhat, making a moan, and never right. 'Tis what I was ruminating upon just now. And indeed, Ignorance keeps you here fasten'd in Bed, just as that Bully-rock Mars was detain'd by Vulcan's Art; for all the while you don't mind that you ought to spare some of your Rest, and be as lavish as you can of the Goods of this famous Island. Come, come, you shou'd have eaten three Breakfasts already; and take this from me for a certain Truth, That if you wou'd consume the Mouth-Ammunition of this Island, you must rise betimes; Eat them, they multiply; Spare them, they diminish.

For Example: Mow a Field in due Season, and the Grass will grow thicker and better; don't mow it, and in a short time 'twill be floor'd with Moss. Let's drink, and drink again, my Friends; come, let's all carouse it. The leanest of our Birds are now singing to us all; we'll drink to them, if you please. Let's take off one, two, three, nine Bumpers, *Non Zelus, sed Charitas.*

When Day peeping in the East, made the Sky turn from Black to Red, like a boiling Lobster, he wak'd us again, to take a Dish of Monastical Browess. From that time we made but one Meal that only lasted the whole Day; so that I cannot well tell how I may call it, whether Dinner, Supper, Nunchion, or After-Supper; only to

get a Stomach, we took a turn or two in the Island, to see and hear the blessed Singing-Birds.

At Night Panurge said to Ædituus, Give me leave, sweet Sir, to tell you a merry Story of something that happen'd some three and twenty Moons ago in the Country of Chastelleraudland.

On the First of April, a certain Gentleman's Groom, Roger by Name, was walking his Master's Horses in some Fallow-Ground. There 'twas his good fortune to find a pretty Shepherdess, feeding her bleating Sheep, and harmless Lambkins, on the Brow of a neighbouring Mountain, in the Shade of an adjacent Grove: Near her, some frisking Kids tript it o'er a green Carpet of Nature's own spreading; and to compleat the Pastoral Landskip, There stood an Ass. Roger, who was a Wag, had a Dish of Chat with her; and after some If's, And's, and But's, Hem's, and Heigh's on her Side, got her in the mind to get up behind him, to go and see his Stable, and there take a Bit by the bye in a Civil way. While they were holding a Parley, the Horse directing his discourse to the Ass, (for all Brute Beasts spoke that Year in divers Places) whisper'd these words in his Ear: Poor Ass, how I pity thee! Thou slavest like any Hack, I read it on thy Crupper; thou do'st well however, since God has created thee to serve Mankind; thou art a very honest Ass: But not to be better Rub'd down, Curricomb'd, Trap'd, and Fed than thou art, seems to me indeed to be too hard a Lot. Alas! thou art all Rough-coated, in ill Plight; Jaded, Founder'd, Crest-fallen, and Drooping like a Mooting Duck, and feedest here on nothing but coarse Grass, or Bryars and Thistles: Therefore do but Pace it along with me, and thou shalt see how we noble Steeds, made by Nature for War, are treated; come, thou'lt lost nothing by coming, I'll

get thee a taste of my Fare. I' troth, Sir, I can but love you and thank you, return'd the Ass; I'll wait on you, good Mr. Steed. Methinks, Gaffer Ass, you might as well have said, Sir Grandpaw Steed. Oh! Cry mercy, good Sir Grandpaw, return'd the Ass; we Country Clowns are somewhat gross, and apt to knock Words out of joint: However, an 't please you, I'll come after your Worship at some distance, lest for taking this Run, my Side shou'd chance to be firk'd and curried with a vengeance, as 'tis but too often, the more's my sorrow.

The Shepherdess being got behind Roger, the Ass follow'd, fully resolv'd to Bate like a Prince with Roger's Steed. But when they got to the Stable, the Groom who spy'd the grave Animal, order'd one of his Underlings to welcom him with the Pitch-fork, and curricomb him with a Cudgel. The Ass, who heard this, recommended himself mentally to the God Neptune, and was packing off, thinking, and syllogizing within himself thus; Had not I been an Ass, I had not come here among great Lords, when I must needs be sensible that I was only made for the Use of the small Vulgar; Æsop had given me a fair Warning of this, in one of his Fables. Well, I must e'en scamper, or take what follows. With this he fell a Trotting, and Winsing, and Yerking, and Calcitrating *alias* Kicking, and Farting, and Funking, and Curveting and Bounding, and Springing, and Galloping full drive, as if the Devil had been come for him *in propriâ personâ*.

The Shepherdess, who saw her Ass scour off, told Roger that 'twas her Cattle, and desir'd he might be kindly us'd, or else she would not stir her foot over the Threshold. Friend Roger no sooner knew this, but he order'd him to be fetch'd in, and that my Master's Horses shou'd rather

chop Straw for a Week together, than my Mistress's Beast should want his Belly-full of Corn.

The most difficult point was to get him back; for in vain the Youngsters complimented and cox'd him to come: I dare not, said the Ass, I am bashful; and the more they strove by fair means to bring him with them the more the stubborn Thing was untoward, and flew out at heels; insomuch that they might have been there to this hour, had not his Mistress advis'd 'em to toss Oats in a Sieve, or in a Blanket, and call him; which was done, and made him wheel-about, and say, Oats with a witness, Oats shall go to pot, *adveniat*; Oats will do, there's Evidence in the Case; but none of the Rubbing down, none of the Firking. Thus melodiously Singing, for as you know that Arcadian Bird's Note is very harmonious, he came to the Young Gentlemen of the Horse, *alias* Blackgarb, who brought him into the Stable.

When he was there, they plac'd him next to the great Horse, his Friend, Rubb'd him down, Curricom'd him, laid clean Straw under him up to his Chin, and there he lay at Rack and Manger; the first stuff'd with sweet Hay, the latter with Oats; which when the Horse-*Valets-de-Chambre* sifted, he clapt down his Lugs to tell them by Signs that he would eat it but too well without sifting, and that he did not deserve so great an honour.

When they had well fed, quoth the Horse to the Ass, Well, poor Ass, how is it with thee now? How do'st thou like this Fare? Thou wer't so nice at first, a body had much ado to get thee hither. By the Fig, answered the Ass, which one of our Ancestors eating, Philemon died laughing, this is all sheer Ambrosia, good Sir Grandpaw. But what wou'd you have an Ass say? Methinks all this is yet but half Cheer: Don't your Worships here use now and then to take a Leap? What Leaping do'st

thou mean? ask'd the Horse: the Devil leap thee, do'st thou take me for an Ass? I' troth, Sir Grandpaw, quoth the Ass, I am somewhat a Blockhead, you know, and can't for the heart's blood of me learn so fast the Court-way of Speaking of you Gentlemen-horses; I mean, Don't you Stallionize it sometimes here among your metal'd Fillies? Tush, whisper'd the Horse, speak lower; for, by Bucephalus, if the Grooms but hear thee, they'll maul and belam me and thee thrice and three-fold; so that thou'lt have but little stomach to a Leaping bout. Cod so, Man, we dare not so much as grow stiff at the tip of the lowermost Snout, tho' 'twere but to leak or so, for fear of being Jirk'd and Paid out of our Letchery. As for any thing else, we are as happy as our Master, and perhaps more. By this Packsaddle, my old Acquaintance, quoth the Ass, I have done with you, a fart for thy Litter and Hay, and a fart for thy Oats: Give me the Thistles of our Fields, since there we Leap when we list: Eat less, and Leap the more, I say; 'tis Meat, Drink and Cloth to us. Ah! Friend Grandpaw, it wou'd do thy heart good to see us at a Fair, when we hold our Provincial Chapter! Oh! how we Leap it, while our Mistresses are selling their Goslins and other Poultry! With this they parted: *Dixi*: I have done.

Panurge then held his Peace: Pantagruel would have had him to have gone on to the end of the Chapter: But Ædituus said, A Word to the Wise is enough; I can pick out the meaning of that Fable, and know who is that Ass, and who the Horse; but you are a bashful Youth, I perceive: Well, know that there's nothing for you here, scatter no Words. Yet, return'd Panurge, I saw but e'en now a pretty kind of a cooing Abbeykite, as white as a Dove, and her I had rather ride than lead. May I never stir, if she is not a Dainty Bit, and very well worth

a Sin or two. Heav'n forgive me! I meant no more harm in it than you; may the harm I meant in it befal me presently.

CHAPTER IX

HOW WITH MUCH ADO WE GOT A SIGHT OF THE POPEHAWK

Our Junketing and Banquetting held on at the same rate the third day, as the two former. Pantagruel then earnestly desir'd to see the Popehawk; but Ædituus told him, it was not such an easie matter to get a sight of him. How, ask'd Pantagruel, has he Plato's Helmet on his Crown, Gyges's Ring on his Pounces, or a Cameleon on his Breast, to make him invisible when he pleases? No, Sir, return'd Ædituus, but he is naturally of pretty difficult access; however I'll see and take care that you may see him if possible. With this he left us piddling; then within a quarter of an Hour came back, and told us the Popehawk is now to be seen; so he led us, without the least Noise, directly to the Cage, wherein he sate drooping, with his Feathers staring about him, attended by a Brace of little Cardinhawks, and six lusty fusty Bishhawks.

Panurge star'd at him like a dead Pig, examining exactly his Figure, Size, and Motions. Then with a loud Voice he said, A Curse light on the Hatcher of the ill Bird, o' my word this is a filthy Whoophooper. Tush, speak softly, said Ædituus, By G— he has a pair of Ears, as formerly Michæl de Metiscone remark'd. What then, return'd Panurge, so hath a Whoopcat. So said Ædituus, if he but hear you speak such another blasphemous word, you had as good be damn'd: Do you see that Basin yonder

in his Cage? Out of it shall sally Thunderbolts and Lightnings, Storms, Bulls, and the Devil and all, that will sink you down to Peg-Trantums an hundred Fathom under Ground. 'Twere better to drink and be merry, quoth Fryar Jhon.

Panurge was still feeding his Eyes with the sight of the Popehawk, and his Attendants, when somewhere under his Cage he perceiv'd a Madgehowlet; with this he cry'd out, By the Devil's-maker's Master, there's Roguery in the Case; they put Tricks upon Travellers here more than any where else, and would make us believe that a T——d's a Sugar-loaf. What damn'd cousening, gulling, and Coney-catching have we here! Do you see this Madgehowlet? by Minerva we are all beshit. Odsoons, said Ædituus, speak softly, I tell you, 'tis no Madgehowlet, no she-thing, on my honest word, but a male and a noble Bird.

May we not hear the Popehawk sing, ask'd Pantagruel? I dare not promise that, return'd Ædituus, for he only sings and eats at his own time. So don't I, quoth Panurge, poor Pilgarlic is fain to make every Body's time his own; if they have time, I find time; Come then, let us go drink if you will. Now this is something like a Tansy, said Ædituus; you begin to talk somewhat like, still speak in that fashion, and I'll secure you from being thought a Heretic. Come on, I am of your mind.

As we went back to have t' other fuddling Bout, we spy'd an old green-headed Bishhawk, who sate moping with his Mate and three jolly Bitter Attendants, all snoring under an Arbor. Near the old Chuff stood a buxom Abbeskite, that sung like any Linet; and we were so mightily tickl'd with her singing, that I vow and swear we could have wish'd all our Members but one turn'd into Ears, to have had more of the Melody.

Quoth Panurge, This pretty Cherubin of Cherubins is here breaking her Head with chanting to this huge, fat, ugly-face, who lies grunting all the while like a Hog as he is. I'll make him change his Note presently in the Devil's Name. With this he rang a Bell that hung over the Bishhawk's Head; but, tho' he rang and rang again, the Devil-a-bit Bishhawk would hear; the louder the sound, the louder his snoring. There was no making him sing. By G— quoth Panurge, you old Buzzard, if you won't sing by fair means, you shall by foul. Having said this, he took up one of St. Stephen's Loaves, *alias* a Stone, and was going to hit him with it about the middle. But Ædituus cry'd to him, Hold, hold, honest Friend, strike, wound, poyson, kill and murther all the Kings and Princes in the World, by Treachery, or how thou wilt, and as soon as thou wouldst, unnestle the Angels from their Cockloft, Popehawk will pardon thee all this. But never be so mad as to meddle with these sacred Birds, as much as thou lov'st the Profit, Welfare and Life not only of thy self, and thy Friends and Relations alive or dead, but also of those that may be born hereafter to the thousandth Generation; for so long thou wouldst entail Misery upon them. Do but look upon that Basin. Cat-so! let us rather drink then, quoth Panurge. He that spoke last, spoke well, Mr. Antitus, quoth Fryar Jhon; while we are looking on these devilish Birds, we do nothing but blaspheme; and while we are taking a Cup, we do nothing but praise God. Come on then, let's go drink: How well that word sounds!

The Third Day (after we had drank, as you must understand) Ædituus dismiss'd us. We made him a Present of a pretty little Perguois Knife, which he took more kindly than Artaxerxes did the Cup of cold Water that was given him by a Clown. He most courteously

thank'd us, and sent all sorts of Provisions aboard our Ships, wish'd us a prosperous Voyage and Success in our Undertakings, and made us promise and swear by Jupiter of Stone to come back by his Territories. Finally, he said to us, Friends, pray note that there are many more Stones in the World than Men; take care you don't forget it.

CHAPTER X

HOW WE ARRIV'D AT THE ISLAND OF TOOLS

HAVING well ballasted the Holds of our human Vessels we weigh'd Anchor, hois'd up Sail, stow'd the Boats, set the Land, and stood for the Offing with a fair loom Gale, and for more haste unparrell'd the Misen-yard, and lanch'd it and the Sail over her Lee-quarter, and fitted Gives to keep it steady, and boom'd it out; so in three Days we made the Island of Tools, that is altogether uninhabited. We saw there a great number of Trees which bore Mattocks, Pickaxes, Crows, Weeding Hooks, Scythes, Sickles, Spades, Trowels, Hatchets, Hedging Bills, Saws, Addes, Bills, Axes, Sheers, Pincers, Bolts, Piercers, Augres and Wimbles.

Others bore Dags, Daggers, Poniards, Bayonets, Square-bladed Tucks, Stilettoes, Poinadoes, Skenes, Penknives, Puncheons, Bodkins, Swords, Rapiers, Back-swords, Cutlasses, Semiters, Hangers, Falchions, Glaives, Raillons, Whittles and Whinyards.

Whoever would have any of these needed but to shake the Tree, and immediately they dropp'd down as thick as Hops, like so many ripe Plumbs; nay, what's more, they fell on a kind of Grass call'd Scabbard, and sheath'd themselves in it cleverly. But when they came down

there was need of taking care lest they happen'd to touch the Head, Feet, or other Parts of the Body. For they fell with the Point downwards, and in they stuck, or slit the *continuum* of some Member, or lopp'd it off like a Twig; either of which generally was enough to have kill'd a Man though he were a hundred Year old, and worth as many thousand Spankers, Spur-Royals, and Rose-Nobles.

Under some other Trees, whose Names I can't justly tell you, I saw some certain sorts of Weeds that grew and sprouted like Pikes, Lances, Javelins, Javelots, Darts, Dartlets, Halbarts, Boarspears, Eelspears, Partisans, Tridentes, Prongs, Trout-staves, Spears, Half-pikes, and Hunting-Staffs. As they sprouted up and chanc'd to touch the Tree, strait they met with their Heads, Points, and Blades, each suitable to its Kind, made ready for them by the Trees over them; as soon as every individual Wood was grown up, fit for its Steel; even like the Childrens Coats that are made for them as soon as they can wear them, and you wean them of their Swadling Cloaths; nor do you mutter, I pray you, at what Plato, Anaxagoras and Democritus have said; Od's fish! they were none of your Lower-Form Gimcracks, were they?

Those Trees seem'd to us Terrestrial Animals, in no wise so different from Brute Beasts as not to have Skin, Fat, Flesh, Veins, Arteries, Ligaments, Nerves, Cartilages, Kernels, Bones, Marrow, Humours, Matrices, Brains and Articulations; for they certainly have some, since Theophrastus will have it so; but in this Point they differ'd from other Animals, that their Heads, that is, the Part of their Trunks next to the Root are downwards; their Hair, that is, their Roots, in the Earth; and their Feet, that is their Branches, upside down; as if a Man should stand on his Head with out-stretch'd Legs. And

as you, batter'd Sinners, on whom Venus has bestow'd something to remember her, feel the approach of Rains, Winds, Cold, and every change of Weather, at your Ischiatic Legs, and your Omoplates, by means of the perpetual Almanac which she has fix'd there; so these Trees have notice given them by certain Sensations which they have at their Roots, Stocks, Gums, Paps or Marrow, of the growth of the Staffs under them; and accordingly they prepare suitable Points and Blades for them beforehand. Yet as all things, except God, are sometimes subject to Error, Nature its self, not free from it, when it produceth Monstrous Things: likewise I observ'd something amiss in these Trees. For a Half-pike that grew up high enough to reach the Branches of one of these Instrumentiferous Trees, happen'd no sooner to touch them, but instead of being join'd to an Iron-head, it impal'd a stubb'd Broom at the Fundament. Well, no matter, 'twill serve to sweep the Chimney. Thus a Pertusan met with a Pair of Garden-Shears; Come, all's good for something, 'twill serve to nip off little Twigs, and destroy Catterpillars. The Staff of a Halbert got the Blade of a Scythe, which made it look like an Hermaphrodite; happy be lucky, 'tis all a case, 'twill serve for some Mower. Oh 'tis a great Blessing to put our trust in the Lord! As we went back to our Ships, I spy'd behind I don't know what Bush, I don't know what Folks, doing I don't know what Business, in I don't know what Posture, scowring I don't know what Tools, in I don't know what Manner, and I don't know what Place.

CHAPTER XI

HOW PANTAGRUEL ARRIV'D AT THE ISLAND OF SHARPING

We left the Island of Tools to pursue our Voyage, and the next Day stood in for the Island of Sharping, the true Image of Fontainbleau; for the Land is so very lean there, that the Bones, that is the Rocks, shoot through its Skin. Besides, 'tis sandy, barren, and unpleasant. Our Pilot shew'd us there two little square Rocks, which had eight equal Points in the shape of a Cube; they were so white, that I might have mistaken them for Alabaster or Snow, had he not assur'd us they were made of Bone.

He told us that twenty chance Devils, very much fear'd in our Country, dwelt there in six different Stories, and that the biggest Twins or Braces of them were call'd Sixes, and the smallest Amb'sace; the rest Cinques, Quaters, Treys and Dewses. When they were conjur'd up, otherwise coupled, they were call'd either Sice-cincq, Sice-quater, Sice-trey, Sice-dewse, and Sice-ace; or Cincq-quater, Cincq-trey, and so forth. I made there a shrewd Observation; would you know what 'tis, Gamesters? 'Tis that there are very few of you in the World but what call upon and invoke the Devils. For the Dice are no sooner thrown on the Board, and the greedy gazing Sparks have hardly said, Two sixes, Frank, but Six Devils damn it, cry as many of them; if Amb's-Ace, then, A Brace of Devils broil me, will they say. Quater Deuse, Tom; the Dewse take it, cries another, and so on to the end of the Chapter. Nay, they don't forget

sometimes to call the Black Cloven-footed Gentlemen by their Christen-names and Sirnames; and what's stranger yet, they use them as their greatest Cronies, and make them so often the Executors of their Wills, not only giving themselves, but every Body and every Thing to the Devil, that there's no doubt but he takes care to seize, soon or late, what's so zealously bequeath'd him, Indeed 'tis true, Lucifer do's not always immediately appear by his lawful Attornies; but alas! 'tis not for want of Good-will; he is really to be excus'd for his delay, for what the Devil would you have a Devil do? He and his black Guards are then at some other Places, according to the Priority of the Persons that call on them: Therefore pray let none be so venturesom as to think, that the Devils are deaf and blind.

He then told us, that more Wrecks had happen'd about those Square-rocks, and a greater loss of Body and Goods, than about all the Syrtes, Sylla's and Charybdes, Sirens, Strophades and Gulphs in the Universe. I had not much ado to believe it, remembring, that formerly amongst the wise Egyptians, Neptune was describ'd in Hieroglyphics by the first Cube, Apollo by an Ace, Diana by a Duce, Minerva by Seven, and so forth.

He also told us that there was a Phial of Sang real, a most divine thing, and known but to a few. Panurge did so sweeten up the Syndics of the Place, that they blest us with the sight of 't; But it was with three times more pother and ado, with more Formalities and antick Tricks, than they shew the Pandects of Justinian at Florence, or the Holy Veronica at Rome. I never saw such a sight of Flambeaux, Torches and Hagio's, sanctifi'd Tapers, Rush-lights, and Farthing Candles, in my whole life. After all, that which was shewn us, was only the ill-fac'd Countenance of a roasted Conny.

All that we saw there worth speaking of, was a good Face set upon an ill Game, and the Shells of the two Eggs formerly laid up and hatch'd by Leda, out of which came Castor and Pollux, fair Helen's Brothers. These same Syndics sold us a piece of 'em for a Song, I mean, for a morsel of Bread. Before we went, we bought a parcel of Hats and Caps of the Manufacture of the Place, which, I fear, will turn to no very good account: Nor are those who shall take 'em off our hands more likely to commend their wearing.

CHAPTER XII

HOW WE PAST THROUGH THE WICKET, INHABITED BY GRIPE-MEN-ALL, ARCH-DUKE OF THE FURR'D LAW-CATS

FROM thence Condemnation was pass'd by us: 'Tis another damn'd barren Island, whereat none for the World car'd to touch. Then we went through the Wicket, but Pantagruel had no mind to bear us company, and 'twas well he did not, for we were nabb'd there, and clapp'd into Lob's-Pound by Order of Gripe-men-all, Arch-Duke of the Furr'd Law-cats, because one of our Company wou'd ha' put upon a Serjeant some Hats of the sharping Island.

The Furr'd Law-cats are most terrible and dreadful Monsters, they devour little Children, and trample over Marble-Stones. Pray tell me, Noble Topers, do they not deserve to have their Snouts slit? The Hair of their Hides do's n't lie outward, but inwards; and every Mother's Son, of 'em, for his Devise, wears a gaping Pouch, but not all in the same manner; for some wear

it ty'd to their Neck Scarfwise, others upon the Breech, some on the Paunch, others on the Side, and all for a Cause, with Reason and Mystery: They have Claws so very strong, long, and sharp, that nothing can get from 'em, that is once fast between their Clutches: Sometimes they cover their Heads with Mortar-like Caps, at other times with mortify'd Caparisons.

As we enter'd their Den, said a common Mumper to whom we had given half a Teston, Worshipful Culprits, God send you a good Deliverance. Examine well said he, the Countenance of these stout Props and Pillars of this Catch-coin Law and Iniquity; and pray observe, that if you still live but six Olympiads, and the Age of two Dogs more, you'll see these Furr'd Law-cats Lords of all Europe, and in peaceful Possession of all the Estates and Dominions belonging to it; unless by Divine Providence what's got over the Devil's Back is spent under his Belly; or the Goods which they unjustly get, perish with their Prodigal Heirs: Take this from an honest poor Beggar.

Among 'em reigns the Sixth Essence; by the means of which they gripe all, devour all, conskite all, burn all, draw all, hang all, quarter all, behead all, murther all, imprison all, waste all, and ruin all, without the least notice of Right or Wrong: For among them Vice is call'd Virtue; Wickedness, Piety; Treason, Loyalty; Robbery, Justice; Plunder is their Motto; and when acted by them, is approv'd by all Men, except the Hereticks: and all this they do, because they dare; their Authority is Sovereign and Irrefragable.

For a sign of the Truth of what I tell you, you'll find that there the Mangers are above the Racks. Remember hereafter, that a Fool told you this; and if ever Plague, Famine, War, Fire, Earthquakes, Inundations,

or other Judgments befal the World, do not attribute them to the Aspects and Conjunctions of the Malevolent Planets, to the Abuses of the Court of Romania, or the Tyranny of Secular Kings and Princes, to the Impostures of the false Zealots of the Cowl, Heretical Bigots, False-Prophets and Broachers of Sects, to the Villany of griping Usurers, Clippers and Coiners, or to the Ignorance, Impudence and Imprudence of Physicians, Surgeons and Apothecaries, nor to the Lewdness of Adulteresses and Destroyers of Bye-blows; but charge 'em all wholly and solely to the inexpressible, incredible and inestimable Wickedness and Ruin, which is continually hatch'd, brew'd and practis'd in the Den of those Furr'd Law-cats. Yet 'tis no more known in the World, than the Cabala of the Jews, the more's the pity; and therefore 'tis not detested, chastis'd, and punish'd, as 'tis fit it shou'd be. But shou'd all their Villany be once display'd in its true Colours, and expos'd to the People, there never was, is, nor will be any Spokesman so sweet-mouth'd, whose fine colloguing Tongue cou'd save 'em; nor any Laws so rigorous and Draconic, that cou'd punish 'em as they deserve; nor yet any Magistrate so powerful, as to hinder their being burnt alive in their Coney-boroughs without Mercy: Even their own Furr'd Kittlings, Friends and Relations would abominate 'em.

For this reason, as Hannibal was solemnly sworn by his Father Amilcar to pursue the Romans with the utmost hatred, as long as ever he liv'd; so, my late Father has enjoin'd me to remain here without, till God Almighty's Thunder reduce them there within to Ashes, like other presumptuous Titans, prophane Wretches, and Opposers of God; since Mankind is so inur'd to their Oppressions, that they either do not remember, foresee, or have a Sense of the Woes and Miseries which they

have caused; or if they have, either will, dare, or cannot root 'em out.

How! said Panurge, say you so! Catch me there and hang me! Damme, Let's march off! This Noble Beggar has scar'd me worse than the Thunder would do them. Upon this we were filing off! but alas! we found our selves trapp'd: The Door was double-lock'd and barricado'd. Some Messengers of ill News told us, 'twas full as easie to get in there, as to get into Hell, and as hard for some to get out. Ay, there indeed lay the Difficulty: For there is no getting loose without a Pass and Discharge in due Course from the Bench. This for no other reason, than because Folks go easier out of a Church than out of a Spunging-house, and they could not have our Company when they would. The worst on 't was when we got thro' the Wicket, for we were carry'd to get out our Pass or Discharge, before a more dreadful Monster than ever was read of in the Legends of Knight-Errantry: They call'd him Gripe-men-all: I can't tell what to compare it to, better than to a Chimæra, a Sphinx, a Cerberus; or to the Image of Osiris, as the Egyptians represented him, with Three Heads, one of a roaring Lion, t' other of a Fawning Curr, and the last of a Houling Prouling Wolf, twisted about with a Dragon biting his Tail, surrounded with fiery Rays. His Hands were full of Gore, his Talons like those of the Harpies, his Snout like a Hawk's Bill, his Fangs or Tusks like those of an overgrown brindled Wild-Boar, his Eyes were flaming like the Jaws of Hell, all cover'd with Mortars interlac'd with Pestles, and nothing of his Arms was to be seen but his Clutches. His Hutch, and that of the Warren-cats his Collaterals, was a long, spick-and-span new Rack, a top of which, (as the Mumper told us) some large, stately Mangers were fix'd in the Reverse. Over

the Chief-Seat was the Picture of an Old Woman holding the Case or Scabbard of a Sickle in her Right-hand, a Pair of Scales in her Left, with Spectacles on her Nose: The Cups of the Balance were a Pair of Velvet-Pouches; the one full of Bullion, which over-pois'd t' other, empty and long, hoisted higher than the middle of the Beam: I'm of opinion that it was the true Effigies of Justice Gripe-men-all; far different from the Institution of the ancient Thebans, who set up the Statues of their Dicastes without Hands, in Marble, Silver, or Gold, according to their Merit, even after their Death.

When we made our Personal Appearance before him, a sort of I don't-know-what Men, all cloath'd with I don't-know-what Bags and Pouches, with long Scrowls in their Clutches, made us sit down upon a Cricket: (such as Criminals sit on when they are Try'd in France.) Quoth Panurge to 'em, Good my Lords, I'm very well as I am; I'd as lieve stand, an 't please you.' Besides, this same Stool is somewhat of the lowest for a Man that has new Breeches and a short Doublet. Sit you down, said Gripe-men-all again, and look that you don't make the Court bid you twice. Now, continu'd he, the Earth shall immediately open its Jaws, and swallow you up to quick Damnation, if you don't answer as you should.

CHAPTER XIII

HOW GRIPE-MEN-ALL PROPOUNDED A RIDDLE TO US

When we were sate, Gripe-men-all, in the middle of his Furr'd-cats, call'd to us in a hoarse, dreadful Voice; Well, come on, give, give me presently—an Answer. Well, come on, mutter'd Panurge between his Teeth;

give, give me presently—a comforting Dram. Hearken to the Court, continu'd Gripe-men-all.

AN ENIGMA

A Young tight Thing, as Fair as may be,
Without a Dad conceiv'd a Baby;
And brought him forth, without the Pother
In Labour made by teeming Mother.
Yet the curs'd Brat fear'd not to gripe her,
But gnaw'd for haste her Sides, like Viper.
Then the black Upstart boldly sallies,
And walks and flies o'er Hills and Vallies.
Many fantastick Sons of Wisdom,
Amaz'd, foresaw their own, in his Doom,
And thought, like an old Græcian Noddy,
A Human Spirit mov'd his Body.

Give, give me out of hand—an Answer to this Riddle, quoth Gripe-men-all. Give, give me—leave to tell you, good good, my Lord, answer'd Panurge, That if I had but a Sphinx at home, as Verres one of your Precursors had, I might then solve your Enigma presently; but verily, good my Lord, I was not there; and as I hope to be sav'd, am as innocent in the matter as the Child unborn. Foh, give me—a better Answer, cry'd Gripe-men-all, or by Gold, this shall not serve your turn; I'll not be paid in such coin: if you have nothing better to offer, I'll let your Rascalship know, that it had been better for you to have fallen into Lucifer's own Clutches, than into ours. Do'st thou see 'em here, Sirrah? hah! and do'st thou prate here of thy being Innocent, as if thou could'st be deliver'd from our Racks and Tortures for being so! Give me—Patience! thou Widgeon, our Laws are like Cob-webs; your silly little Flyes are stopt, caught, and destroy'd there; but your stronger Birds break them, and force and carry them which way they please. Likewise don't think we are so mad as to set up our Nets to snap

up your great Robbers and Tyrants: No, they are somewhat too hard for us, there's no medling with them; for they would make no more of us, than we make of the little ones: But you paultry, silly, innocent Wretches, must make us amends; and by Gold, we will Innocentise your Fopship with a Wannion, you never were so innocentis'd in your days.

Fryar Jhon hearing him run on at that mad rate, had no longer the power to remain silent, but cry'd to him, High-dey! Prithee, Mr. Devil in a Coif, would'st thou have a Man tell thee more than he knows? has-n't the Fellow told you he does not know a word of the business? his Name's Twyford. A Plague rot you, won't Truth serve your turns? Why, how-now, Mr. Prate-a-pace, (cry'd Gripe-men-all, taking him short) Marry come up, who made you so saucy as to open your Lips before you were spoken to? Give me—Patience! By Gold! this is the first time since I reign, that any one has had the impudence to speak before he was bidden. How came this mad Fellow to break loose? (Villain, thou lyest, said Fryar Jhon, without stirring his Lips.) Sirrah, Sirrah, continued Gripe-men-all, I doubt thou'lt have business enough on thy hands, when it comes to thy turn to answer. (Damme, thou lyest, said Fryar Jhon, silently.) Do'st thou think, continu'd my Lord, thou'rt in the Wilderness of your foolish University, wrangling and bawling among the idle, wandring Searchers and Hunters after Truth? By Gold, we have here other Fish to fry, we go another-gat's way to work, that we do: By Gold, People here must give Catagorical Answers to what they don't know. By Gold, they must confess they have done those things which they have not and ought not to have done. By Gold, they must protest that they know what they never knew in their Lives:

And after all, Patience per Force must be their only remedy, as well as a Mad-Dog's. Here silly Geese are pluck'd, yet cackle not. Sirrah, Give me—an Account, whether you had a Letter of Attorney, or whether you were fee'd, or no, that you offer'd to bawl in another Man's Cause? I see you had no Authority to speak, and I may chance to have you wed to something you won't like. Oh, you Devils, cry'd Fryar Jhon, Proto-Devils, Panto-Devils, you wou'd wed a Monk, wou'd you? Ho ha, ho ha, a Heretic, a Heretic, I'll give thee out for a rank Heretic.

CHAPTER XIV

HOW PANURGE SOLV'D GRIPE-MEN-ALL'S RIDDLE

GRIPE-MEN-ALL, as if he had not heard what Fryar Jhon said, directed his Discourse to Panurge, saying to him, Well, what have you to say for your self, Mr. Rogue-enough, hah! Give, give me out of hand—an Answer. Say! quoth Panurge, why, what would you have me say? I say, that we are damnably beshit, since you give no heed at all to the Equity of the Plea, and the Devil sings among you; let this Answer serve for all, I beseech you, and let us go about our business; I am no longer able to hold out, as gad shall judge me.

Go to, go to, cry'd Gripe-men-all; When did you ever hear that for these three hundred Years last past any body ever got out of this Weel, without leaving something of his behind him. No, no, get out of the Trap if you can, without losing Leather, Life, or at least some Hair, and you'll have done more than ever was done yet. For why, this would bring the Wisdom of the Court into question, as if we had took you up for

nothing, and dealt wrongfully by you. Well, by hook or by crook we must have something out of you. Look ye, 'tis a folly to make a rout for a fart and a doe; one word's as good as twenty; I have no more to say to thee, but that as thou likest thy former Entertainment, thou'lt tell me more of the next; for 'twill go ten times worse with thee, unless, by Gold, you give me—a Solution to the Riddle I propounded. Give, give—it, without any more ado, I say.

By Gold, quoth Panurge, 'tis a black Mite, or Weevil, which is born of a white Bean, and sallies out at the hole which he makes, gnawing it: The Mite being turn'd into a kind of a Fly, sometimes walks and sometimes flies over Hills and Dales. Now Pythagoras the Philosopher, and his Sect, besides many others, wondring at its Birth in such a place, (which makes some argue for equivocal Generation) thought that by a Metempsychosis the Body of that Insect was the Lodging of an Human Soul. Now were you Men here, after your welcom'd Death, according to his Opinion, your Souls wou'd most certainly enter into the Body of Mites or Weevils; for in your present state of Life you are good for nothing in the World, but to gnaw, bite, eat, and devour all things; so in the next you'll e'en gnaw and devour your Mother's very sides, as the Vipers do. Now, by Gold, I think I have fairly solv'd and resolv'd your Riddle.

May my Bawble be turn'd into a Nut-cracker, quoth Fryar Jhon, if I could not almost find in my heart to wish that what comes out of my Bunghole were Beans, that these evil Weevils might feed as they deserve.

Panurge then, without any more ado, threw a large Leathern Purse stuff'd with Gold Crowns (*Escus au Soleil*) among them: The Furr'd Law-Cats no sooner heard the jingling of the Chink, but they all began to

bestir their Claws, like a parcel of Fiddlers running a Division; and then fell to 't, squimble squamble, catch that catch can. They all said aloud, These are the Fees, these are the Gloves; now this is somewhat like a Tanzy: Oh, 'twas a pretty Trial, a sweet Trial, a dainty Trial. O' my word they did not starve the Cause; these are none of your sniveling *Forma Pauperis's*: No, they are Noble Clients, Gentlemen every Inch of them. By Gold, 'tis Gold, quoth Panurge, good old Gold, I'll assure you.

Saith Gripe-men-all, the Court upon a full Hearing, (of the Gold, quoth Panurge) and weighty Reasons given, finds the Prisoners Not guilty; and accordingly orders 'em to be discharg'd out of Custody, paying their Fees. Now, Gentlemen, proceed, go forwards, said he to us; we have not so much of the Devil in us, as we have of his Hue; tho' we are Stout, we are Merciful.

As we came out at the Wicket, we were conducted to the Port by a Detachment of certain Highland-Griffins, *scribere cum dashoes*, who advised us, before we came to our Ships, not to offer to leave the Place, till we had made the usual Presents, first to the Lady Gripe-men-all, then to all the Furr'd Law-Pusses; otherwise we must return to the place from whence we came. Well, well, saith Fryar Jhon, we'll fumble in our Fobs, examine every one of us his Concern, and e'en give the Women their due; we'll ne'er boggle or stick out on that account; as we tickled the Men in the Palm, we'll tickle the Women in the right place. Pray, Gentlemen, added they, don't forget to leave somewhat behind you for us poor Devils to drink your Healths. O Lawd! never fear, answer'd Fryar Jhon, I don't remember that I ever went any where yet where the poor Devils are not mention'd and encourag'd.

CHAPTER XV

HOW THE FURR'D LAW-CATS LIVE ON CORRUPTION

FRYAR JHON had hardly said those Words ere he perceiv'd seventy eight Gallies and Frigats just arriving at the Port. So he hied him thither to learn some News; and as he ask'd what Goods they had o' board, he soon found that their whole Cargo was Venison, Hares, Capons, Turkeys, Pigs, Swine, Bacon, Kids, Calves, Hens, Ducks, Teals, Geese, and other Poultry and Wild-fowl.

He also spy'd among these some Pieces of Velvet, Sattin and Damask. This made him ask the Newcomers whither and to whom they were going to carry those dainty Goods? They answer'd that they were for Gripe-men-all, and the Furr'd Law-Cats.

Pray, asked he, what 's the true Name of all these Things, in your Country Language? Corruption, they reply'd. If they live on Corruption, said the Fryar, they'll perish with their Generation; May the Devil be damn'd, I have it now: Their Fathers devour'd the good Gentlemen, who, according to their state of Life, us'd to go much a Hunting and Hawking to be the better inur'd to Toil in time of War; for Hunting is an Image of a Martial Life; and Xenophon was much in the right on 't, when he affirm'd that Hunting had yielded a great Number of excellent Warriors, as well as the Trojan Horse. For my part I am no Scholar, I have it but by hearsay, yet I believe it. Now the Souls of those brave Fellows, according to Gripe-men-all's Riddle, after their decease, enter into Wild-boars, Stags, Roe-bucks, Herns,

and such other Creatures, which they lov'd, and in quest of which they went while they were Men; and these Furr'd Law-Cats having first destroy'd and devour'd their Castles, Lands, Demesnes, Possessions, Rents, and Revenues, are still seeking to have their Blood and Soul in another Life. What an honest Fellow was that same Mumper who had forewarn'd us of all these things, and bid us take notice of the Mangers above the Racks!

But, said Panurge to the New-comer, how do you come by all this Venison? methinks the Great King has issued out a Proclamation, strictly inhibiting the destroying of Stags, Does, Wild-boars, Roe-bucks, or other Royal Game, on pain of Death. All this is true enough answer'd one for the rest: But the great King is so good and gracious, you must know, and these Furr'd Law-Cats so curst and cruel, so mad and thirsting after Christian Blood, that we have less cause to fear in trespassing against that Mighty Sovereign's Commands, than reason to hope to live, if we do not continually stop the Mouths of these Furr'd Law-Cats with such Bribes and Corruption. Besides, added he, to-morrow Gripe-men-all marries a Furr'd Law-Puss of his to a high and mighty Double-furr'd Law-Tibert.

Formerly we us'd to call them Chop-hay; but, alas, they are not such neat Creatures now as to eat any, or chew the Cud. We call them Chop-Hares, Chop-Partridges, Chop-Woodcocks, Chop-Pheasants, Chop-Pullets, Chop-Venison, Chop-Connies, Chop-Pigs; for they scorn to feed on coarser Meat. A T—d for their Chops, cry'd Fryar Jhon, next Year we'll have 'em called Chop-Dung, Chop-Stront, Chop-Filth.

Would you take my Advice, added he to the Company? What is it, answer'd we? Let's do two things, return'd he; First, let's secure all this Venison and Wild-fowl,

(I mean paying well for them :) for my part I am but too much tir'd already with our Salt-meat, it heats my Flanks so horribly ; In the next place let's go back to the Wicket, and destroy all these devilish Furr'd Law-Cats. For my part, quoth Panurge, I know better things, catch me there, and hang me ; No, I am somewhat more inclin'd to be fearful than bold, I love to sleep in a whole Skin.

CHAPTER XVI

HOW FRYAR JHON TALKS OF ROOTING OUT THE FURR'D LAW-CATS

VERTUE of the Frock, quoth Fryar Jhon, what kind of a Voyage are we making ? A shitten one o' my word ; the Devil of any thing we do but fizzling, farting, funking, squattering, dozing, raving, and doing nothing. Ods Belly, 'tisn't in my Nature to lie idle, I mortally hate it ; unless I am doing some Heroic Deed every foot, I can't sleep one wink o' Nights. Dam it, did you then take me along with you for your Chaplain, to sing Mass and shrive you ? By Maunday-Thursday, the first of ye all that comes to me on such an Account shall be fitted ; for, the only Penance I'll enjoin shall be, that he immediately throw himself headlong overboard into the Sea, like a wicked Cow-hearted Son of ten Fathers ; this in deduction of the Pains of Purgatory.

What made Hercules such a famous Fellow, d'ye think ? nothing, but that while he travell'd he still made it his business to rid the World of Tyrannies, Errors, Dangers, and Drudgeries, he still put to death all Robbers, all Monsters, all venemous Serpents and hurtful Creatures. Why then do we not follow his Example, doing

as he did in the Countries through which we pass? He destroy'd the Stymphalides, the Lernæan Hydra, Cacus, Antæus, the Centaurs, and what not; I am no Clericus, those that are such, tell me so.

In imitation of that noble Bye-blow, let's destroy and root out these wicked Furr'd Law-Cats, that are a kind of Ravenous Devils; thus we shall remove all manner of Tyranny out of the Land. Mawmet's Tutor swallow me Body and Soul, Tripes and Guts, if I would stay to ask your Help or Advice in the Matter, were I but as strong as he was. Come, he that would be thought a Gentleman, let him storm a Town: Well then, shall we go? I dare swear we'll do their business for them with a wet Finger; they'll bear it, never fear; since they could swallow down more foul Language that came from us, than ten Sows and their Babies could swill Hogwash. Dam 'em, they don't value all the ill words or dishonour in the World at a Rush, so they but get the Coin into their Purses, though they were to have it in a shitten Clout. Come, we may chance to kill 'em all, as Hercules would have done, had they liv'd in his time. We only want to be set to work by another Eurystheus, and nothing else for the present; unless it be what I heartily wish them, That Jupiter may give 'em a short Visit only some two or three Hours long, and walk among their Lordships in the same Equipage that attended him when he came last to his Miss Semele, jolly Bacchus's Mother.

'Tis a very great Mercy, quoth Panurge, that you have got out of their Clutches; for my part, I have no stomach to go there again; I'm hardly come to my self yet, so scar'd and appall'd I was; my Hair still stands up an end when I think on 't; and most damnably troubled I was there, for three very weighty Reasons. First, Because

I was troubled. Secondly, Because I was troubled. Thirdly and lastly, Because I was troubled. Heark'n to me a little on thy right side, Fryar John, my left Cod, since thou'lt not hear at the other: Whenever the Maggot bites thee, to take a Journey down to Hell, and visit the Tribunal of Minos, Æacus, and Rhadamanthus, do but tell me, and I'll be sure to bear thee company, and never leave thee, as long as my Name's Panurge, but will wade over Acheron, Styx, and Cocytus, drink whole Bumpers of Lethe's Water, (tho' I mortally hate that Element) and even pay thy Passage to that bawling cross-grained Ferry-man Charon. But as for that damn'd Wicket, if thou art so weary of thy Life as to go thither again, thou may'st e'en look for some Body else to bear thee company; for I'll not move one step that way, e'en rest satisfi'd with this positive Answer. By my goodwill, I'll not stir a foot to go thither as long as I live, any more than Calpe will come over to Abyla. (Calpe is a Mountain in Spain, that faces another, called Abyla in Mauritiania, both said to have been sever'd by Hercules.) Was Ulysses so mad as to go back into the Cyclops's Cave to fetch his Sword? No marry was he not. Now I have left nothing behind me at the Wicket through forgetfulness, why then should I think of going thither?

Well, quoth Fryar Jhon, as good sit still as rise up and fall; what can't be cur'd, must be endur'd. But, pr'ythee, let's hear one another speak. Come, wert thou not a wise Doctor, to fling away a whole Purse of Gold on those mangy Scoundrels? Hah? A Squinzy choak thee, we were too rich, were we? Had it not been enough to have thrown the Hell-hounds a few cropt Pieces of white Cash?

How could I help it, returned Panurge? Did you

not see how Gripe-men-all held his gaping Velvet-Pouch, and every Moment roar'd and bellow'd, By Gold, give, give me out of hand; By Gold, give, give, give me presently. Now, thought I to my self, we shall never come off scotfree; I'll e'en stop their Mouths with Gold, that the Wicket may be open'd, and we may get out; the sooner the better. And I judg'd that lowsy Silver would not do the business; for, d'ye see, Velvet-Pouches don't use to gape for little paultry clipt Silver, and small Cash: No, they are made for Gold, my Friend Jhon, that they are my dainty Cod. Ah! when thou hast been larded, basted, and roasted, as I was, thou'lt hardly talk at this rate, I doubt. But now what's to be done—we are enjoin'd by them to go forwards.

The scabby Slabberdegullions still waited for us at the Port, expecting to be greas'd in the Fist as well as their Masters. Now when they perceiv'd that we were ready to put to Sea, they came to Fryar Jhon, and begg'd that we might not forget to gratifie the Apparitors before we went off, according to the Assessment for the Fees at our Discharge. Hell and Damnation, cry'd Fryar Jhon, Are you here still, ye Bloodhounds, ye citing, scribling Imps of Satan? Rot you, Am I not vext enough already, but you must have the Impudence to come and plague me, ye scurvy Fly-catchers you? By Cod's-Body I 'll gratifie your Ruffianships as you deserve, I'll Apparitorize you presently, with a Wannion, that I will. With this he lugg'd out his slashing Cutlas, and, in a mighty heat, came out of the Ship, to cut the cousening Varlets into Stakes, but they scamper'd away, and got out of sight in a Trice.

However, there was somewhat more to do; for some of our Sailors, having got leave of Pantagruel to go o' shoar, while we were had before Gripe-men-all, had

been at a Tavern near the Haven to make much of themselves, and roar it, as Seamen will do when they come into some Port. Now I don't know whether they had paid their Reck'ning to the full or no; but, however it was, an old fat Hostess meeting Fryar Jhon on the Key, was making a woful Complaint, before a Sergeant, Son-in-law to one of the Furr'd Law-Cats, and a Brace of Bums his Assistants.

The Fryar, who did not much care to be tir'd with their impertinent Prating, said to them, Harkee me, ye lubbardly Gnat-snappers, Do you presume to say, that our Seamen are not honest Men? I'll maintain they are, ye Dotterels, and will prove it to your brazen Faces, by Justice; I mean this trusty piece of cold Iron by my side; with this, he lugg'd it out, and flourish'd with it. The forlorn Lobcocks soon shew'd him their Backs, betaking themselves to their heels: But the old fusty Landlady kept her ground, swearing, like any Butter-whore, that the Tarpawlins were very honest Cods; but that they had only forgot to pay for the Bed on which they had lay'n after Dinner, and she ask'd Five-pence French Money for the said Bed. May I never sup, said the Fryar, if it be not Dog-cheap; they are sorry Guests, and unkind Customers, that they are; they don't know when they have a Penniworth, and will not always meet with such Bargains; Come, I my self will pay you the Money, but I would willingly see it first.

The Hostess immediately took him home with her, and shew'd him the Bed, and having prais'd it for all its good qualifications, said that she thought, as Times went, she was not out of the way, in asking Five-pence for 't. Fryar Jhon then gave her the Five-pence, and she no sooner turn'd her back, but he presently began

to rip up the Ticking of the Featherbed and Bolster, and throw'd all the Feathers out at the Window. In the mean time the old Hag came down, and roar'd out for help, crying out Murther, to set all the Neighbourhood in an Uproar. Yet she also fell to gathering the Feathers that flew up and down in the Air, being scatter'd by the Wind. Fryar Jhon let her bawl on, and, without any further ado, march'd off with the Blanket, Quilt, and both the Sheets, which he brought aboard undiscover'd; for the Air was dark'ned with the Feathers, as it uses sometimes to be with Snow. He gave them away to the Sailors, then said to Pantagruel, that Beds were much cheaper at that place than in Chinnonois, tho' we have there the famous Geese of Pantile; for the old Bedlam had ask'd him but Five-pence for a Bed, which in Chinnonois had been worth above twelve Francs.

CHAPTER XVII

HOW WE WENT FOR-WARDS, AND HOW PANURGE HAD LIKE TO HAVE BEEN KILL'D

We put to Sea that very Moment, steering our Course For-wards, and gave Pantagruel a full account of our Adventures, which so deeply struck him with Compassion, that he wrote some Elegies on that Subject, to divert himself during the Voyage. When we were safe in the Port, we took some Refreshment, and took in fresh Water and Wood. The People of the place, who had the Countenance of jolly Fellows, and boon Companions, were all of them For-ward Folks, bloated and puff'd up with Fat; and we saw some who slash'd and pink'd their Skin, to open a Passage to the Fat, that it might

swell out at the slits and gashes which they made: neither more nor less than the shitbreech Fellows in our Country bepink and cut open their Breeches, that the Tafety on the inside may stand out and be puff'd up. They said that what they did was not out of Pride or Ostentation, but because otherwise their Skins would not hold them without much Pain. Having thus slash'd their Skin, they us'd to grow much bigger, like the young Trees, on whose Barks the Gardeners make Incisions, that they may grow the better.

Near the Haven there was a Tavern which forwards seem'd very fine and stately; we repair'd thither, and found it fill'd with People of the forward Nation, of all Ages, Sexes, and Conditions; so that we thought some notable Feast or other was getting ready: But we were told that all that Throng were invited to the Bursting of mine Host, which caus'd all his Friends and Relations to hasten thither.

We did not understand that Jargon, and therefore thought that in that Country, by that Bursting, they meant some Merry-meeting or other, as we do in ours, by Betrothing, Wedding, Groaning, Christening, Churching (of Women,) Shearing (of Sheep,) Reaping (of Corn, or Harvest home,) and many other Junketing-bouts that end in *ing*. But we soon heard that there was no such matter in hand.

The Master of the House, you must know, had been a Good-fellow in his time, lov'd heartily to wind up his Bottom, to bang the Pitcher, and lick his Dish; he us'd to be a very fair Swallower of Gravy-Soupe, a notable Accomptant in matter of Hours; and his whole Life was one continual Dinner, like mine Host at Rouillac. But now having Farted out much Fat for ten Years together, and water'd the Marigolds with much Wine

of his own Burning, according to the Custom of the Country, he was drawing towards his Bursting-hour; for neither the inner thin Kell wherewith the Intrails are cover'd, nor his Skin that had been jagg'd and mangl'd so many Years, were able to hold and enclose his Guts any longer, or hinder them from forcing their way out; like a Wine-Vessel whose Sides fly out. Pray, quoth Panurge, is there no remedy, no help for the poor Man, good People? Why don't you swaddle him round with good tight Girts, or secure his natural Tub with a strong Sorbapple-tree-hoop? Nay, Why don't you Iron-bind him, if needs be? This would keep the Man from flying out and bursting. The word was not yet out of his mouth, when we heard something give a loud Report, as if a huge sturdy Oak had been split in two; then some of the Neighbours told us, that the Bursting was over, and that the Clap, or Crack, which we heard, was the last Fart: And so there was an end of mine Host.

This made me to call to mind a Saying of the venerable Abbot of Castillers, the very same who never car'd to hump his Maids but when he was *in Pontificalibus*. That pious Person, being much dunn'd, teiz'd, and importun'd by his Relations to resign his Abbey in his old Age, said and profess'd, That he would not Strip till he were ready to go to Bed; and that the last Fart which his reverend Paternity was to utter, shou'd be the Fart of an Abbot.

CHAPTER XVIII

HOW OUR SHIPS WERE STRANDED, AND WE WERE RELIEV'D BY SOME PEOPLE THAT WERE SUBJECT TO QUEEN WHIMS (*qui tenoient de la Quinte*)

We Weighed and set Sail with a merry Westerly Gale, when about seven Leagues off (twenty two Miles) some gusts or scuds of Wind suddenly arose, and the Wind veering and shifting from Point to Point, was, as they say, like an Old Woman's Breech, at no certainty; so we first got our Starboard Tacks aboard, and haled off our Lee-Sheets. Then the Gusts increas'd, and by fits blow'd all at once from several Quarters; yet we neither setled nor braded up close our Sails, but only let fly the Sheets, not to go against the Master of the Ship's Direction; and thus having let go amain, lest we should spend our Topsails, or the Ship's Quick-side should lie in the Water, and she be overset, we lay by and run adrift, that is, in a Landlopers phrase, we temporis'd it. For he assur'd us, that as these Gusts and Whirlwinds would not do us much good, so they could not do us much harm, considering their Easiness and pleasant Strife, as also the Clearness of the Sky, and Calmness of the Current. So that we were to observe the Philosopher's Rule, Bear, and Forbear; that is, Trim, or go according to the Time.

However, these Whirlwinds and Gusts lasted so long, that we perswaded the Master to let us go and lie at Trie with our Main-Course; that is, to hale the Tack aboard, the Sheet close aft, the Boling set up, and the

Helm tied close aboard; so after a stormy Gale of Wind, we broke through the Whirlwind. But 'twas like falling into Scylla to avoid Charybdis, (out of the Frying-pan into the Fire.) For we had not sail'd a League, ere our Ships were stranded upon some Sands, such as are the Flats of St. Maixant.

All our Company seem'd mightily disturb'd, except Fryar Jhon, who was not a jot daunted, and with sweet Sugar-plum Words comforted now one, and then another, giving them hopes of speedy Assistance from above, and telling them that he had seen Castor at the Main-yard-arm. Oh! that I were but now ashore, cry'd Panurge, that's all I wish, for my self (at present) and that you who like the Sea so well, had each Man of you Two hundred thousand Crowns; I would fairly let you set up Shop on these Sands, and wou'd get a fat Calf dress'd, and a hundred of Faggots, (*i.e.* Bottles of Wine) cool'd for you against you come ashore. I freely consent never to mount a Wife, so you but set me ashore, and mount me on a Horse that I may go home; no matter for a Servant, I'll be contented to serve my self; I'm never better treated, than when I'm without a Man. Faith, Old Plautus was in the right on 't, when he said, The more Servants, the more Crosses; for such they are, even supposing they could want what they all have but too much of, a Tongue, that most buisie, dangerous and pernicious Member of Servants; accordingly 'twas for their sakes alone, that the Racks and Tortures for Confession were invented, tho' some foreign Civilians in our time have uncivilly drawn alogical and unreasonable Consequences from it.

That very moment we spy'd a Sail that made toward us: when it was close by us, we soon knew what was the Lading of the Ship, and who was aboard of her. She

was full freighted with Drums; I was acquainted with many of the Passengers that came in her, who were most of 'em of good Families; among the rest, Harry Cottiral, an old Tost, who had got a swindging Ass's Touchtripe fasten'd to his Waste, as the good Women's Beads are to their Girdle. In his Left-hand he held an old overgrown greasie foul Cap, such as your Scald-pated Fellows wear, and in the right a huge Cabbage-stump.

As soon as he saw me, he was over-joy'd, and bawl'd out to me, What Cheer ho? How do'st like me now? Behold the true Algamana, (this he said, shewing me the Ass's Tickle-gizard.) This Doctor's Cap is my true Elixir; and this (continu'd he, shaking the Cabbage-stump in his Fist) is Lunaria Major, you old Noddy, I have 'em, old Boy, I have 'em; we'll make 'em when thou'rt come back. But pray Father, said I, whence come you? Whither are you bound? What's your Lading? Have you smelt the Salt Deep? To these four Questions he answer'd, From Queen Whims; for Touraine; Alchymy; to the very Bottom.

Whom have you got o' board? said I. Said he, Astrologers, Fortune-tellers, Alchymists, Rhimers, Poets, Painters, Projectors, Mathematicians, Watchmakers, Sing-songs, Musitianers, and the Devil and all of others that are subject to Queen Whims. They have very fair legible Patents to shew for 't, as any body may see. Panurge had no sooner heard this, but he was upon the High-Rope, and began to rail at them like mad. What o' Devil d'ye mean, cry'd he, to sit idly here like a pack of loitering Sneakbies, and see us stranded, while you may help us, and tow us off into the Current! A Plague o' your Whims, you can make all things whatsoever they say, so much as good Weather, and little Children, yet won't make haste to fasten some Hawsers

and Cables, and get us off. I was just coming to set you a'float, quoth Harry Cottiral; By Trismegistus I'll clear you in a Trice. With this he caus'd 7532810 huge Drums to be unheaded on one side, and set that open side so that it fac'd the end of our Streamers and Pendants; and having fastened them to good Tacklings, and our Ship's Head to the Stern of theirs, with Cables fasten'd to the Bits abaft the Manger in the Ship's Loof, they tow'd us off ground at one pull; so easily and pleasantly, that you'd have wonder'd at it, had you been there. For the Dub-o-dub Rattling of the Drums, with the soft Noise of the Gravel, which murmuring disputed us our Way, and the merry Cheers and Huzza's of the Sailors, made an Harmony almost as good as that of the Heavenly Bodies when they roul and are whirl'd round their Spheres; which Rattling of the Celestial Wheels, Plato said he heard some Nights in his Sleep.

We scorn'd to be behind-hand with 'em in Civility, and gratefully gave 'em store of our Saucidges and Chitterlings, with which we fill'd their Drums; and we were just a hoisting two and sixty Hogsheads of Wine out of the Hold, when two huge Whirlpools with great fury made towards their Ship, spouting more Water than is in the River Vienne (Vigenna) from Chinon to Saumur: To make short, all their Drums, all their Sails, their Concerns, and themselves were sows'd, and their very Hoze were water'd by the Collar.

Panurge was so overjoy'd seeing this, and laugh'd so heartily, that he was forc'd to hold his Sides, and it set him into a Fit of the Cholic for two hours and more. I had a mind, quoth he, to make the Dogs drink, and those honest Whirlpools e'gad have sav'd me that Labour and that Cost. There 's Sauce for them; ἄριστον μὲν ὕδωρ, Water's good, saith a Poet, let 'em Pindarise upon 't;

they never car'd for fresh Water, but to wash their Hands or their Glasses. This good Salt Water will stand 'em in good stead for want of Sal Armoniac and Nitre in Geber's Kitchen.

We could not hold any further Discourse with 'em; for the former Whirlwind hinder'd our Ship from feeling the Helm. The Pilot advis'd us henceforwards to let her run adrift and follow the Stream, not busying our selves with any thing, but making much of our Carcasses. For, our only way to arrive safe at the Queendom of Whims, was to trust to the Whirlwind, and be led by the Current.

CHAPTER XIX

HOW WE ARRIV'D AT THE QUEENDOM OF WHIMS, OR ENTHELECHY

We did as he directed for about twelve hours, and on the third day the Sky seem'd to us somewhat clearer, and we happily arriv'd at the Port of Mateotechny, not far distant from Queen-Whims, *alias* the Quintessence.

We met full-but on the Key a great number of Guards and other Military Men that garrison'd the Arsenal; and we were somewhat frighted at first, because they made us all lay down our Arms, and in a haughty manner ask'd us whence we came?

Cousin, quoth Panurge to him that ask'd the Question, we are of Touraine, and come from France, being ambitious of paying our Respects to the Lady Quintessence, and visit this famous Realm of Enthelechy.

What do you say? cry'd they: Do you call it Enthelechy or Endelechy? Truly, truly, sweet Cousins, quoth Panurge, we are a silly sort of grout-headed Lob-

cocks, an 't please you; be so kind as to forgive us, if we chance to knock Words out of joint; as for any thing else, we are downright honest Fellows, and true Hearts.

We have not ask'd you this Question without a Cause, said they; for a great number of others who have pass'd this Way from your Country of Touraine, seem'd as meer joltheaded Doddipoles as ever were scor'd o'er the Coxcomb, yet spoke as correct as other Folks. But there has been here from other Countries a pack of I know not over-weening, self-conceited Prigs, as moody as so many Mules, and as stout as any Scotch Lairds, and nothing would serve these, forsooth, but they must wilfully wrangle and stand out against us at their coming: And much they got by it, after all: Troth we e'en fitted them, and claw'd 'em off with a vengeance, for all they look'd so big and so grum. Pray tell me, Do's your Time lie so heavy upon you in your World, that you don't know how to bestow it better than in thus impudently talking, disputing and writing of our Sovereign Lady? There was much need that your Tully, the Consul, should go and leave the Care of his Commonwealth, to busie himself idly about her; and after him, your Diogenes Laertius the Biographer and your Theodorus Gaza the Philosopher, and your Argiropilus the Emperor, and your Bessario the Cardinal, and your Politian the Pedant, and your Budeus the Judge, and your Lascaris the Ambassador, and the Devil and all of those you call Lovers of Wisdom; whose Number, it seems, was not thought great enough already, but lately your Scaliger, Brigot, Chambrier, Francis Fleury, and I can't tell how many such other junior sneaking Fly-blows must take upon 'em to encrease it.

A Squincy gripe the Cods-headed Changelings at the Swallow, and eke at the Cover-weesel; we shall make

'em ;—But the Dewse take 'em ; (they flatter the Devil here, and smoothifie his Name, quoth Panurge, between his Teeth :) You don't come here, continu'd the Captain, to uphold 'em in their Folly, you have no Commission from them to this Effect ; well then, we'll talk no more on 't.

Aristotle, that first of Men, and peerless Pattern of all Philosophy, was our Sovereign Lady's Godfather ; and wisely and properly gave her the Name of Entelechy. Her true Name then is Entelechy ; and may he be in Tail beshit, and entail a Shit-a-bed Faculty, and nothing else on his Family, who dares call her by any other Name ; for whoever he is, he do's her wrong, and is a very impudent Person. You are heartily welcome, Gentlemen ; with this they coll'd and Clipt us about the Neck, which was no small Comfort to us, I'll assure you.

Panurge then whisper'd me ; Fellow-traveller, quoth he, hast thou not been somewhat afraid this Bout ? A little, said I. To tell you the truth of 't, quoth he, never were the Ephraimites in a greater Fear and Quandary when the Gileadites kill'd and drowned them for saying Sibboleth, instead of Shibboleth : And among Friends, let me tell you, that perhaps there is not a Man in the whole Country of Beauce, but might easily have stopt my Bunghole with a Cart-load of Hay.

The Captain afterwards took us to the Queen's Palace, leading us silently with great Formality. Pantagruel would have said something to him ; but the other, not being able to come up to his heighth, wish'd for a Ladder, or a very long Pair of Stilts ; then said, Patience, if it were our Sovereign Lady's Will, we'd be as tall as you ; well, we shall, when she pleases.

In the first Galleries we saw great numbers of Sick Persons, differently plac'd according to their Maladies.

The Leprous were a-part; those that were Poison'd, on one side; those that had got the Plague on another: Those that had the Pox, in the first Rank; and the rest accordingly.

CHAPTER XX

HOW THE QUINTESSENCE CUR'D THE SICK WITH A SONG

THE Captain show'd us the Queen, attended with her Ladies and Gentlemen, in the second Gallery. She look'd young, tho' she was at least Eighteen hundred Years old; and was handsom, slender, and as fine as a Queen, that is, as hands could make her. He then said to us, 'Tis not yet a fit time to speak to the Queen, be you but mindful of her doings in the mean while.

You have Kings in your World, that fantastically pretend to cure some certain Diseases; as for Example, Scrophube or Wens, Swell'd Throats, nicknam'd the King's Evil, and Quartan Agues, only with a Touch: Now our Queen cures all manner of Diseases, without so much as touching the Sick, but barely with a Song, according to the nature of the Distemper; he then shew'd us a Set of Organs, and said, that when it was touch'd by her, those miraculous Cures were perform'd. The Organ was indeed the strangest that ever Eyes beheld; for the Pipes were of Cassia Fistula in the Cod; the Top and Cornish of Guayacum; the Bellows of Rhubarb; the Pedals of Turbith; and the Clavier or Keys of Scammony.

While we were examining this wonderful new make of an Organ, the Leprous were brought in by her Abstractors, Spodizators, Masticators, Pregustics, Tabachins,

Chachanins, Neemanins, Rabrebans, Nercins, Rozuins, Nebidins, Tearins, Sagamions, Peratons, Chasmins, Sarins, Soteins, Aboth, Enilins, Archasdarpenins, Mebins, Chabourins, and other Officers, for whom I want Names; so she plaid 'em I don't know what sort of a Tune or Song, and they were all immediately Cur'd.

Then those who were Poison'd were had in; and she had no sooner given them a Song, but they began to find a use for their Legs, and up they got. Then came on the Deaf, the Blind, and the Dumb, and they too were restor'd to their lost Senses with the same Remedy; which did so strangely amaze us (and not without reason, I think) that down we fell on our Faces, remaining prostrate like Men ravish'd in Extasy, and were not able to utter one word, thro' the excess of our Admiration, till she came, and having touch'd Pantagruel with a fine fragrant Nosegay of White Roses which she held in her Hand, thus made us recover our Senses and get up. Then she made us the following Speech in Byssin Words, such as Parisatis desir'd shou'd be spoken to her Son Cyrus, or at least of Crimson Alamode.

The Probity that scintillizes in the Superficies of your Persons, informs my ratiocinating Faculty, in a most stupendous manner, of the radiant Virtues, latent within the precious Caskets and Ventricles of your Minds. For, contemplating the mellifluous Suavity of your thrice discreet Reverences, 'tis impossible not to be perswaded with Facility that neither your Affections nor your Intellects are vitiated with any Defect, or Privation of liberal and exalted Sciences; far from it, all must judge that in you are lodg'd a Cornucopia, and Encyclopedia, an unmeasurable Profundity of Knowledge in the most peregrine and sublime Disciplines; so frequently the Admiration, and so rarely the Concomitants of the

imperite Vulgar. This gently compels me, who in preceding Times indefatigably kept my private Affections absolutely subjugated, to condescend to make my Application to you in the trivial Phrase of the Plebeian World; and assure you, that you are well, most well, most heartily well, more than most heartily welcome.

I have no hand at making of Speeches, quoth Panurge to me privately; Prithee, Man, make Answer to her for us if thou canst; this would not work with me, however, neither did Pantagruel return a word; so that Queen Whims, or Queen Quintessence (which you please) perceiving that we stood as mute as Fishes, said: Your Taciturnity speaks you not only Disciples of Pythagoras, from whom the venerable Antiquity of my Progenitors in successive Propagation was eman'd and derives its Original: but also discovers, that, through the Revolution of many Retrograde Moons, you have in Egypt press'd the Extremities of your Fingers with the hard Tenants of your Mouths, and scalptiz'd your Heads with frequent Applications of your Ungicules. In the Schóol of Pythagoras, Taciturnity was the Symbol of abstracted and superlative Knowledge; and the silence of the Egyptians was agnited as an expressive manner of Divine Adoration: This caus'd the Pontiffs of Hieropolis to Sacrifice to the great Deity in silence, impercussively, without any vociferous or obstreporous Sound. My design is not to enter into a Privation of Gratitude towards you; but by a vivacious formality, tho' matter were to abstract it self from me, excentricate to you my Cogitations.

Having spoken this, she only said to her Officers, Tabachins, A Panacea; and strait they desir'd us not to take it amiss if the Queen did not invite us to dine with her; for she never eat any thing at Dinner but some

Categories, Jecabots, Emnins, Dimions, Abstractions, Harborins, Chelimins, second Intentions, Carodosh, Antitheses, Metempsychoses, transcendent Prolepsies, and such other light Food.

Then they took us into a little Closet, lin'd through with Alarums, where we were treated God knows how. 'Tis said, that Jupiter writes whatever is transacted in the World, on the Diphthera or Skin of the Amalthæan Goat that suckled him in Crete, which Pelt serv'd him instead of a Shield against the Titans, whence he was Nicknam'd Ægiochus. Now, as I hate to drink Water, Brother Topers, I protest, it would be impossible to make eighteen Goatskins hold the Description of all the good Meat they brought before us; tho' it were written in Characters as small as those in which were penn'd Homer's *Iliads*, which Tully tells us he saw enclos'd in a Nut-shell.

For my part, had I one hundred Mouths, as many Tongues, a Voice of Iron, a Heart of Oak, and Lungs of Leather, together with the mellifluous Abundance of Plato; yet I never could give you a full Account of a Third part of a second of the whole.

Pantagruel was telling me, that he believ'd the Queen had given the Symbolic Word us'd among her Subjects to denote Sovereign good Cheer, when she said to her Tabachins, A Panacea; just as Lucullus us'd to say, In Apollo, when he design'd to give his Friends a singular Treat, tho' sometimes they took him at unawares, as among the rest, Cicero and Hortensius sometimes us'd to do.

CHAPTER XXI

HOW THE QUEEN PASS'D HER TIME AFTER DINNER

WHEN we had din'd, a Chachanin led us into the Queen's Hall, and there we saw how, after Dinner, with the Ladies and Princes of her Court, she used to sift, searse, boult, range, and pass away Time, with a fine large white and blue Silk Sieve. We also perceive'd how they reviv'd Ancient Sports, diverting themelves together at

1. Cordax.
2. Emmelia.
3. Sicinnis.
4. Iambics.
5. Persica.
6. Phrygia.
7. Thracia.
8. Calibrismes.
9. Molossia.
10. Cernophorum.
11. Monodia.
12. Terminalia.
13. Floralia.
14. Pyrrhice.

And a thousand other Dances.

Afterwards she gave Orders that they should show us the Apartments and Curiosities in her Palace; accordingly we saw there such new strange and wonderful things, that I am still ravish'd in Admiration every time I think of 't. However, nothing surpriz'd us more than what was done by the Gentlemen of her Houshold, Abstractors, Pazarons, Nebidins, Spodizators, and others, who freely and without the least dissembling, told us, That the Queen their Mistress did all impossible things, and cur'd Men of incurable Diseases; and they, her Officers, us'd to do the rest.

I saw there a young Parazon cure many of the new Consumption, I mean the Pox, tho' they were never so pepper'd; had it been the rankest Roan-Ague (Anglicè,

the Covent-garden Gout) 'twas all one to him, touching only their Dentiform Vertebra thrice with a piece of a Wooden-shooe, he made them as wholesome as so many Sucking-Pigs.

Another did throughly cure Folks of Dropsies, Tympanies, Ascites, and Hyposarcidies, striking them on the Belly nine times with a Tenedian Satchel, without any Solution of the Continuum.

Another cur'd all manner of Fevers and Agues, on the spot, only with hanging a Fox-tail on the left-side of the Patient's Girdle.

One remov'd the Tooth-ach only with washing the Root of the aking Tooth with Elder-Vinegar, and letting it dry half an Hour in the Sun.

Another, the Gout, whether hot or cold, natural or accidental, barely making the Gouty-Person shut his mouth, and open his Eyes.

I saw another ease nine good Gentlemen of St. Francis' Distemper, in a very short space of time, having clapt a Rope about their Necks, at the end of which hang'd a Box with ten thousand Gold Crowns in 't.

One with a wonderful Engine, throw'd the Houses out at the Windows, by which means they were purg'd of all Pestilential Air.

Another cur'd of all the three kinds of Hectics, the Tabid, Atrophes, and Emaciated, without bathing, Tabian Milk, Dropax, *alias* Depilatory, or other such Medicaments: Only turning the Consumptive for three Months into Monks; and he assur'd me, that if they did not grow fat and plump in a Monastick way of living, they never would be fatten'd in this World, either by Nature, or by Art.

I saw another surrounded with a Croud of two sorts of Women; some were young, quaint, clever, neat, pretty,

juicy, tight, brisk, buxom, proper, kind-hearted, and as right as my Leg, to any Man's thinking. The rest were old, weather-beaten, over-ridden, toothless, blear-ey'd, tough, wrinkled, shrivell'd, tawny, mouldy, ptysicky, decrepit Hags, Beldams, and walking Carcasses. We were told that his Office was to cast anew those She-pieces of Antiquity, and make them such as the pretty Creatures whom we saw, who had been made young again that Day, recovering at once the Beauty, Shape, Size, and Disposition, which they enjoy'd at Sixteen, except their Heels that were now much shorter than in their former Youth.

This made them yet more apt to fall backwards when ever any Man happen'd to touch 'em, than they had been before. As for their Counterparts, the old Mother-scratch-tobies, they most devoutly waited for the blessed Hour, when the Batch that was in the Oven was to be drawn, that they might have their turns, and in a mighty haste they were pulling and hawling the Man like mad, telling him, that 'tis the most grievous and intolerable thing in Nature, for the Tail to be o' fire, and the Head to scare away those who should quench it.

The Officer had his hands full, never wanting Patients; neither did his Place bring him in little, you may swear. Pantagruel ask'd him, whether he could also make old Men young again? He said, he could not. But the way to make them new Men, was to get 'em to cohabit with a new-cast Female; for thus they caught that fifth kind of Crinckams, which some call *Pellade*; in Greek, Ὀφίασις; that makes them cast off their old Hair and Skin, just as the Serpents do; and thus their Youth is renew'd like the Arabian Phœnix's. This is the true Fountain of Youth, for there the Old and Decrepit become Young, Active and Lusty.

Just so, as Euripides tell us, Iolaus was transmogrifi'd; and thus Phaon, for whom kind-hearted Sappho run wild, grew young again for Venus's use; so Tithon by Aurora's means; so Æson by Medea, and Jason also, who, if you'll believe Pherecydes, and Simonides, was new-vamped and died by that Witch; and so were the Nurses of Jolly Bacchus, and their Husbands, as Æschylus relates.

CHAPTER XXII

HOW QUEEN WHIM'S OFFICERS WERE EMPLOY'D; AND HOW THE SAID LADY RETAIN'D US AMONG HER ABSTRACTORS

I THEN saw a great number of the Queen's Officers, who made Black-a-moors white, as fast as Hops, just rubbing their Bellies with the Bottom of a Pannier.

Others with three Couples of Foxes in one Yoke, plow'd a Sandy-shoar, and did not lose their Seed.

Others wash'd burnt Tiles, and made them lose their Colour.

Others extracted Water out of Pumice-Stones, braying them a good while in a Mortar, and chang'd their substance.

Others sheer'd Asses, and thus got Long-fleece-wooll.

Others gather'd Barberries and Figs off of Thistles.

Others stroak'd He-goats by the Dugs, and sav'd their Milk in a Sieve; and much they got by it.

Others taught Cows to dance, and did not lose their fidling.

Others pitch'd Nets to catch the Wind, and took Cock-lobsters in them.

I saw a young Spodizator, who very artificially got

Farts out of a dead Ass, and sold 'em for five Pence an Ell.

Another did putrifie Beetles. O the dainty Food!

Poor Panurge fairly casted up his Accompts, and gave up his Half-penny, (*i.e.* vomited) seeing an Archasdarpenin, who laid a huge plenty of Chamberlee to putrifie in Horse-dung, mish-mash'd with abundance of Christian Sir Reverence; pugh, fie upon him, nasty Dog. However, he told us, that with this sacred Distillation, he water'd Kings and Princes, and made their sweet Lives a Fathom or two the longer.

Others built Churches to jump over the Steeples.

Others set Carts before the Horses, and began to flay Eels at the Tail; neither did those Eels cry before they were hurt, like those of Melun.

Others out of nothing made great things, and made great things to return to nothing.

Others cut Fire into Stakes with a Knife, and drew Water with a Fish-net.

Others made Chalk of Cheese, and Honey of a Dog's T—d.

We saw a knot of others, about a Baker's dozen in Number, tippling under an Arbour. They top'd out of jolly bottomless Cups, four sorts of cool, sparkling, pure delicious Vine-tree Syrup, which went down like Mother's Milk; and Healths and Bumpers flew about like Lightning. We were told, that these true Philosophers were fairly multiplying the Stars by drinking till the Seven were Fourteen, as brawny Hercules did with Atlas.

Others made a Virtue of Necessity, and the best of a bad Market, which seem'd to me a very good piece of Work.

Others made Alchymy (*i.e.* Sir reverence) with their Teeth, and clapping their hind-retort to the Recipient, made scurvy Faces, and then squeez'd.

Others in a large Grass-plat, exactly measur'd how far the Fleas could go at a Hop, a Step, and Jump; and told us, that this was exceeding useful for the Ruling of Kingdoms, the Conduct of Armies, and the Administration of Commonwealths. And that Socrates, who first had got Philosophy out of Heaven, and from idle and trifling, made it profitable and of moment, us'd to spend half his Philosophizing time in measuring the leaps of Fleas, as Aristophanes, the Quintessential, affirms.

I saw two Gibroins by themselves, keeping Watch on the top of a Tower; and we were told, they guarded the Moon from the Wolves.

In a blind Corner, I met four more very hot at it, and ready to go to Logger-heads. I ask'd what was the cause of the stir and ado, the mighty coil and pother they made? And I heard that for four live-long-days, those over-wise Roisters had been at it ding-dong, disputing on three high, more than Metaphysical Propositions, promising themselves Mountains of Gold by solving them: The first was concerning a He-Asse's Shadow: The second, of the Smoke of a Lanthorn: And the third, of Goat's Hair, whether it were Wool or no? We heard that they did not think it a bit strange, that two Contradictions in Mode, Form, Figure, and Time, should be true. Tho' I'll warrant the Sophists of Paris had rather be unchrist'ned than own so much.

While we were admiring all those Men's wonderful doings, the Evening Star already twinkling; the Queen (God bless her) appear'd attended with her Court, and again amaz'd and dazled us. She perceiv'd it, and said to us;

What occasions the Aberrations of humane Cogitations through the perplexing Labyrinths and Abysses of Admiration, is not the Source of the Effects, which sagacious

Mortals visibly experience to be the consequential Result of Natural Causes; 'Tis the Novelty of the Experiment, which makes Impressions on their conceptive, cogitative Faculties, that do not previse the facility of the Operation adequately, with a subact and sedate Intellection, associated with diligent and congruous Study. Consequently, let all manner of Perturbation abdicate the Ventricles of your Brains, if any one has invaded them while you were contemplating what is transacted by my Domestick Ministers. Be Spectators and Auditors of every particular Phænomenon, and every individual Proposition, within the extent of my Mansion, satiate your selves with all that can fall here under the Consideration of your visual or Auscultating Powers, and thus emancipate your selves from the Servitude of Crassous Ignorance. And that you may be induc'd to apprehend how sincerely I desire this, in consideration of the studious Cupidity, that so demonstratively emicates at your external Organs, from this present Particle of Time, I retain you as my Abstractors. Geber, my Principal Talachin, shall Register and Initiate you at your Departing. We humbly thank'd her Queenship, without saying a word, accepting of the Noble Office she conferr'd on us.

CHAPTER XXIII

HOW THE QUEEN WAS SERV'D AT DINNER, AND OF HER WAY OF EATING

Queen Whims after this, said to her Gentlemen, The Orifice of the Ventricule, that Ordinary Embassador for the Alimentation of all Members, whether Superior or Inferior, Importunes us to restore by the Apposition of

Idoneous Sustenance, what was dissipated by the internal Calidity's Action on the Radical Humidity. Therefore Spodizators, Gesinins, Memains, and Arazons, be not culpable of Dilatory Protractions in the Apposition of every re-roborating Species, but rather let 'em pullulate and super-abound on the Tables. As for you, Nobilissim Prægustators, and my Gentilissim Masticators, your frequently experimented Industry internected with per-diligent Sedulity, and sedulous Perdiligence, continually adjuvates you to perficiate all things in so expeditious a manner that there is no necessity of exciting in you a Cupidity to consummate them. Therefore I can only suggest to you still to operate, as you are assuefacted indefatigably to operate.

Having made this fine Speech, she retir'd for a while with part of her Women, and we were told, that 'twas to bathe, as the Ancients did, more commonly than we use now-a-days to wash our Hands before we eat. The Tables were soon plac'd, the Cloth spread, and then the Queen sate down; she eat nothing but Cœlestial Ambrosia, and drank nothing but Divine Nectar: As for the Lords and Ladies that were there, they as well as we, far'd on as rare, costly, and dainty Dishes, as ever Apicius wot or dream'd of in his Life.

When we were as round as Hoops, and as full as Eggs, with stuffing the Gut, an *Olla Podrida* was before us, to force Hunger to come to terms with us, in case it had not granted us a Truce; and such a huge vast thing it was, that the Plate which Pythius Althius gave King Darius, would hardly have cover'd it. The Olla consisted of several sorts of Pottages, Salads, Fricasees, Saugrenees, Cabirotadoes, Rost and Boil'd-meat, Carbonadoes, swindging pieces of Powder'd-beef, good old Hams, dainty Somates, Cakes, Tarts, a world of Curds after

the Morisk-way, fresh Cheese, Gellies, and Fruits of all sorts. All this seem'd to me good and dainty; however the sight of it made me sigh; for alas, I could not taste a bit on 't; so full I had fill'd my Puddings before, and a Belliful's a Belliful you know. Yet I must tell you what I saw, that seem'd to me odd enough o' Conscience; 'twas some Pasties in Paste; and what should those Pasties in Paste be, d'ye think, but Pasties in Pots? At the bottom I perceiv'd store of Dice, Cards, Tarots, Luettes, Chess-men, and Chequers, besides full Bowles of Gold Crowns, for those who had a mind to have a Game or two, and try their Chance. Under this, I saw a Jolly Company of Mules in stately Trappings, with Velvet foot-cloths, and a Troop of Ambling Nags, some for Men, and some for Women; besides, I don't know how many Litters all lin'd with Velvet, and some Coaches of Ferrara-make; all this for those who had a mind to take the Air.

This did not seem strange to me; but if any thing did, 'twas certainly the Queen's way of eating; and truly 'twas very new, and very odd, for she chew'd nothing, the good Lady; not but that she had good sound Teeth, and her Meat requir'd to be masticated; but such was her Highness's Custom. When her Prægustators had tasted the Meat, her Masticators took it and chew'd it most nobly; for their dainty Chops and Gullets were lin'd through with Crimson Sattin with little Welts, and Gold Purls, and their Teeth were of delicate white Ivory; thus, when they had chew'd the Meat ready for her Highness's Maw, they pour'd it down her Throat through a Funnel of fine Gold, and so on to her Craw. For that reason, they told us, she never visited a Close-stool but by Proxy.

CHAPTER XXIV

HOW THERE WAS A BALL IN THE MANNER OF A TOURNAMENT, AT WHICH QUEEN WHIMS WAS PRESENT

After Supper, there was a Ball in the form of a Tilt or Tournament, not only worth seeing, but also never to be forgotten. First, the Floor of the Hall was cover'd with a large piece of Velveted white and yellow chequer'd Tapistry, each Chequer exactly square, and three full spans in breadth.

Then thirty two young Persons came into the Hall; sixteen of them array'd in Cloth of Gold; and of these, eight were young Nymphs, such as the Ancients describ'd Diana's Attendants; the other eight were, a King, a Queen, two Wardens of the Castle, two Knights, and two Archers. Those of the other Band were clad in Cloth of Silver.

They posted themselves on the Tap'stry in the following manner: The Kings on the last Line on the fourth Square, so that the Golden King was on a White Square, the Silver'd King on a Yellow Square, and each Queen by her King; the Golden Queen on a Yellow Square, and the Silver'd Queen on a White one, and on each side stood the Archers to guard their Kings and Queens; by the Archers the Knights, and the Wardens by them. In the next Row before 'em stood the eight Nymphs; and between the two Bands of Nymphs, four Rows of Squares stood empty.

Each Band had its Musicians, eight on each side dress'd in its Livery; the one with Orange-colour'd Damask, the other with White, and all play'd on different

Instruments most melodiously and harmoniously, still varying in Time and Measure as the Figure of the Dance requir'd. This seem'd to me an admirable thing, considering the numerous diversity of Steps, Back-steps, Bounds, Rebounds, Jerts, Paces, Leaps, Skips, Turns, *Coupés*, Hops, Leadings, Risings, Meetings, Flights, Embuscado's, Moves, and Removes.

I was also at a loss, when I strove to comprehend how the Dancers could so suddenly know what every different Note meant; for they no sooner heard this or that Sound but they plac'd themselves in the Place which was denoted by the Musick, tho' their Motions were all different. For the Nymphs that stood in the first File, as if they design'd to begin the Fight, march'd straight forwards to their Enemies from Square to Square, unless it were the first step, at which they were free to move over two steps at once. They alone never fall back, (which is not very natural to other Nymphs) and if any one of them is so lucky as to advance to the opposite King's Row, she is immediately crown'd Queen of her King, and after that, moves with the same State, and in the same manner as the Queen; but till that happens, they never strike their Enemies but forwards, and obliquely in a diagonal Line. However, they make it not their chief business to take their Foes; for if they did, they would leave their Queen expos'd to the adverse Parties, who then might take her.

The Kings move and take their Enemies on all sides square-ways, and *only* step from a white Square into a yellow one, and *vice versa*, except at their first step the Rank should want other Officers than the Wardens; for then they can set 'em in their place, and retire by him.

The Queens take a greater Liberty than any of the rest, for they move backwards and forwards, all manner

of ways in a straight line, as far as they please, provided the place be not fill'd with one of her own Party, and diagonally also keeping to the Colour on which she stands.

The Archers move backwards or forwards, far and near, never changing the Colour on which they stand.

The Knights move, and take in a lineal manner, stepping over one Square, tho' a Friend or a Foe stand upon it, posting themselves on the second Square to the right or left, from one Colour to another, which is very unwelcome to the adverse Party, and ought to be carefully observ'd, for they take at unawares.

The Wardens move, and take to the right or left, before or behind them, like the Kings, and can advance as far as they find Places empty; which liberty the Kings take not.

The Laws which both Sides observe, is at the end of the Fight, to besiege and enclose the King of either Party, so that he may not be able to move; and being reduc'd to that extremity, the Battle is over, and he loses the Day.

Now to avoid this, there is none of either Sex of each Party, but is willing to sacrifice his or her Life, and they begin to take one another on all sides in time, as soon as the Musick strikes up. When any one takes a Prisoner, he makes his Honours, and striking him gently in the hand, puts him out of the Field of Combat, and encamps where he stood.

If one of the Kings chance to stand where he might be taken, it is not lawful for any of his Adversaries that had discover'd him, to lay hold on him; far from it, they are strictly enjoin'd humbly to pay him their Respects, and give him notice, saying, God preserve you, Sir; that his Officers may relieve and cover him; or he may remove, if unhappily he could not be reliev'd. However,

he is not to be taken, but greeted with a Good-morrow, the others bending the Knee; and thus the Tournament uses to end.

CHAPTER XXV

HOW THE THIRTY TWO PERSONS AT THE BALL FOUGHT

THE two Companies having taken their Stations, the Musick struck up, and with a Martial-sound, which had something of horrid in it like a Point of War, rouz'd and allarm'd both Parties, who now began to shiver, and then soon were warm'd with warlike Rage; and having got in a readiness to fight desperately, impatient of delay, stood waiting for the Charge.

Then the Musick of the Silver'd Band ceas'd playing, and the Instruments of the Golden-side alone were heard, which denoted that the Golden-party attack'd. Accordingly a new Movement was play'd for the Onset, and we saw the Nymph, who stood before the Queen, turn to the left towards her King, as it were to ask leave to fight; and thus saluting her Company at the same time, she mov'd two Squares forwards, and saluted the adverse Party.

Now the Musick of the Golden Brigade ceas'd playing, and their Antagonists began again. I ought to have told you, That the Nymph, who began by saluting her Company, had by that Formality also given them to understand that they were to fall on. She was saluted by them in the same manner with a full turn to the left, except the Queen, who went aside towards her King to the right; and the same manner of Salutation was observed on both sides during the whole Ball.

The Silver'd Nymph that stood before her Queen likewise mov'd, as soon as the Musick of her Party sounded a Charge; her Salutations, and those of her side, were to the right, and her Queen's to the left. She mov'd into the second Square forwards, and saluted her Antagonists, facing the first Golden Nymph, so that there was not any distance between them, and you would have thought they two had been going to fight, but they only strike side-ways.

Their Comrades, whether Silver'd or Golden, follow'd 'em in an intercalary Figure, and seem'd to skirmish awhile, till the Golden Nymph, who had first enter'd the List, striking a Silver'd Nymph in the hand on the right, put her out of the Field, and set her self in her place. But soon the Musick playing a new Measure, she was struck by a Silver'd Archer, who after that, was oblig'd himself to retire. A Silver'd Knight then sally'd out, and the Golden Queen posted her self before her King.

Then the Silver'd King, dreading the Golden Queen's Fury, remov'd to the right, to the Place where his Warden stood, which seem'd to him strong and well guarded.

The two Knights on the left, whether Golden or Silver'd, march'd up, and on either side took up many Nymphs, who could not retreat, principally the Golden Knight, who made this his whole business: But the Silver'd Knight had greater Designs, dissembling all along, and even sometimes not taking a Nymph when he could have done it, still moving on till he was come up to the main Body of his Enemies, in such a manner, that he saluted their King with a, God save you, Sir.

The whole Golden Brigade quak'd for fear and anger, those words giving notice of their King's danger; not but that they could soon relieve him, but because their

King being thus saluted, they were to lose their Warden on the Right-wing, without any hopes of a recovery. Then the Golden King retir'd to the Left, and the Silver'd Knight took the Golden Warden, which was a mighty Loss to that Party. However, they resolv'd to be reveng'd, and surrounded the Knight that he might not escape; he try'd to get off, behaving himself with a great deal of gallantry, and his Friends did what they cou'd to save him, but at last he fell into the Golden Queen's hands, and was carried off.

Her forces not yet satisfied, having lost one of their best Men, with more Fury than Conduct mov'd about, and did much mischief among their Enemies. The Silver'd Party warily dissembled, watching their opportunity to be even with them, and presented one of their Nymphs to the Golden Queen, having laid an Ambuscado; so that the Nymph being taken, a Golden Archer had like to have seiz'd the Silver'd Queen. Then the Golden Knight undertakes to take the Silver'd King and Queen, and says, Good-morrow. The Silver'd Archer salutes them, and was taken by a Golden Nymph, and she herself by a Silver'd one.

The Fight was obstinate and sharp: The Wardens left their Posts, and advanc'd to relieve their Friends. The Battle was doubtful, and Victory hover'd over both Armies. Now the Silver Host charge and break through their Enemy's Ranks, as far as the Golden King's Tent, and now they are beaten back. The Golden Queen distinguishes her self from the rest by her mighty atchievements, still more than by her Garb and Dignity; for at once she takes an Archer, and going side-ways, seizes a Silver'd Warden. Which thing the Silver'd Queen perceiving, she came forwards, and rushing on with equal Bravery, takes the last Golden Warden, and some

Nymphs. The two Queens fought a long while hand to hand; now striving to take each other by Surprize, then to save themselves, and sometimes to guard their Kings. Finally, the Golden Queen took the Silver'd Queen; but presently after, she her self was taken by the Silver'd Archer.

Then the Silver'd King had only three Nymphs, an Archer and a Warden left; and the Golden, only three Nymphs and the right Knight, which made them fight more slowly and warily than before. The two Kings seem'd to mourn for the Loss of their loving Queens, and only studied and endeavour'd to get new ones out of all their Nymphs, to be rais'd to that Dignity, and thus be married to them. This made them excite those brave Nymphs to strive to reach the farthest Rank, where stood the King of the contrary Party, promising them certainly to have them Crown'd, if they could do this. The Golden Nymphs were before-hand with the others, and out of their number was created a Queen, who was dress'd in Royal Robes, and had a Crown set on her Head. You need not doubt, the Silver'd Nymphs made also what haste they could to be Queens; one of them was within a step of the Coronation Place; but there the Golden Knight lay ready to intercept her, so that she could go no farther.

The new Golden Queen resolv'd to shew her self valiant and worthy of her Advancement to the Crown, atchiev'd great Feats of Arms. But in the mean time, the Silver'd Warden takes the Golden Knight who guarded the Camp; and thus there was a new Silver'd Queen, who, like the other, strove to excel in Heroic Deeds at the beginning of her Reign. Thus the Fight grew hotter than before. A thousand Stratagems, Charges, Rallyings, Retreats and Attacks were try'd on

both sides; till at last the Silver'd Queen, having by stealth advanc'd as far as the Golden King's Tent, cry'd, God save you, Sir. Now none but his new Queen could relieve him; so she bravely came and expos'd herself to the utmost Extremity to deliver him out of it. Then the Silver'd Warden with his Queen, reduc'd the Golden King to such a stress, that to save himself, he was forc'd to lose his Queen; but the Golden King took him at last. However, the rest of the Golden Party were soon taken; and that King being left alone, the Silver'd Party made him a low Bow, crying, Good-morrow, Sir; which denoted that the Silver'd King had got the Day.

This being heard, the Musick of both Parties loudly proclaim'd the Victory. And thus the first Battle ended, to the unspeakable Joy of all the Spectators.

After this the two Brigades took their former Stations, and began to tilt a second time, much as they had done before; only the Musick play'd somewhat faster than at the first Battle, and the Motions were altogether different. I saw the Golden Queen sally out one of the first, with an Archer and a Knight, as it were angry at the former Defeat, and she had lik'd to have fallen upon the Silver'd King in his Tent among his Officers; but having been baulk'd in her Attempt, she skirmish'd briskly, and overthrew so many Silver'd Nymphs and Officers, that it was a most amazing sight. You wou'd have sworn she had been another Penthesilea; for she behav'd her self with as much Bravery as that Amazonian Queen did at Troy.

But this Havock did not last long; for the Silver'd Party, exasperated by their Loss, resolv'd to perish, or stop her Progress; and having posted an Archer in Ambuscado on a distant Angle, together with a Knight-

Errant, her Highness fell into their hands, and was carried out of the Field. The rest were soon routed, after the taking of their Queen, who without doubt, from that time resolv'd to be more wary, and keep near her King, without venturing so far amidst her Enemies, unless with more Forces to defend her. Thus the Silver'd Brigade once more got the Victory.

This did not dishearten or deject the Golden Party; far from it, they soon appear'd again in the Field to face their Enemies; and being posted as before, both the Armies seem'd more resolute and chearful than ever. Now the martial Consort began, and the Music was above a Hemiole the quicker, according to the Warlike Phrygian Mode, such as was invented by Marsyas.

Then our Combatants began to wheel about and charge with such a swiftness, that in an instant they made four moves, besides the usual Salutation. So that they were continually in Action, flying, hovering, jumping, vaulting, tumbling, curveting, with petauristical Turns and Motions, and often intermingled.

Seeing them turn about on one Foot after they had made their Honours, we compar'd them to your Tops or Gigs, such as Boys use to whip about, making them turn round so swiftly, that they Sleep, as they call it, and Motion cannot be perceiv'd, but resembles Rest its contrary: So that if you make a Point or Mark on some part of one of those Gigs, 'twill be perceiv'd not as a Point, but as a continual Line, in a most divine manner, as Cusanus has wisely observ'd.

While they were thus warmly engag'd, we heard continually the Claps and Episemasies which those of the two Bands reiterated at the taking of their Enemies; and this, join'd to the variety of their Motions and Musick, would have forc'd Smiles out of the most severe

Cato, the never-laughing Crassus, the Athenian Man-hater Timon; nay, even the whining Heraclitus, tho' he abhorr'd Laughing, the Action that's most peculiar to Man. For who could have forborn? seeing those young Warriers, with their Nymphs and Queens, so briskly and gracefully advance, retire, jump, leap, skip, spring, fly, vault, caper, move to the Right, to the Left, every way still in Time, so swiftly, and yet so dexterously, that they never touch'd one another but methodically.

As the number of the Combatants lessen'd, the Pleasure of the Spectators encreas'd; for the Stratagems and Motions of the remaining Forces were more singular. I shall only add, that this pleasing Entertainment charm'd us to such a degree, that our Minds were ravish'd with Admiration and Delight; and the martial Harmony mov'd our Souls so powerfully, that we easily believ'd what is said of Ismenias's having excited Alexander to rise from Table and run to his Arms with such a warlike Melody. At last the Golden King remained Master of the Field: And, while we were minding those Dances, Queen Whims vanish'd, so that we saw her no more from that day to this.

Then Geber's Michelots conducted us, and we were set down among her Abstractors, as her Queenship had commanded. After that, we return'd to the Port of Mateotechny, and thence strait o' board our Ships; For the Wind was fair, and had we not hoisted Sail out o' hand, we could hardly have got off in three quarters of a Moon in the Wain.

CHAPTER XXVI

HOW WE CAME TO THE ISLAND OF ODES, WHERE THE WAYS GO UP AND DOWN

We sail'd before the Wind, between a pair of Courses, and in two days made the Island of Odes; at which place we saw a very strange thing. The Ways there are Animals; so true is Aristotle's Saying, that all self-moving things are Animals. Now the Ways walk there; *Ergo*, They are then Animals: Some of them are strange unknown Ways, like those of the Planets; others are High-ways, Cross-ways, and Bye-ways. I perceiv'd that the Travellers and Inhabitants of that Country ask'd whither do's this Way go? Whither do's that Way go? Some answer'd, Between Midy and Feurolles, to the Parish-Church, to the City, to the River, and so forth. Being thus in their right Way, they us'd to reach their Journeys end without any further trouble, just like those who go by Water from Lyons to Avignon or Arles.

Now, as you know that nothing is perfect here below, we heard there was a sort of People whom they call'd Highway-men, Way-beaters, and Makers of Inroads in Roads; and that the poor Ways were sadly afraid of them, and shunn'd them as you do Robbers. For these us'd to waylay them, as People lay Trains for Wolves, and set Ginns for Woodcocks. I saw one who was taken up with a Lord-Chief-Justice's Warrant, for having unjustly and in spight of Pallas taken the School-way, which is the longest. Another boasted that he had fairly taken his shortest, and that doing so, he first compass'd his Design. Thus Carpalin, meeting once Episte-

mon looking upon a Wall with his Fiddle-diddle, or live Urinal, in his Hand, to make a little Maid's Water, cry'd, that he did not wonder now how the other came to be still the first at Pantagruel's Lever, since he held his shortest, and least us'd.

I found Bourges High-way among these. It went with the deliberation of an Abbot, but was made to scamper at the approach of some Waggoners, who threatned to have it trampled under their Horses Feet, and make their Waggons run over it, as Tullia's Chariot did over her Father's Body.

I also spy'd there the old Way between Peronne and St. Quentin, which seem'd to me a very good, honest, plain way, as smooth as a Carpet, and as good as ever was trod upon by Shoe of Leather.

Among the Rocks I knew again the good old Way to la Ferrare, mounted on a huge Bear. This at a distance would have put me in mind of St. Jerome's Picture, had but the Bear been a Lyon; for the poor Way was all mortified, and wore a long hoary Beard uncomb'd and entangl'd, which look'd like the Picture of Winter, or at least like a white-frosted Bush.

On that Way were store of Beads or Rosaries, coarsely made of wild Pine-tree; and it seem'd kneeling, not standing, nor lying flat; but its sides and middle were beaten with huge Stones; insomuch, that it prov'd to us at once an Object of Fear and Pity.

While we were examining it, a Runner Batchelour of the Place took us aside, and shewing us a white smooth Way, somewhat fill'd with Straw, said, Henceforth, Gentlemen, do not reject the Opinion of Thales the Milesian, who said that Water is the beginning of all things, nor that of Homer, who tells us, that all things derive their Original from the Ocean: For, this same

Way which you see here, had its beginning from Water, and is to return whence she came before two Months come to an end; now Carts are driven here where Boats us'd to be row'd.

Truly, said Pantagruel, you tell us no News, we see five hundred such Changes and more every Year in our World. Then reflecting on the different manner of going of those moving Ways; he told us, he believ'd that Philolaus and Aristarchus had Philosophis'd in this Island, and that some indeed were of Opinion, the Earth turns round about its Poles, and not the Heavens, whatever we may think to the contrary; as when we are on the River Loire, we think the Trees and the Shoar moves, tho' this is only an effect of our Boat's motion.

As we went back to our Ships, we saw three Way-Layers, who having been taken in Ambuscado, were going to be broken on the Wheel; and a huge Fornicator was burn'd with a lingring Fire for beating a Way, and breaking one of its sides: we were told it was the Way of the Banks of the Nile in Egypt.

CHAPTER XXVII

HOW WE CAME TO THE ISLAND OF SANDALS; AND OF THE ORDER OF SEMIQUAVER FRYARS

THENCE we went to the Island of Sandals, whose Inhabitants live on nothing but Ling Broth. However, we were very kindly receiv'd and entertain'd by Benius the Third, King of the Island; who, after he had made us drink, took us with him to show us a spick-and-span-new Monastery, which he had contriv'd for the Semiquaver Fryars; so he call'd the Religious Men whom

he had there. For he said, that on t' other side the Water liv'd Fryars, who stil'd themselves her sweet Ladyships most humble Servants. Item, the goodly Fryar-minors, who are Semibreves of Bulls; the smoak'd-herring Tribe of Minim Fryars; then the Crotchet Fryars. So that these Diminitives could be no more than Semiquavers. By the Statutes, Bulls, and Patents of Queen-Whims, they were all drest like so many House-Burners, except that as in Anjou, your Bricklayers use to quilt their Knees when they tile Houses, so these holy Fryars had usually quilted Bellies, and thick quilted Paunches were among them in much repute: Their Codpieces were cut Slipper fashion, and every Monk of them wore two; one sow'd before, and another behind, reporting that some certain dreadful Mysteries were duly represented by this duplicity of Codpieces.

They wore Shoes as round as Basons, in imitation of those who inhabit the sandy Sea. Their Chins were close shav'd, and their Feet Iron-shod; and to show they did not value Fortune, Benius made them shave and powl the hind part of their Poles, as bare as a Bird's Arse, from the Crown to the Shoulder-blades: But they had leave to let their Hair grow before, from the two triangular Bones in the upper part of the Skull.

Thus they did not value Fortune a Button, and cared no more for the Goods of this World, than you or I do for hanging. And to show how much they defi'd that blind Jilt, all of them wore, not in their Hands like her, but at their Waste, instead of Beads, Sharp-Razors, which they us'd to new grind twice a Day, and set thrice a Night.

Each of them had a round Ball on their Feet, because Fortune is said to have one under hers.

The Flap of their Cowls hang'd forwards, and not

backwards, like those of others; thus none could see their Noses, and they laugh'd without fear both at Fortune and the Fortunate, neither more nor less than our Ladies laugh at bare-fac'd Trulls, when they have those Mufflers on, which they call Masks, and which were formerly much more properly call'd Charity, because they cover a multitude of Sins.

The hind parts of their Faces were always uncover'd, as are our Faces, which made them either go with their Belly, or the Arse foremost, which they pleas'd. When their hind Face went forwards, you would have sworn this had been their Natural-gate; as well on account of their round Shoes, as of the double Codpiece, and their Face behind, which was as bare as the back of my Hand, and coarsely dawb'd over with two Eyes, and a Mouth, such as you see on some Indian Nuts. Now, if they offer'd to waddle along with their Bellies forwards, you would have thought they were then playing at Blind-man's Buff. May I never be hang'd, if 'twas not a Comical sight.

Their way of Living was thus; about Owl-light they charitably began to Boot and Spur one another: This being done, the least thing they did, was to Sleep and Snoar; and thus Sleeping, they had Barnacles on the Handles of their Faces, or Spectacles at most.

You may swear, we did not a little wonder at this odd Fancy; but they satisfied us presently, telling us, That the Day of Judgment is to take Mankind napping; therefore to shew they did not refuse to make their Personal Appearance, as Fortune's Darlings use to do, they were always thus Booted and Spurr'd, ready to mount when ever the Trumpet should sound.

At Noon, as soon as the Clock struck, they us'd to awake. You must know that their Clock-bell, Church-

bells, and Refectuary-bells, were all made according to the Pontial Device, that is, quilted with the finest Down, and their Clappers of Fox-tails.

Having then made shift to get up at Noon, they pull'd off their Boots, and those that wanted to speak with a Maid, *alias* piss, piss'd; those that wanted to Scumber, scumber'd; and those that wanted to Sneeze, sneez'd. But all, whether they would or no (poor Gentlemen!) were oblig'd largely and plentifully to Yawn, and this was their first Breakfast (O rigorous Statute!) Methought 'twas very comical to observe their Transactions; for, having laid their Boots and Spurs on a Rack, they went into the Cloysters; there they curiously wash'd their Hands and Mouths, then sat them down on a long Bench, and pick'd their Teeth till the Provost gave the Signal, whistling through his Fingers; then every He stretch'd out his Jaws as much as he could, and they gap'd and yawn'd for about half an Hour, sometimes more, sometimes less, according as the Prior judg'd the Breakfast to be suitable to the Day.

After that, they went in Procession; two Banners being carried before them, in one of which was the Picture of Virtue, and that of Fortune in the other. The last went before, carried by a Semiquavering-Fryar, at whose Heels was another with the Shadow or Image of Virtue in one Hand, and an Holy-water-sprinkle in the other; I mean of that Holy Mercurial-water, which Ovid describes in his *de fastis*. And as the preceding Semiquaver rang a Hand-bell, this shak'd the Sprinkle with his Fist. With that, says Pantagruel, This Order contradicts the Rule which Tully and the Academics prescrib'd, That Virtue ought to go before, and Fortune follow. But they told us, they did as they ought, seeing their Design was to breech, lash, and bethwack Fortune.

During the Processions they trill'd and quaver'd most melodiously betwixt their Teeth I don't know what Antiphones, or Chantings by turns: For my part, 'twas all Hebrew-Greek to me, the Devil a word I could pick out on 't; at last pricking up my Ears, and intensely listning, I perceiv'd they only sang with the Tip of theirs. O, what a rare Harmony it was! How well 'twas tun'd to the sound of their Bells! You'll never find these to jar, that you won't. Pantagruel made a notable Observation upon the Processions; for, says he, have you seen and observ'd the Policy of these Semi-quavers? To make an end of their Procession, they went out at one of the Church-doors, and came in at the other; they took a deal of care not to come in at the place whereat they went out. On my honour, these are a subtle sort of People, quoth Panurge, they have as much Wit as three Folks, Two Fools and a mad Man; they are as wise as the Calf that ran nine Miles to suck a Bull, and when he came there 'twas a Steer. This Subtilty and Wisdom of theirs, cry'd Fryar Jhon, is borrow'd from the Occult Philosophy, may I be gutted like an Oyster, if I can tell what to make on 't. Then the more 'tis to be fear'd, said Pantagruel; for Subtilty suspected, Subtilty foreseen, Subtilty found out, loses the Essence and very Name of Subtilty, and only gains that of Blockishness. They are not such Fools as you take them to be, they have more Tricks than are good, I doubt.

After the Procession, they went sluggingly into the Fratry Room by the way of walk and healthful Exercise, and there kneel'd under the Tables, leaning their Breasts on Lanterns. While they were in that Posture, in came a huge Sandal, with a Pitch-fork in his Hand, who us'd to baste, ribroast, swaddle, and swindge them well-

favour'dly, as they said, and in truth treated them after a fashion.. They began their Meal as you end yours, with Cheese and ended it with Mustard and Lettuce, as Martial tells us the Ancients did. Afterwards a Platter full of Mustard was brought before every one of them ; and thus they made good the Proverb, After Meal comes Mustard.

Their Diet was this :

O' Sundays they stuff'd their Puddings with Puddings, Chitterlings, Links, Bolonia-Saucidges, Forc'd-Meats, Liverings, Hogs-Haslets, young Quails, and Teals ; you must also always add Cheese for the first Course, and Mustard for the last.

O' Mondays, they were crammed with Pease and Pork, *cum commento*, and interlineary Glosses.

O' Tuesdays, they us'd to twist store of Holy-bread, Cakes, Buns, Puffs, Lenten-Loaves, Jumbals and Biscuits.

O' Wednesdays, my Gentlemen had fine Sheeps-Heads, Calves-Heads, and Brocks-Heads, of which there's no want in that Country.

O' Thursdays, they guzzled down seven sorts of Porridge, not forgetting Mustard.

O' Fridays, they munched nothing but Services or Sorb-apples ; neither were these full ripe, as I guess'd by their Complexion.

O' Saturdays, they gnaw'd Bones, not that they were poor or needy, for every Mother's Son of 'em had a very good fat Belly-Benefice.

As for their Drink, 'twas an Antifortunal, thus they call'd I don't know what sort of a Liquor of the Place.

When they wanted to eat or drink, they turn'd down the Back-points or Flaps of their Cowls forwards, below

their Chins, and that serv'd 'em instead of Gorgets or Slabberring-Bibs.

When they had well din'd, they pray'd rarely, all in Quavers and Shakes; and the rest of the Day, expecting the Day of Judgment, they were taken up with Acts of Charity. And particularly,

O' Sundays, Rubbers at Cuffs.

O' Mondays, lending each other Flirts and Fillups on the Nose.

O' Tuesdays, clapperclawing one another.

O' Wednesdays, sniting and fly-flapping.

O' Thursdays, worming and pumping.

O' Fridays, tickling.

O' Saturdays, jirking and firking one another.

Such was their Diet when they resided in the Convent, and if the Prior of the Monk-house sent any of them abroad, then they were strictly enjoin'd, neither to touch nor eat any manner of Fish, as long as they were on Sea or Rivers; and to abstain from all manner of Flesh whenever they were at Land, that every one might be convinc'd that while they enjoy'd the Object, they deni'd themselves the Power, and even the Desire, and were no more mov'd with it, than the Marpesian Rock.

All this was done with proper Antiphones, still sung and chanted by Ear, as we have already observed.

When the Sun went to bed, they fairly Booted and Spurr'd each other as before, and having clapt on their Barnicles, e'en jogg'd to bed too. At Midnight the Sandal came to them, and up they got, and having well whetted and set their Razors, and been a processioning, they clapt the Tables over themselves, and like Wire-drawers under their Work, fell to it as aforesaid.

Fryar Jhon des Entoumeures, having shrewdly observ'd these jolly Semiquaver-Fryars, and had a full account of

their Statutes, lost all Patience, and cry'd out aloud; Bounce Tail, and God ha' mercy Guts; if every Fool should wear a Bable, Fewel would be dear. A Plague rot it, we must know how many Farts go to an Ounce; would Priapus were here as he us'd to be at the nocturnal Festivals in Crete, that I might see him play backwards and wriggle and shake to the purpose. Ay, ay, this is the World, and t' other is the Country; may I never piss, if this be not an Antichthonian Land, and our very Antipodes. In Germany they pull down Monasteries and unfrockifie the Monks; here they go quite Kam, and act clean contrary to others, setting new ones up, against the hair.

CHAPTER XXVIII

HOW PANURGE ASK'D A SEMIQUAVER FRYAR MANY QUESTIONS, AND WAS ONLY ANSWER'D IN MONOSYLLABLES

PANURGE, who had since been wholly taken up with staring at these Royal Semiquavers, at last pull'd one of them by the Sleeve, who was as lean as a Rake, and ask'd him,

Hark'e me, Fryar Quaver, Semiquaver, Demisemiquavering Quaver, where's the Punk?

The Fryar pointing downwards, answer'd, There.

Pan. Pray have you many? *Fry.* Few. *Pan.* How many Scores have you? *Fry.* One. *Pan.* How many would you have? *Fry.* Five. *Pan.* Where do you hide 'em? *Fry.* Here. *Pan.* I suppose they are not all of one Age? but pray how is their Shape? *Fry.* Straight. *Pan.* Their Complexion? *Fry.* Clear. *Pan.* Their Hair? *Fry.* Fair. *Pan.* Their Eyes? *Fry.* Black.

Pan. Their Features? *Fry.* Good. *Pan.* Their Brows? *Fry.* Small. *Pan.* Their Graces? *Fry.* Ripe. *Pan.* Their Looks? *Fry.* Free. *Pan.* Their Feet? *Fry.* Flat. *Pan.* Their Heels? *Fry.* Short. *Pan.* Their lower parts? *Fry.* Rare. *Pan.* And their Arms? *Fry* Long. *Pan.* What do they wear on their Hands? *Fry.* Gloves. *Pan.* What sorts of Rings on their Fingers? *Fry.* Gold. *Pan.* What Rigging do you keep 'em in? *Fry.* Cloth. *Pan.* What sort of Cloth is it? *Fry.* New. *Pan.* What Colour? *Fry.* Sky. *Pan.* What kind of Cloth is it? *Fry.* Fine. *Pan.* What Caps do they wear? *Fry.* Blue. *Pan.* What the Colour of their Stockins? *Fry.* Red. *Pan.* What wear they on their Feet? *Fry.* Pumps. *Pan.* How do they use to be? *Fry.* Foul. *Pan.* How do they use to walk? *Fry.* Fast. *Pan.* Now let's talk of the Kitchen, I mean that of the Harlots, and without going hand over head, let's a little examine things by particulars. What is in their Kitchens? *Fry.* Fire. *Pan.* What Fuel feeds it? *Fry.* Wood. *Pan.* What sort of Wood is't? *Fry.* Dry. *Pan.* And of what kind of Trees? *Fry.* Yews. *Pan.* What are the Faggots and Brushes of? *Fry.* Holme. *Pan.* What Wood d'ye burn in your Chambers? *Fry.* Pine. *Pan.* And of what other Trees? *Fry.* Line. *Pan.* Harkee me, as for the Buttocks, I'll go your halves: Pray, how do you feed 'em? *Fry.* Well. *Pan.* First, what do they eat? *Fry.* Bread. *Pan.* Of what Complexion? *Fry.* White. *Pan.* And what else? *Fry.* Meat. *Pan.* How do they love it dress'd? *Fry.* Roast. *Pan.* What sort of Porridge? *Fry.* None. *Pan.* Are they for Pyes and Tarts? *Fry.* Much. *Pan.* There I'm their Man. Will Fish go down with them? *Fry.* Well. *Pan.* And what else? *Fry.* Eggs. *Pan.* How do they like 'em? *Fry.* Boil'd. *Pan.* And how must they be done? *Fry.*

Hard. *Pan.* Is this all they have? *Fry.* No. *Pan.* What have they besides then? *Fry.* Beef. *Pan.* And what else? *Fry.* Pork. *Pan.* And what more? *Fry.* Geese. *Pan.* What then? *Fry.* Ducks. *Pan.* And what besides? *Fry.* Cocks. *Pan.* What do they season their Meat with? *Fry.* Salt. *Pan.* What Sauce are the most Dainty for? *Fry.* Must. *Pan.* What's their last Course? *Fry.* Rice. *Pan.* And what else? *Fry.* Milk. *Pan.* What besides? *Fry.* Pease. *Pan.* What sort? *Fry.* Green. *Pan.* What do they boil 'em with? *Fry.* Pork. *Pan.* What Fruit do they eat? *Fry.* Good. *Pan.* How? *Fry.* Raw. *Pan.* What do they end with? *Fry.* Nuts. *Pan.* How do they drink? *Fry.* Neat. *Pan.* What Liquor? *Fry.* Wine. *Pan.* What sort? *Fry.* White. *Pan.* In Winter? *Fry.* Strong. *Pan.* In the Spring? *Fry.* Brisk. *Pan.* In Summer? *Fry.* Cool. *Pan.* In Autumn? *Fry.* New.

Buttock of a Monk! cry'd Fryar Jhon, how plump these plaguy Trulls, these arch Semiquavering Strumpets must be! That damn'd Cattle are so high fed, that they must needs be high metall'd, and ready to winse, and give two up's for one go-down, when any one offers to ride 'em below the Crupper.

Prithee, Fryar Jhon, quoth Panurge, hold thy prating Tongue; stay till I have done. Till what time do the Doxies sit up? *Fry.* Night. *Pan.* When do they get up? *Fry.* Late.

Pan. May I ride on a Horse that was foal'd of an Acorn, if this be not as honest a Cod as ever the Ground went upon, and as grave as an old Gatepost into the bargain. Wou'd to the blessed St. Semiquaver, and the blessed worthy Virgin St. Semiquaverera, he were Lord Chief President (Justice) of Paris. Odsbodikins, how he'd dispatch! with what Expedition would he bring Disputes

to an upshot! what an Abreviator and Clawer off of Law-suits, Reconciler of Differences, Examiner and Fumbler of Bags, Peruser of Bills, Scribler of Rough-drafts, and Ingrosser of Deeds, would he not make! Well, Fryar, spare your Breath to cool your Porridge: Come, let's now talk with Deliberation, fair and softly, as Lawyers go to Heaven. Let's know how you Victual the Venereal Camp. How is the Snatch-blatch? *Fry.* Rough. *Pan.* How is the Gateway? *Fry.* Free. *Pan.* And how'st within? *Fry.* Deep. *Pan.* I mean, What Weather is it there? *Fry.* Hot. *Pan.* What shadows the Brooks? *Fry.* Groves. *Pan.* Of what's the Colour of the Twigs? *Fry.* Red. *Pan.* And that of the Old? *Fry.* Gray. *Pan.* How are you when you shake? *Fry.* Brisk. *Pan.* How is their Motion? *Fry.* Quick. *Pan.* Would you have them Vault or Wriggle more? *Fry.* Less. *Pan.* What kind of Tools are yours? *Fry.* Big. *Pan.* And in their Helves? *Fry.* Round. *Pan.* Of what Colour's the Tip? *Fry.* Red. *Pan.* When they've been us'd, how are they? *Fry.* Shrunk. *Pan.* How much weighs each bag of Tools? *Fry.* Pounds. *Pan.* How hang your Pouches? *Fry.* Tight. *Pan.* How are they when you've done? *Fry.* Lank. *Pan.* Now by the Oath you have taken, tell me, when you have a mind to Cohabit, how you throw 'em? *Fry.* Down. *Pan.* And what do they say then? *Fry.* Fye. *Pan.* However, like Maids, they say Nay, and take it, and speak the less, but think the more; minding the work in hand, do they not? *Fry.* True. *Pan.* Do they get you bairns? *Fry.* None. *Pan.* How do you pig together? *Fry.* Bare. *Pan.* Remember you're upon your Oath, and tell me justly, and *bonâ fide*, how many times o' day you Monk it? *Fry.* Six. *Pan.* How many Bouts o' Night? *Fry.* Ten.

Cat so, quoth Fryar Jhon, the poor fornicating Brother's bashful, and sticks at Sixteen, as if that were his stint. Right, quoth Panurge, but could'st thou keep pace with him, Fryar Jhon, my dainty Cod? May the Devil's Dam suck my Teat, if he does not look as if he had got a Blow over the Nose with a Naples Cowlstaff.

Pan. Pray, Fryar Shakewell, does your whole Fraternity quaver and shake at that rate? *Fry.* All. *Pan.* Who of them is the best Cock of the Game? *Fry.* I. *Pan.* Do you never commit Dry Bobs, or Flashes in the Pan? *Fry.* None.

Pan. I blush like any black Dog, and could be as testy as an old Cook, when I think on all this; it passes my Understanding. But, pray, when you have been pumpt dry one day, what have you got the next?

Fry. More.

Pan. By Priapus, they have the Indian Herb, of which Theophrastus spoke, or I'm much out. But harkee me, thou Man of Brevity, should some Impediment honestly, or otherwise impair your Talents, and cause your Benevolence to lessen, how would it fare with you then? *Fry.* Ill. *Pan.* What would the Wenches do? *Fry.* Rail. *Pan.* What if you skipt, and let 'em fast a whole Day? *Fry.* Worse. *Pan.* What do you give 'em then? *Fry.* Thwacks. *Pan.* What do they say to this? *Fry.* Bawl. *Pan.* And what else? *Fry.* Curse. *Pan.* How do you correct 'em? *Fry.* Hard. *Pan.* What do you get out of 'em then? *Fry.* Blood. *Pan.* How's their Complexion then? *Fry.* Odd. *Pan.* What do they mend it with? *Fry.* Paint. *Pan.* Then, what do they do? *Fry.* Fawn. *Pan.* By the Oath you have taken, tell me truly, what time of the Year do you do it least in? *Fry.* Now.* *Pan.* What Season do you do it best in?

* August.

Fry. March. *Pan.* How is your Performance the rest of the Year? *Fry.* Brisk.

Then, quoth Panurge, sneering, Of all, and of all, commend me to Ball, this is the Fryar of the World, for my Money; you've heard how short, concise and compendious he is in his Answers? Nothing is to be got out of him but Monosyllables; by Jingo, I believe he wou'd make three bits of a Cherry.

Dam him, cry'd Fryar Jhon, that's as true as I am his Uncle; the Dog yelps at another-gat's rate when he is among his Bitches; there he is Polisyllable enough, my Life for yours: You talk of making three bits of a Cherry! God send Fools more Wit, and us more Money: May I be doom'd to fast a whole Day, if I don't verily believe he would not make above two Bits of a Shoulder of Mutton, and one Swoop of a whole Pottle of Wine: Zoons, do but see how down o' the mouth the Curr looks: He's nothing but Skin and Bones; he has piss'd his Tallow.

Truly, truly, quoth Epistemon, this Rascally Monastical Vermin, all over the World, mind nothing but their Gut, and are as ravenous as any Kites; and then forsooth, they tell us they've nothing but Food and Rayment in this World: 'Sdeath, what more have Kings and Princes?

CHAPTER XXIX

HOW EPISTEMON DISLIK'D THE INSTITUTION OF LENT

Pray did you observe, continu'd Epistemon, how this damn'd ill-favour'd Semiquaver mention'd March as the best Month for Catterwawling. True, said Pantagruel, yet Lent and March always go together; and the first

was instituted to macerate and bring down our pamper'd Flesh, to weaken and subdue its Lusts, and curb and asswage the Venereal Rage.

By this, said Epistemon, you may guess what kind of a Pope it was, who first enjoin'd it to be kept; since this filthy Wooden-shoo'd Semiquaver owns that his Spoon is never oftener or deeper in the Porringer of Letchery than in Lent; add to this, the evident Reasons given by all good and learned Physicians, affirming, That throughout the whole Year no Food is eaten, that can prompt Mankind to lascivious Acts, more than at that time.

As for Example; Beans, Pease, Phasels or Long-peason, Cices, Onions, Nuts, Oysters, Herrings, Salt-meats, Garum (a kind of Anchovies,) and Salads, wholly made up of Venereous Herbs and Fruits, as,

Rocket,	Parsley,	Hop-buds,
Nose-smart,	Rampions,	Figs,
Taragon,	Poppy,	Rice,
Cresses,	Sellery,	Raisins, and others.

'Twould not a little surprize you, said Pantagruel, should a Man tell you, that the good Pope, who first order'd the keeping of Lent, perceiving that at that time o' Year the Natural Heat (from the Centre of the Body, whither it was retired, during the Winter's Cold) diffuses itself as the Sap does in Trees, through the Circumference of the Members, did therefore in a manner prescribe that sort of Diet to forward the Propagation of Mankind. What makes me think so is, that by the Registers of Christnings at Touars, it appears that more Children are born in October and November, than in the other ten Months of the Year; and reckoning backwards, 'twill be easily found that they were all made, conceiv'd, and begotten in Lent.

I listen to you with both my Ears, quoth Fryar Jhon,

and that with no small pleasure, I'll assure you. But I must tell you, that the Vicar of Jambée ascrib'd this copious Prolification of the Women, not to that sort of Food that we chiefly eat in Lent, but to the little licens'd stooping Mumpers, your little booted Lent-Preachers, your little draggle-tail'd Father Confessors; who, during all that time of their Reign, damn all Husbands, that run astray, three Fathom and a half below the very lowest Pit of Hell. So the silly Cods-headed Brothers of the Noose, dare not then stumble any more at the Truckle-bed, to the no small discomfort of their Maids, and are e'en forc'd, poor Souls! to take up with their own bodily Wives. *Dixi*, I have done.

You may descant on the Institution of Lent as much as you please, cry'd Epistemon; So many Men, so many Minds: But certainly all the Physicians will be against its being suppress'd, tho' I think that time is at hand, I know they will, and have heard 'em say, Were it not for Lent, their Art would soon fall into contempt, and they'd get nothing, for hardly any body wou'd be sick.

All Distempers are sow'd in Lent; 'tis the true Seminary and native Bed of all Diseases; nor do's it only weaken and putrifie Bodies, but it also makes Souls mad and uneasie; for then the Devils do their best, and drive a subtle Trade, and the Tribe of canting Dissemblers come out of their holes. 'Tis then Term-time with your cucullated Pieces of Formality, that have one Face to God, and another to the Devil; and a wretched clutter they make with their Sessions, Stations, Pardons, Syntereses, Confessions, Whipping, Anathematizations, and much Prayer, with as little Devotion. However, I'll not offer to infer from this, that the Arimaspians are better than we are in that Point; yet I speak to the Purpose.

Well, quoth Panurge to the Semiquaver Fryar, who

happen'd to be by, Dear bumbasting, shaking, trilling, quavering Cod, what think'st thou of this Fellow, is he a rank Heretic? *Fry.* Much. *Pan.* Ought he not to be sindg'd? *Fry.* Well. *Pan.* As soon as may be? *Fry.* Right. *Pan.* Should he not be scalded first? *Fry.* No. *Pan.* How then should he be roasted? *Fry.* Quick. *Pan.* Till at last he be? *Fry.* Dead. *Pan.* What has he made you? *Fry.* Mad. *Pan,* What d'ye take him to be? *Fry.* Damn'd. *Pan.* What Place is he to go to? *Fry.* Hell. *Pan.* But first, how wou'd you have 'em serv'd here? *Fry.* Burnt. *Pan.* Some have been serv'd so? *Fry.* Store. *Pan.* That were Heretics? *Fry.* Less. *Pan.* And the Number of those that are to be Warm'd thus hereafter is? *Fry.* Great. *Pan.* How many of 'em d'ye intend to save? *Fry.* None. *Pan.* So you'd have them burnt? *Fry.* All.

I wonder, said Epistemon to Panurge, what Pleasure you can find in talking thus with this lousie Tatterdemallion of a Monk; I vow, did not I know you well, I might be ready to think you had no more Wit in your Head, than he has in both his Shoulders. Come, come, scatter no Words, return'd Panurge; Every one as they like, as the Woman said when she kiss'd her Cow; I wish I might carry him to Gargantua; when I'm marry'd, he might be my Wife's Fool. And make you one, cry'd Epistemon. Well said, quoth Fryar Jhon; now, poor Panurge, take that along with thee, thou'rt e'en fitted; 'tis a plain case, thou'lt never 'scape wearing the Bull's Feather; thy Wife will be as common as the Highway, that's certain.

CHAPTER XXX

HOW WE CAME TO THE LAND OF SATIN

HAVING pleas'd our selves with observing that new Order of Semiquaver Fryars, we set sail, and in three Days our Skipper made the finest and most delightful Island that ever was seen; he call'd it the Island of Frize; for all the Ways were of Frize.

In that Island is the Land of Satin, so celebrated by our Court-Pages. Its Trees and Shrubs never lose their Leaves or Flowers, and are all Damask and Flower'd-Velvet: As for the Beasts and Birds, they are all of Tapestry-work. There we saw many Beasts, Birds and Trees of the same Colour, Bigness and Shape of those in our Country, with this difference however, that these did eat nothing, and never sung or bit like ours; and we also saw there many sorts of Creatures which we had never seen before.

Among the rest, several Elephants in various Postures, twelve of which were the six Males and six Females that were brought to Rome by their Governour in the Time of Germanicus, Tiberius's Nephew; some of them were Learned Elephants, some Musicians, others Philosophers, Dancers, and Shewers of Tricks, and all sate down at Table in good Order, silently eating and drinking like so many Fathers in a Fratry-room.

With their Snouts or Proboscis's some two Cubits long, they draw up Water for their own drinking, and take hold of Palm-Leaves, Plums, and all manner of Edibles, using them offensively or defensively, as we do our Fists; with them tossing Men high into the Air

in sight, and making them burst out with laughing when they come to the ground.

They have Joints, whatever some Men, who doubtless never saw any but Painted, may have written to the contrary. Between their Teeth they have two huge Horns; thus Juba call'd 'em, and Pausanias tells us, they are no Teeth, but Horns: However, Philostratus will have 'em to be Teeth, and not Horns. 'Tis all one to me, provided you will be pleas'd to own them to be true Ivory. These are some three or four Cubits long, and are fix'd in the Upper Jaw-bone, and consequently not in the lowermost. If you hearken to those who will tell you the contrary, you'll find your selves damnably mistaken, for that's a Lye with a Latchet: Tho' 'twere Ælian that Long-Bow-man that told you so, never believe him, for he lyes as fast as a Dog can trot. 'Twas in this very Island that Pliny, his Brother Tell-truth, had seen some Elephants dance on the Rope with Bells and whip over the Tables, *Presto*, Be gone, while People were at Feasts, without so much as touching the Toping Topers, or the Topers Toping.

I saw a Rhinoceros there, just such a one as Harry Clerberg had formerly shew'd me; methought it was not much unlike a certain Boar which I had formerly seen at Limoges, except the sharp Horn on its Snout, that was about a Cubit long; by the means of which that Animal dares encounter with an Elephant, that is sometimes kill'd with its Point thrust into its Belly, which is its most tender and defenceless part.

I saw there two and thirty Unicorns; they are a curst sort of Creatures, much resembling a fine Horse, unless it be that their Heads are like a Stag's, their Feet like an Elephant's, their Tails like a wild Boar's, and out of each of their Foreheads sprouts out a short black

Horn, some six or seven Foot long; commonly it dangles down like a Turkey-Cock's Comb. When an Unicorn has a mind to fight, or put it to any other use, what does it do but make it stand, and then 'tis as straight as an Arrow.

I saw one of them, which was attended with a Throng of other wild Beasts, purifie a Fountain with its Horn. With that Panurge told me, that his Prancer, *alias* his Nimble-Wimble, was like the Unicorn, not altogether in length indeed, but in Vertue and Propriety: For as the Unicorn purifi'd Pools and Fountains from Filth and Venom, so that other Animals came and drank securely there afterwards; In the like manner, others might water their Nags, and dabble after him without fear of Shankers, Carnosities, Gonorrhæa's, Buboes, Crinckums, and such other Plagues caught by those who venture to quench their Amorous Thirst in a common Puddle; for with his Nervous Horn he remov'd all the Infection that might be lurking in some blind Cranny of the Mephitic sweet-scented Hole.

Well, quoth Fryar Jhon, when you are sped, that is, when you are married, we'll make a Trial of this on thy Spouse, meerly for Charity-sake, since you are pleas'd to give us so beneficial an Instruction.

Ay, ay, return'd Panurge, and then immediately I'll give you a pretty gentle Agregative Pill of God, made up of two and twenty kind Stabs with a Dagger, after the Cesarian way. Cat 'so, cry'd Fryar Jhon, I had rather take off a Bumper of good cool Wine.

I saw there the golden Fleece, formerly conquer'd by Jason, and can assure you on the Word of an honest Man, that those who have said it was not a Fleece, but a golden Pippin, because Μῆλον signifies both an Apple and a Sheep, were utterly mistaken.

I saw also a Chameleon, such as Aristotle describes it, and like that which had been formerly shew'd me by Charles Maris a famous Physician of the noble City of Lyons on the Rosne; and the said Chameleon liv'd on Air just as the other did.

I saw three Hydra's, like those I had formerly seen. They are a kind of Serpent, with seven different Heads.

I saw also fourteen Phœnixes. I had read in many Authors that there was but one in the whole World in every Century; but if I may presume to speak my Mind, I declare, that those who said this, had never seen any, unless it were in the Land of Tapestry; tho' 'twere vouch'd by Claudian or Lactantius Firmianus.

I saw the Skin of Apuleius's golden Ass.

I saw three hundred and nine Pelicans.

Item, Six thousand and sixteen Selucid Birds marching in Battalia, and picking up stragling Grashoppers in Corn-Fields.

Item, Some Cynamologi, Argatiles, Caprimulgi, Thynnunculs, Onocrotals, or Bitterns, with their wide Swallows, Stymphalides, Harpies, Panthers, Dorcas's or Bucks, Cemas's, Cynocephalis's, Satyrs, Cartasons, Tarands, Uri, Monops's, or Bonasi, Neades, Stera's, Marmosets, or Monkeys, Bugles, Musimons, Byturos's, Ophyri, Scriech Owls, Goblins, Faires, and Gryphins.

I saw Mid-lent o' Horseback, with Mid-August and Mid-March holding its Stirrups.

I saw some Mankind-Wolves, Centaurs, Tigers, Leopards, Hyena's, Camelopardals, and Orix's or huge wild Goats with sharp Horns.

I saw a Remora, a little Fish call'd Echineis by the Greeks, and near it a tall Ship, that did not get o' head an Inch, tho' she was in the Offin with Top and Top-gallants spread before the Wind; I am somewhat inclin'd

to believe, that 'twas the very numerical Ship in which Periander the Tyrant happen'd to be when it was stopp'd by such a little Fish in spight of Wind and Tide. 'Twas in this Land of Satin, and in no other, that Mutianus had seen one of them.

Fryar Jhon told us, that in the Days of Yore, two sorts of Fishes us'd to abound in our Courts of Judicature, and rotted the Bodies and tormented the Souls of those who were at Law, whether noble or of mean Descent, high or low, rich or poor: the first were your April Fish or Makerel, (Pimps, Panders and Bawds) the others your beneficial Remorae's, that is, the Eternity of Law-Suits, the needless Letts that keep 'em undecided.

I saw some Sphynges, some Raphes, some Oinces, and some Cepphi, whose fore-feet are like Hands, and their hind-feet like Man's.

Also some Crocuta's, and some Eales as big as Sea-horses, with Elephant's Tails, Boar's Jaws and Tusks, and Horns as pliant as an Asse's Ears.

The Crocuta's most fleet Animals, as big as our Asses of Mirebalais, have Necks, Tails and Breasts like a Lyon's, Legs like a Stag's, have Mouths up to the Ears, and but two Teeth, one above, and one below; they speak with human Voices, but when they do, they say nothing.

Some People say, that none e'er saw an Airy or Nest of Sakers; If you'll believe me, I saw no less than Eleven, and I'm sure I reckon'd right.

I saw some left-handed Halberts, which were the first that I had ever seen.

I saw some Menticores, a most strange sort of Creatures, which have the Body of a Lyon, red Hair, a Face and Ears like a Man's, three Rows of Teeth which close together, as if you join'd your Hands with your Fingers

between each other; they have a Sting in their Tails like a Scorpions, and a very melodious Voice.

I saw some Catablepas's, a sort of Serpents, whose Bodies are small, but their Heads large without any Proportion, so that they've much ado to lift them up; and their Eyes are so infectious, that whoever sees 'em, dies upon the spot, as if he had seen a Basilisk.

I saw some Beasts with two Backs, and those seem'd to me the merriest Creatures in the World; they were most nimble at wriggling the Buttocks, and more diligent in Tail-wagging than any Water-wagtails, perpetually jogging and shaking their double Rumps. I saw there some milch'd Craw-fish, Creatures that I never had heard of before in my Life; and these mov'd in very good order, and 'twould have done your Heart good to have seen 'em.

CHAPTER XXXI

HOW IN THE LAND OF SATIN WE SAW HEARSAY WHO KEPT A SCHOOL OF VOUCHING

We went a little higher up into the Country of Tapistry, and saw the Mediterranean Sea open'd to the right and left down to the very bottom, just as the Red-Sea very fairly left its bed at the Arabian Gulph, to make a Lane for the Jews, when they left Egypt.

There I found Triton winding his silver Shell instead of a Horn, and also Glaucus, Proteus, Nereus, and a thousand other Godlings and Sea-monsters.

I also saw an infinite number of Fish of all kinds, dancing, flying, vaulting, fighting, eating, breathing, billing, shoving, milting, spawning, hunting, fishing,

skirmishing, lying in Ambuscado, making Truces, cheapning, bargaining, swearing and sporting.

In a blind corner we saw Aristotle holding a Lantern, in the Posture in which the Hermit uses to be drawn near St. Christopher, watching, prying, thinking, and setting every thing down.

Behind him stood a Pack of other Philosophers, like so many Bums by a Head-Bailiff; as Appian, Heliodorus, Athenæus, Porphyrius, Pancrates, Arcadian, Numenius, Posidonius, Ovidius, Oppianus, Olympius, Seleucus, Leonides, Agathocles, Theophrastus, Demostratus, Metianus, Nymphodorus, Ælian, and five hundred other such plodding Dons, who were full of business yet had little to do: like Chrysippus or Aristarchus of Soli, who for eight and fifty Years together did nothing in the World but examine the state and concerns of Bees.

I spy'd Peter Gilles among these, with an Urinal in his Hand, narrowly watching the Water of those goodly Fishes.

When we had long beheld every thing in this Land of Satin, Pantagruel said, I have sufficiently fed my Eyes, but my Belly is empty all this while, and chimes to let me know 'tis time to go to Dinner; Let's take care of the Body, let the Soul abdicate it; and to this effect, let's taste some of these Anacampserotes that hang over our Heads. Pshaw, cry'd one, they are meer Trash, stark naught o' my word, they're good for nothing.

I then went to pluck some Mirabolans off of a Piece of Tapistry whereon they hang'd, but the Devil a bit I could chew or swallow 'em, and had you had them betwixt your Teeth, you would have sworn they had been thrown Silk, there was no manner of savour in 'em.

One might be apt to think Heliogabalus had taken a Hint from thence, to feast those whom he had caus'd

to fast a long time, promising them a sumptuous, plentiful and imperial Feast after it: For all the Treat us'd to amount to no more than several sorts of Meat in Wax, Marble, Earthen-Ware, painted and figur'd Table-Cloths.

While we were looking up and down to find some more substantial Food, we heard a loud various Noise, like that of Paper-mills; so with all speed we went to the Place whence the Noise came, where we found a diminutive, monstrous, mishapen, old Fellow, call'd Hear-say; his Mouth was slit up to his Ears, and in it were seven Tongues, each of 'em cleft into seven parts. However, he chatter'd, tattled and prated with all the seven at once, of different Matters, and in divers Languages.

He had as many Ears all-over his Head and the rest of his Body, as Argus formerly had Eyes; and was as blind as a Beetle, and had the Palsie in his Legs.

About him stood an innumerable number of Men and Women, gaping, list'ning, and hearing very intensely; among 'em I observed some who strutted like Crows in a Gutter, and principally a very handsome bodied Man in the Face, who held then a Map of the World, and with little Aphorisms compendiously explain'd every thing to 'em; so that those Men of happy Memories grew learned in a Trice, and would most fluently talk with you of a world of prodigious Things; the hundredth part of which would take up a Man's whole Life to be fully known.

Among the rest, they descanted with great Prolixity on the Pyramids and Hieroglyphics of Egypt, of the Nile, of Babylon, of the Troglodytes, the Himantopodes or Crump-footed Nation, the Blæmiæ People that wear their Heads in the middle of their Breasts, the Pygmies, the Cannibals, the Hyperborei and their Mountains,

the Ægipanes with their Goat's-feet, and the Devil and all of others: every individual word of it by Hear-say.

I am much mistaken if I did not see among them Herodotus, Pliny, Solinus, Berosus, Philostratus, Pomponius Mela, Strabo, and God knows how many other Antiquaries.

Then Albert the great Jacobin Fryar, Peter Tesmoin, *alias* Witness, Pope Pius the Second, Volaterran, Paulius Jovus the Valiant, Jemmy Cartier, Chaton the Armenian, Marco Paulo the Venetian, Ludovico Romano, Pedro Aliares, and forty Cart-loads of other modern Historians, lurking behind a piece of Tapistry where they were at it ding-dong, privately scribling the Lord knows what, and making rare work on 't, and all by Hear-say.

Behind another piece of Tapistry on which Naboth's and Susanna's Accusers were fairly represented, I saw close by Hear-say, good store of Men of the Country of Perche and Maine, notable Students, and young enough.

I ask'd what sort of study they apply'd themselves to? and was told, that from their youth they learn'd to be Evidences, Affidavit-men and Vouchers; and were instructed in the Art of Swearing; in which they soon became such Proficients, that, when they left that Country, and went back into their own, they set up for themselves, and very honestly liv'd by their Trade of Evidencing; positively giving their Testimony of all Things whatsoever to those who feed them most roundly to do a Job of Journey-work for them; and all this by Hear-say.

You may think what you will of it, but I can assure you, they gave some of us Corners of their Cakes, and we merrily help'd to empty their Hogs-heads. Then in a friendly manner they advis'd us to be as sparing of Truth as possibly we could, if ever we had a mind to get Court-preferment.

CHAPTER XXXII

HOW WE CAME IN SIGHT OF LANTERN-LAND

HAVING been but scurvily entertain'd in the Land of Satin, we went o' board, and having set Sail, in four Days came near the Coast of Lantern-Land. We then saw certain little hovering Fires on the Sea.

For my part I did not take them to be Lanterns, but rather thought they were Fishes, which loll'd their flaming Tongues on the surface of the Sea, or Lampyris's, which some call Cicindela's or Glow-Worms, shining there as ripe Barley do's o' Nights in my Country.

But the Skipper satisfi'd us that they were the Lanterns of the Watch, or more properly Light-houses, set up in many places round the Precinct of the Place to discover the Land, and for the safe Piloting in of some outlandish Lanterns, which like good Franciscan and Jacobin Fyrars, were coming to make their personal Appearance at the Provincial Chapter. However, some of us were somewhat suspicious that these Fires were the forerunners of some Storm; but the Skipper assur'd us again, they were not.

CHAPTER XXXIII

HOW WE LANDED AT THE PORT OF THE LYCHNOBII, AND CAME TO LANTERN-LAND

SOON after we arriv'd at the Port of Lantern-Land, where Pantagruel discover'd on a high Tower, the Lantern of Rochel, that stood us in good stead, for it

casted a great Light. We also saw the Lantern of Pharos, that of Nauplion, and that of Acropolis, at Athens, sacred to Pallas.

Near the Port, there's a little Hamblet inhabited by the Lychnobii, that live by Lanterns, as the gulligutted Fryars in our Country live by Nuns: they are studious People, and as honest Men as ever shit in a Trumpet. Demosthenes had formerly lanternis'd there.

We were conducted from that place to the Palace by three Obeliscolichnys, Military-Guards of the Port, with high-crown'd Hats, whom he acquainted with the cause of our Voyage, and our Design, which was to desire the Queen of the Country to grant us a Lantern to light and conduct us, during our Voyage to the Oracle of the Holy Bottle.

They promis'd to assist us in this, and added, that we could never have come in a better time, for then the Lanterns held their Provincial Chapter.

When we came to the Royal Palace, we had Audience of her Highness, the Queen of Lantern-Land, being introduc'd by two Lanterns of Honour, that of Aristophanes, and that of Cleanthes, Mistresses of the Ceremonies. Panurge in few words acquainted her with the Causes of our Voyage, and she receiv'd us with great Demonstrations of Friendship, desiring us to come to her at Supper-time, that we might more easily make choice of one to be our Guide, which pleas'd us extreamly. We did not fail to observe intensely every thing we could see, as the Garbs, Motions, and Deportment of the Queen's Subjects, principally the manner after which she was serv'd.

The bright Queen was dress'd in Virgin Christal of Tutia, wrought Damask-wise and beset with large Diamonds.

The Lanterns of the Royal Blood, were clad partly with Bastard-Diamonds, partly with Diaphanous Stones, the rest with Horn, Paper, and Oyl'd-Cloth.

The Cresset-Lights took place according to the Antiquity and Lustre of their Families.

An Earthen-dark-lantern shap'd like a Pot, notwithstanding this, took place of some of the first Quality, at which I wonder'd much, till I was told, it was that of Epictetus, for which three thousand Drachmaes had been formerly refus'd.

Martial's Polymix Lantern made a very good Figure there: I took particular notice of its Dress, and more yet of the Lychnosimity, formerly consecrated by Canopa the Daughter of Tisias.

I saw the Lantern Pensile formerly taken out of the Temple of Apollo Palatinus at Thebes, by Alexander the Great.

I saw another that distinguish'd it self from the rest by a Bushy Tuft of Crimson Silk on its Head. I was told, 'twas that of Bartolus, the Lantern of the Civilians.

Two others were very remarkable for Glister-pouches that dangled at their waste. We were told, that one was the Greater Light, and the other the Lesser Light of the 'Pothecaries.

When 'twas Supper-time, the Queen's Highness first sate down, and then the Lady-lanterns according to their Rank and Dignity.

For the first Course, they were all serv'd with large Christmas-Candles, except the Queen, who was serv'd with a hugeous thick, stiff flaming Taper, of white Wax, somewhat red towards the Tip, and the Royal Family, as also the Provincial Lantern of Mirebalais, who were serv'd with Nut-lights; and the Provincial of Lower Poitou, with an arm'd Candle.

After that, god-wot, what a glorious Light they gave with their Wicks: I do not say all, for you must except a parcel of Junior Lanterns, under the Government of a high and mighty one. These did not cast a Light like the rest, but seem'd to me dimmer than any long-snuff-farthing Candle, whose Tallow has been half melted away in a Hot-House. After Supper we withdrew to take some Rest, and the next Day the Queen made us chuse one of the most Illustrious Lanterns to guide us; after which we took our leave.

CHAPTER XXXIV

HOW WE ARRIV'D AT THE ORACLE OF THE BOTTLE

Our glorious Lantern lighting and directing us to Heart's content, we at last arriv'd at the desired Island, where was the Oracle of the Bottle. As soon as Friend Panurge landed, he nimbly cut a Caper with one Leg for Joy, and cry'd to Pantagruel, Now we are where we have wish'd our selves long ago. This is the Place we've been seeking with such Toil and Labour. He then made a Complement to our Lantern, who desir'd us to be of good Cheer, and not be daunted or dismay'd whatever we might chance to see.

To come to the Temple of the Holy Bottle, we were to go through a large Vine-yard, in which were all sorts of Vines, as the Falernian, Malvesian, the Muscadine, those of Taige, Beaune, Mirevaux, Orleans, Picardent, Arbois, Coussi, Anjou, Grave, Corsica, Vierron, Nerac, and others. This Vine-yard was formerly planted by the good Bacchus, with so great a Blessing, that it yields Leaves, Flowers, and Fruit all the Year round, like the Orange-Trees at Surêne.

Our magnificent Lantern order'd every one of us to eat three Grapes, to put some Vine-leaves in his Shoes, and take a Vine-branch in his left-hand.

At the end of the Close, we went under an Arch built after the manner of those of the Ancients. The Trophies of a Toper were curiously carv'd on it.

First, On one side was to be seen a long Train of Flaggons, Leathern Bottles, Flasks, Cans, Glass-bottles, Barrels, Nipperkins, Pint-pots, Quart-ports, Pottles, Gallons, and old fashion'd Semaises (swindging Wooden-pots, such as those out of which the Germans fill their Glasses); these hang'd on a shady Arbor.

On another side was store of Garlick, Onions, Shallots, Hams, Botargos, Caviar, Biscuits, Neat's-Tongues, Old Cheese, and such like Comfets, very artificially interwoven and pack'd together with Vine-stocks.

On another, were a hundred sorts of drinking Glasses, Cups, Cisterns, Ewers, False-Cups, Tumblers, Bowls, Mazers, Mugs, Jugs, Goblets, Talboys, and such other Bacchic Artillery.

On the Frontispiece of the Triumphal-Arch, under the Zoophore, was the following Couplet:

> You, who presume to move this way,
> Get a good Lantern, lest you stray.

We took special care of that, cry'd Pantagruel, when he had read them; for there is not a better, or a more divine Lantern than ours in all Lantern-land.

This Arch ended at a fine large round Alley, cover'd over with the interlaid Branches of Vines, loaded and adorned with Clusters of five hundred different Colours, and of as many various Shapes, not natural, but due to the skill of Agriculture, some were Golden, others Blewish, Tawny, Azure, White, Black, Green, Purple, streak'd with many Colours, Long, Round, Triangular,

Cod-like, Hairy, Great-headed, and Grassy. That pleasant Alley ended at three old Ivy-trees verdant, and all loaden with Rings. Our enlightned Lantern directed us to make our selves Hats with some of their Leaves, and cover our Heads wholly with 'em, which was immediately done.

Jupiter's Priestess, said Pantagruel, in former days, would not like us, have walk'd under this Arbour. There was a Mystical Reason, answer'd our most perspicuous Lantern, that would have hinder'd her. For had she gone under it, the Wine, or the Grapes of which 'tis made, that's the same thing, had been over her head, and then she would have seem'd overtopt and master'd by Wine. Which implies, that Priests, and all Persons who devote themselves to the Contemplation of Divine Things, ought to keep their Minds sedate and calm, and avoid whatever might disturb and discompose their Tranquility; which nothing is more apt to do than Drunkenness.

You also, continu'd our Lantern, could not come into the Holy Bottle's Presence, after you have gone through this Arch, did not the noble Priestess Bacbuc first see your Shoes full of Vine-leaves; which Action is diametrically opposite to the other, and signifies that you despise Wine, and having master'd it, as it were, tread it under foot.

I am no Scholar, quoth Fryar Jhon, for which I'm heartily sorry; yet I find by my Breviary, that in the Revelation, a Woman was seen with the Moon under her Feet, which was a most wonderful Sight.

Now, as Bigot explain'd it to me, this was to signifie, That she was not of the Nature of other Women, for they have all the Moon at their Heads, and consequently their Brains are always troubled with a Lunacy: This

makes me willing to believe what you said, dear Madam Lantern.

CHAPTER XXXV

HOW WE WENT UNDER GROUND TO COME TO THE TEMPLE OF THE HOLY-BOTTLE; AND HOW CHINON IS THE OLDEST CITY IN THE WORLD

We went under Ground through a plaister'd Vault, on which was coarsely painted a Dance of Women and Satyrs, waiting on old Silenus who was grinning o' Horseback on his Ass. This made me say to Pantagruel, that this Entry put me in mind of the Painted Cellar, in the oldest City of the World, where such Paintings are to be seen, and in as cool a Place.

Which is the oldest City in the World? ask'd Pantagruel. 'Tis Chinon, Sir, or Cainon in Touraine, said I. I know, return'd Pantagruel, where Chinon lies, and the Painted Cellar also, having my self drunk there many a Glass of cool Wine; neither do I doubt but that Chinon is an ancient Town: Witness its Blazon; I own 'tis said twice or thrice,

CHINON,
Little Town,
Great Renown,
On old Stone
Long has stood:
There's the Vienne, if you look down;
If you look up, there's the Wood.

But how, continu'd he, can you make it out, that 'tis the oldest Town in the World? Where did you find this written? I have found in the Sacred Writ, said I, that Cain was the first that built a Town; we may then

reasonably conjecture that from his Name he gave it that of Cainon. Thus, after his Example, most other Founders of Towns have given them their Names; Athena, that's Minerva in Greek, to Athens; Alexander to Alexandria; Constantine to Constantinople; Pompey to Pompeiopolis in Cilicia; Adrian to Adrianople; Canaan to the Canaanites; Saba to the Sabæans; Assur to the Assyrians; and so Ptolemais, Cæsarea, Tiberias, and Herodium in Judea, got their Names.

While we were thus talking, there came to us the great Flask whom our Lantern call'd the Philosopher, her Holiness the Bottle's Governour. He was attended with a Troop of the Temple-Guards, all French Bottles in Wicker-Armour, and seeing us with our Javelins wrapt with Ivy, with our illustrious Lantern, whom he knew, he desired us to come in with all manner of Safety, and order'd we should be immediately conducted to the Princess Bacbuc, the Bottle's Lady of Honour, and Priestess of all the Mysteries; which was done.

CHAPTER XXXVI

HOW WE WENT DOWN THE TETRADIC STEPS, AND OF PANURGE'S FEAR

We went down one Marble-Step under Ground, where there was a Resting, or (as our Workmen call it) a Landing-place; then turning to the left, we went down two other Steps, where there was another Resting-place: After that, we came to three other Steps, turning about, and met a third; and the like at four Steps which we met afterwards. There, quoth Panurge, Is it here? how many Steps have you told? ask'd our Magnificent

Lantern. One, two, three, four, answer'd Pantagruel. How much is that? ask'd she. Ten, return'd he. Multiply that, said she, according to the same Pythagorical Tetrad? That's ten, twenty, thirty, forty, cry'd Pantagruel. How much is the whole? said she. One hundred, answer'd Pantagruel. Add, continued she, the first Cube, that's eight; at the end of that fatal Number you'll find the Temple-gate; and pray observe, this is the true Psychogony of Plato, so celebrated by the Academics, yet so little understood; one moiety of which consists of the Unity of the two first Numbers full of two Square and two Cubic Numbers. We then went down those Numeral Stairs all under Ground; and I can assure you in the first place, that our Legs stood us in good stead; for had it not been for 'em, we had rowl'd just like so many Hogsheads into a Vault. Secondly, our Radiant Lantern gave us just so much Light as is in St. Patrick's Hole in Ireland, or Trophonius's Pit in Bœotia: Which caus'd Panurge to say to her, after we were got down some seventy eight Steps;

Dear Madam, with a sorrowful aking heart, I most humbly beseech your Lanternship to lead us back. May I be led to Hell, if I be not half dead with Fear, my Heart's sunk down into my Hose; I'm afraid I shall make Butter'd-Eggs in my Breeches. I freely consent never to marry. You have given your self too much trouble on my account; the Lord shall reward you in his great Rewarder, neither will I be ungrateful when I come out of this Cave of Troglodytes. Let's go back, I pray you. I'm very much afraid this is Tænarus, the Low-way to Hell, and methinks I already here Cerberus bark. Hark, I hear the Curr, or my Ears tingle; I have no manner of kindness for the Dog; for there never is a greater Tooth-

ake, than when Dogs bite us by the Shins: And if this be only Trophonius's Pit, the Lemures, Hob-thrushes and Goblins will certainly swallow us alive, just as they devour'd formerly one of Demetrius's Halbardeers for want of Bridles. Art thou here, Fryar Jhon? Prithee, dear, dear Cod, stay by me; I'm almost dead with fear; hast thou got thy Bilbo? Alas, poor Peelgarlick's defenceless; I'm a naked Man, thou know'st; let's go back. Zoons, fear nothing, cry'd Fryar Jhon, I'm by thee, and have thee fast by the Collar; eighteen Devils shan't get thee out of my Clutches, tho' I were unarm'd. Never did a Man yet want Weapons, who had a good Arm, with as stout a Heart; Heav'n would sooner send down a shower of them; even as in Provence, in the Fields of la Crau, near Maraine, there rain'd Stones (they are there to this day) to help Hercules, who otherwise wanted wherewithal to fight Neptune's two Bastards. But whither are we bound? Are we a going to the little Childrens Limbo? By Pluto, they'll bepawh and conskite us all; or are we going to Hell for Orders? By Cob's Body, I'll hamper, bethwack and belabour all the Devils, now I have some Vine-leaves in my Shooes. Thou shalt see me lay about me like mad, old Boy. Which way? where the Devil are they? I fear nothing, but their damn'd Horns; but Cuckoldy Panurge's Bull's Feather will altogether secure me from 'em.

Lo! In a Prophetick Spirit, I already see him, like another Actæon, horn'd, horny, hornify'd. Prithee, quoth Panurge, take heed thy self, dear Frater, lest, till Monks have leave to marry, thou wed'st something thou dostn't like, as some Cat o' nine Tails, or the Quartan Ague; if thou dost, may I never come safe and sound out of this Hypogeum, this Subterranean Cave, if I don't tup and ram that Disease meerly for the sake of making

thee a cornuted, corniferous Property, otherwise I fancy the Quartan Ague is but an indifferent Bedfellow. I remember, Gripe-men-all threatned to wed thee to some such thing, for which thou call'st him Heretic.

Here our Splendid Lantern interrupted them, letting us know this was the Place where we were to have a taste of the Creature, and be silent; bidding us not despair of having the Word of the Bottle before we went back, since we had lind our Shooes with Vine-leaves.

Come on then, cry'd Panurge, let's charge through and through all the Devils of Hell; we can but perish, and that's soon done: However, I thought to have reserv'd my Life for some mighty Battle. Move, move, move forwards. I am as stout as Hercules, my Breeches are full of Courage; my Heart trembles a little, I own, but that's only an effect of the coldness and dampness of this Vault; 'tis neither Fear nor an Ague: Come on, move on, piss, pish, push on; my Name's William Dreadnought.

CHAPTER XXXVII

HOW THE TEMPLE GATES, IN A WONDERFUL MANNER, OPEN'D OF THEMSELVES

After we were got down the Steps, we came to a Portal of fine Jaspar of Doric Order, on whose Front we read this Sentence in the finest Gold, ΕΝ ΟΙΝΩ ΑΛΗΘΕΙΑ, that is, In Wine Truth. The Gates were of Corinthian-like Brass, Massy, wrought with little Vine-branches, finely inemall'd and ingraven, and were equally join'd and clos'd together in their Mortaise, without Padlock, Key-chain or Tie whatsoever. Where they join'd, there hang'd an Indian Loadstone as big as an Egyptian Bean,

set in Gold, having two Points, Hexagonal, in a Right Line; and on each side towards the Wall hang'd a handful of Scordium (Garlick Germander.)

There our Noble Lantern desir'd us not to take it amiss that she went no further with us, leaving us wholly to the Conduct of the Priestess Bacbuc; for she her self was not allow'd to go in, for certain Causes rather to be conceal'd than reveal'd to Mortals. However, she advis'd us to be resolute and secure, and to trust to her for the Return. She then pull'd the Loadstone that hang'd at the folding of the Gates, and throw'd it into a Silver Box fix'd for that purpose; which done, from the Threshold of each Gate she drew a Twine of Crimson Silk about nine foot long by which the Scordium hang'd, and having fasten'd it to two Gold Buckles that hang'd at the sides, she withdrew.

Immediately the Gates flew open without being touch'd, not with a creaking, or loud harsh noise, like that made by heavy Brazen-Gates, but with a soft pleasing Murmur that resounded through the Arches of the Temple.

Pantagruel soon knew the Cause of it, having discover'd a small Cylinder or Rowler that join'd the Gates over the Threshold, and, turning like them towards the Wall on a hard well-polish'd Ophits Stone with rubbing and rowling, caus'd that harmonious Murmur.

I wonder'd how the Gates thus open'd of themselves to the right and left, and after we were all got in, I cast my Eye between the Gates and the Wall, to endeavour to know how this happen'd; for one wou'd have thought our kind Lantern had put between the Gates the Herb Æthiopis, which, they say, opens some things that are shut; but I perceiv'd that the Parts of the Gates that join'd on the inside were cover'd with Steel; and just where the said Gates touch'd when they were opened, I

saw two square Indian Loadstones, of a blewish Hue, well polish'd, and half a Span broad, mortais'd in the Temple-wall. Now, by the hidden and admirable Power of the Loadstones, the Steel-Plates were put into motion, and consequently the Gates were slowly drawn. However, not always, but when the said Loadstone on the outside was remov'd, after which the Steel was freed from its Pow'r, the two Bunches of Scordium being at the same time put at some distance, because it deadens the Magnet, and robs it of its attractive Virtue.

On the Load-stone that was plac'd on the right-side, the following Iambic Verse was curiously engraven in ancient Roman Characters.

Ducunt volentem fata, nolentem trahunt.
Fate leads the Willing, and th' Unwilling draws.

The following Sentence was neatly cut in the Loadstone that was on the left:

ALL THINGS TEND TO THEIR END

CHAPTER XXXVIII

OF THE TEMPLE'S ADMIRABLE PAVEMENT

When I had read those inscriptions, I admir'd the Beauty of the Temple, and particularly the Disposition of its Pavement, with which no Work that is now, or has been under the Cope of Heaven, can justly be compar'd; not that of the Temple of Fortune at Præneste in Sylla's Time; or the Pavement of the Greeks, call'd Alerotum, laid by Sosistratus at Pergamus. For this here was wholly in Compartments of precious Stones, all in their Natural Colours: One of Red Jasper, most charmingly spotted. Another of Ophytes. A third of Porphyry. A fourth

of Lycophthalmy, a Stone of four different Colours, pouder'd with sparks of Gold as small as Atoms. A fifth of Agath, streaked here and there with small Milk-colour'd Waves. A sixth of costly Chalcedony, or Onyx Stone. And another of Green Jasper, with certain red and yellowish Veins; and all these were dispos'd in a Diagonal Line.

At the Portico, some small Stones were inlaid, and evenly join'd on the Floor, all in their Native Colours, to imbellish the Design of the Figures, and they were order'd in such a manner, that you would have thought some Vine-leaves and Branches had been carelessly strew'd on the Pavement: For in some places they were thick, and thin in others: That Inlaying was very wonderful every-where; here, were seen, as it were in the Shade, some Snails crawling on the Grapes; there, little Lizards running on the Branches; on this side, were Grapes that seem'd yet greenish; on another, some Clusters that seem'd full ripe, so like the true, that they could as easily have deceiv'd Starlings, and other Birds, as those which Zeuxis drew.

Nay, we our selves were deceiv'd; for where the Artist seem'd to have strow'd the Vine-branches thickest, we could not forbear walking with great Strides, lest we should intangle our Feet, just as People go over an unequal stony place. I then cast my eyes on the Roof and Walls of the Temple, that were all pargetted with Porphyry and Mosaick Work; which from the left-side at the coming in, most admirably represented the Battel, in which the good Bacchus overthrew the Indians; as followeth.

CHAPTER XXXIX

HOW WE SAW BACCHUS'S ARMY DRAWN UP IN BATTALIA IN MOSAIC WORK

At the beginning, divers Towns, Hamlets, Castles, Fortresses, and Forests were seen in Flames; and several mad and loose Women, who furiously ripp'd up, and tore live Calves, Sheep, and Lambs, Limb from Limb, and devour'd their Flesh. There we learn'd how Bacchus at his coming into India, destroy'd all things with Fire and Sword.

Notwithstanding this, he was so despis'd by the Indians, that they did not think it worth their while to stop his Progress, having been certainly inform'd by their Spies, that his Camp was destitute of Warriors, and that he had only with him a Crew of drunken Females, a low-built, old, effeminate, sottish Fellow, continually raddled, and as drunk as a Wheel-barrow, with a Pack of young Clownish Doddipoles, stark naked, always skipping and frisking up and down, with Tails and Horns like those of young Kids.

For this Reason the Indians had resolv'd to let them go through their Country without the least Opposition, esteeming a Victory over such Enemies more dishonourable than glorious.

In the mean time, Bacchus march'd on burning every thing; for, as you know, Fire and Thunder are his Paternal Arms; Jupiter having saluted his Mother Semele with his Thunder; so that his Maternal House was ruin'd by Fire. Bacchus also caus'd a great deal of Blood to be spilt; which when he is rouz'd and anger'd, principally

in War, is as natural to him, as to make some in time of Peace.

Thus the Plains of the Island of Samos are call'd Panæma, which signifies Bloody, because Bacchus there overtook the Amazons, who fled from the Country of Ephesus, and there let 'em Blood, so that they all dy'd of Phlebotomy. This may give you a better insight into the meaning of an ancient Proverb, than Aristotle does in his *Problems*; viz. Why 'twas formerly said, Neither eat nor sow any Mint in time of War. The reason is, That Blows are given then without any distinction of Parts or Persons, and if a Man that's wounded, has that day handled or eaten any Mint, 'tis impossible, or at least very hard to stanch his Blood.

After this, Bacchus was seen marching in Battalia, riding in a stately Chariot, drawn by six young Leopards; he look'd as young as a Child, to shew that all good Topers never grow old; he was as red as a Cherry, or a Cherub, which you please; and had no more Hair on his Chin, than there's in the inside of my Hand; his Forehead was grac'd with pointed Horns, above which, he wore a fine Crown or Garland of Vine-leaves and Grapes, and a Mitre of Crimson Velvet; having also gilt Buskins on.

He had not one Man with him, that look'd like a Man; his Guards, and all his Forces, consisted wholly of Bassarides, Evantes, Euhyades, Edonides, Trietherides, Ogygiæ, Mimallonides, Mænades, Thyiades, and Bacchæ; frantick, raving, raging, furious, mad Women, begirt with live Snakes and Serpents, instead of Girdles, dischevell'd, their Hair flowing about their Shoulders, with Garlands of Vine-Branches instead of Forehead-cloths, clad with Stag's or Goat's Skins, and arm'd with Torches, Javelins, Spears, and Halberts, whose ends were like Pine-Apples; besides they had certain small light Bucklers, that gave a

loud sound if you touch'd 'em never so little, and these serv'd them instead of Drums; they were just seventy nine thousand two hundred twenty seven.

Silenus, who led the Van, was one on whom Bacchus rely'd very much, having formerly had many Proofs of his Valour and Conduct; he was a diminutive, stooping, palsied, plumb, gorbellied, old Fellow, with a swindging pair of stiff-standing Lugs of his own, a sharp Roman Nose, large, rough Eye-brows, mounted on a well-hung Ass: in his Fist he held a Staff to lean upon, and also bravely to fight, whenever he had occasion to alight; and he was drest in a Woman's yellow Gown. His Followers were all young, wild, clownish People, as hornified as so many Kids, and as fell as so many Tigers, naked and perpetually singing and dancing Country-dances; they were call'd Tityri and Satyrs; and were in all eighty five thousand one hundred thirty three.

Pan, who brought up the Reer, was a monstrous sort of a Thing, for his lower Parts were like a Goats, his Thighs hairy, and his Horns bolt upright, a Crimson fiery Phiz, and a Beard that was none of the shortest. He was a bold, stout, daring, desperate Fellow, very apt to take Pepper in the Nose for yea and nay. In his Left-hand he held a Pipe, and a crooked Stick in his Right. His Forces consisted also wholly of Satyrs, Ægipanes, Agripanes, Sylvans, Fauns, Lemures, Lares, Elves, and Hobgoblins, and their Number was seventy eight thousand one hundred and fourteen. The Signal or Word common to all the Army was *Euohe.*

CHAPTER XL

HOW THE BATTLE, IN WHICH THE GOOD BACCHUS OVERTHREW THE INDIANS, WAS REPRESENTED IN MOSAIC WORK

In the next place we saw the Representation of the Good Bacchus's Engagement with the Indians. Silenus, who led the Van, was sweating, puffing and blowing, belabouring his Ass most grievously; the Ass dreadfully open'd its wide Jaws, drove away the Flies that plagu'd it, winc'd, flounc'd, went back, and bestir'd it self in a most terrible manner, as if some damn'd Gad-bee had stung it at the Breech.

The Satyrs Captains, Serjeants, and Corporals of Companies, sounding the Orgies with Cornets, in a furious manner went round the Army, skipping, capering, bounding, jerking, farting, flying out at Heels, kicking and prancing like mad, encouraging their Companions to fight bravely; and all the delineated Army cry'd out *Euohe*.

First the Mænades charg'd the Indians with dreadful Shouts, and a horrid Din of their brazen Drums and Bucklers; the Air rung again all-a-round, as the Mosaic Work well express'd it. And pray, for the future don't so much admire Apelles, Aristides the Theban, and others who drew Claps of Thunder, Lightnings, Winds, Words and Spirits.

We then saw the Indian Army, who had at last taken the Field, to prevent the Devastation of the rest of their Country. In the Front were the Elephants with Castles well garison'd on their Backs. But the Army and them-

selves were put into Disorder; the dreadful Cries of the Bacchæ having fill'd them with Consternation, and those huge Animals turn'd Tail, and trampled on the Men of their Party.

There you might have seen Gaffer Silenus on his Ass, putting on as hard as he could, striking athwart and alongst, and laying about him lustily with his Staff, after the old fashion of Fencing. His Ass was prancing and making after the Elephants, gaping and martially braying, as it were to sound a Charge, as he did when formerly in the Bacchanalian Feasts. He wak'd the Nymph Lotis, when Priapus full of Priapism had a mind to priapise, while the pretty Creature was taking a Nap.

There you might have seen Pan frisk it with his goatish Shanks about the Mænades, and with his rustick Pipe excite them to behave themselves like Mænades.

A little further you might have blest your Eyes with the sight of a young Satyr, who led seventeen Kings his Prisoners, and a Bacchis, who, with her Snakes, hawl'd along no less than two and forty Captains; a little Faun, who carried a whole dozen of Standards taken on the Enemy; and goodman Bacchus on his Chariot, riding to and fro fearless of Danger, making much of his dear Carkass, and cheerfully toping to all his merry Friends.

Finally, we saw the Representation of his Triumph, which was thus; First, his Chariot was wholly lin'd with Ivy, gather'd on the Mountain Meros; this for its scarcity, which you know, raises the Price of every thing, and principally of those Leaves in India. In this Alexander the Great follow'd his Example at his Indian Triumph. The Chariot was draw'd by Elephants join'd together, wherein he was imitated by Pompey the Great at Rome in his African Triumph. The good Bacchus was seen, drinking out of a mighty Urn, which Action

Marius ap'd after his Victory over the Cimbri near Aix in Provence. All his Army were crown'd with Ivy, their Javelins, Bucklers, and Drums were also wholly cover'd with it; there was not so much as Silenus's Ass, but was betrapp'd with it.

The Indian Kings were fasten'd with Chains of Gold close by the Wheels of the Chariot; all the Company march'd in Pomp with unspeakable Joy, loaded with an infinite number of Trophies, Pageants, and Spoils, playing and singing merry Epiniciums, Songs of Triumph, and also rural Lays and Dithyrambs.

At the farthest end was a Prospect of the Land of Egypt; the Nile with its Crocodiles, Marmosets, Ibides, Monkeys, Trochilos's, or Wrens, Ichneumons or Pharo's Mice, Hippopotami or Sea-Horses, and other Creatures its Guests and Neighbours: Bacchus was moving towards that Country under the Conduct of a Couple of horn'd Beasts, on one of which was written in Gold, Apis, and Osiris on the other; because no Ox or Cow had been seen in Egypt till Bacchus came thither.

CHAPTER XLI

HOW THE TEMPLE WAS ILLUMINATED WITH A WONDERFUL LAMP

Before I proceed to the Description of the Bottle, I'll give you that of an admirable Lamp, that dispens'd so large a Light over all the Temple, that tho' it lay under Ground, we could distinguish every Object as clearly as above it at Noon-day. In the middle of the Roof was fix'd a Ring of massive Gold as thick as my clench'd Fist. Three Chains somewhat less most curiously wrought,

hang'd about two Foot and a half below it, and in a Triangle supported a round Plate of fine Gold, whose Diameter or Breadth did not exceed two Cubits and half a Span. There were four holes in it, in each of which an empty Ball was fasten'd, hollow within, and open o' top, like a little Lamp; it's Circumference about two Hands breadth. Each Ball was of Precious Stone; one an Amethyst, another an African Carbuncle, the third an Opale, and the fourth an Anthracites: they were full of burning Water, five times distill'd in a Serpentine Lymbeck, and inconsumptible like the Oil formerly put into Pallas's Lamp at Acropolis of Athens by Callimachus. In each of them was a flaming Wick of Asbestine Flax as of old in the Temple of Jupiter Ammon, such as those which Cleombrotus, a most studious Philosopher, and Pandelinus of Carpasium had, which were rather renew'd than consum'd by the Fire.

About two Foot and a half below that gold Plate, the three Chains were fasten'd to three Handles that were fix'd to a large round Lamp of most pure Christal, whose Diameter was a Cubit and a half, and open'd about two Hands breadth o' top; by which open place a Vessel of the same Christal, shap'd somewhat like the lower part of a Gourd-like Lymbeck, or an Urinal, was put at the bottom of the great Lamp, with such a quantity of the afore-mentioned burning Water, that the Flame of the Asbestine Wick reach'd the Centre of the great Lamp. This made all its spherical Body seem to burn and be in a flame, because the Fire was just at the Centre and middle Point: so that it was not more easie to fix the Eye on it, than on the Disque of the Sun; the Matter being wonderfully bright and shining, and the Work most transparent and dazzling, by the Reflection of the various Colours of the precious Stones, whereof the four small

Lamps above the main Lamp were made, and their Lustre was still variously glittering all over the Temple. Then this wandring Light being darted on the polish'd Marble and Agath with which all the inside of the Temple was pargetted, our Eyes were entertain'd with a sight of all the admirable Colours which the Rain-bow can boast, when the Sun darts his fiery Rays on some dropping Clouds.

The Design of the Lamp was admirable in it self; but, in my Opinion, what added much to the Beauty of the whole, was that round the body of the Christal-Lamp, there was carv'd in Cataglyphick Work, a lively and pleasant Battel of naked Boys, mounted on little Hobby-horses, with little Whirligig-Lances and Shields, that seem'd made of Vine-branches with Grapes on them; their Postures generally were very different, and their childish Strife and Motions were so ingeniously exprest, that Art equall'd Nature in every Proportion and Action. Neither did this seem engrav'd, but rather hew'd out and imboss'd; in Relief; or, at least, like Grotesque, which by the Artist's Skill has the appearance of the roundness of the Object it represents; this was partly the Effect of the various and most charming Light, which flowing out of the Lamp, fill'd the carv'd Places with its glorious Rays.

CHAPTER XLII

HOW THE PRIESTESS BACBUC SHOW'D US A FANTASTIC FOUNTAIN IN THE TEMPLE

WHILE we were admiring this incomparable Lamp, and the stupendous Structure of the Temple, the Venerable

Priestess Bacbuc, and her Attendants came to us with jolly, smiling Looks; and seeing us duly accoutred, without the least difficulty, took us into the middle of the Temple, where just under the aforesaid Lamp was the fine Fantastic Fountain.

CHAPTER XLIII

HOW THE FOUNTAIN-WATER HAD THE TASTE OF WINE, ACCORDING TO THE IMAGINATION OF THOSE WHO DRANK OF IT

She then order'd some Cups, Goblets, and Talboys of Gold, Silver, and Christal to be brought, and kindly invited us to drink of the Liquor that sprung there, which we readily did; for to say the truth, this Fantastick Fountain was very inviting, and its Materials and Workmanship more precious, rare, and admirable than any thing Pluto ever dreamt of in Limbo.

Its Basis or Ground-Work was of most pure and limpid Alabaster, and its height somewhat more than three Spans; being a regular Heptagone on the out-side, with its Stylobates or Footsteps, Arulets, Simasults or Blunt Tops, and Doric Undulations about it. It was exactly round within. On the middle Point of each Angle and Brink stood a Pillar orbiculated, in form of Ivory or Alabaster solid Rings.

Each Pillar's length from the Basis to the Architraves, was near seven Hands, taking an exact Demension of its Diameter through the Centre of its Circumferénce and inward Roundness; and it was so dispos'd, that casting our Eyes behind one of them, whatever its Cube might be, to view its Opposite, we found that the Pyramidal

Cone of our Visual Line ended at the said Centre, and there, by the two Opposites, form'd an Equilaterial Triangle, whose two Lines divided the Pillar into two equal parts.

That which we had a mind to measure, going from one side to another, two Pillars over, at the first third part of the distance between them, was met by their lowermost and fundamental Line, which in a Consult Line drawn as far as the Universal Centre, equally divided, gave in a just Partition the distance of the seven opposite Pillars in a right Line; beginning at the Obtuse Angle on the Brink; as you know that an Angle is always found plac'd between two others in all Angular Figures odd in Number.

This tacitly gave us to understand that seven Semi-diamiaters are in Geometrical Proportion, Compass and Distance, somewhat less than the Circumference of a Circle, from the Figure of which they are extracted, that is to say, three whole Parts with an eighth and a half, a little more; or a seventh and a half, a little less, according to the Instructions given us of old by Euclid, Aristotle, Archimedes, and others.

The first Pillar, I mean that which fac'd the Temple-Gate, was of Azure, Sky-colour'd Saphir.

The second of Hyacinth, a precious Stone, exactly of the Colour of the Flower, into which Ajax's Cholerick Blood was transform'd; the Greek letters, AI, being seen on it in many places.

The third, an Anachite Diamond, as bright and glittering as Lightning.

The fourth a Masculin Ruby Ballais (Peach-colour'd) amatistising, its Flame and Lustre ending in Violet or Purple, like an Amatist.

The fifth an Emerald, above five hundred and fifty

times more precious than that of Serapis in the Labyrinth of the Egyptians, and more verdant and shining than those that were fix'd instead of Eyes in the Marble Lion's Head, near King Hermias's Tomb.

The sixth of Agath, more admirable and various in the Distinctions of its Veins, Clouds and Colours, than that which Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, so mightily esteem'd.

The seventh of Sienites, transparent, of the Colour of a Beril, and the clear Hue of Hymettian Honey, and within it the Moon was seen, such as we see it in the Sky, Silent, Full, New, and in the Wain.

These Stones were assign'd to the Seven heavenly Planets by the ancient Chaldeans; and that the meanest Capacities might be inform'd of this, just at the Central Perpendicular Line, on the Chapter of the first Pillar, which was of Saphire, stood the Image of Saturn in Eliacim Lead, with his Scythe in his Hand and at his Feet a Crane of Gold, very artfully enamal'd according to the Native Hue of the Saturnine Bird.

On the second, which was of a Hyacinth, towards the left, Jupiter was seen in Jovetian Brass, and on his Breast an Eagle of Gold, enamal'd to the Life.

On the third, was Phœbus of the purest Gold, and a white Cock in his Right-Hand.

On the fourth, was Mars in Corinthian-Brass, and a Lion at his Feet.

On the fifth, was Venus in Copper, the Metal of which Aristomides made Athamas's Statue, that express'd in a blushing Whiteness his Confusion at the sight of his Son Learchus, who died at his Feet of a Fall.

On the sixth, was Mercury in Hydrargyre, I would have said Quicksilver, had it not been fixed, malleable, and unmovable: That nimble Deity had a Stork at his Feet.

On the seventh, was the Moon in Silver, with a Greyhound at her Feet.

The Size of these Statues was somewhat more than a third part of the Pillars on which they stood; and they were so admirably wrought according to Mathematical proportion, that Polyclitus's Canon could hardly have stood in competition with them.

The Bases of the Pillars, the Chapters, the Architraves, Zoophores and Cornishes, were Phrygian Work of Massive Gold, purer and finer than any that is found in the Rivers Leéde near Montpellier, Ganges in India, Pô in Italy, Hebrus in Thrace, Tagus in Spain, and Pactolus in Lydia.

The small Arches between the Pillars were of the same Precious-stone of which the Pillars next to them were. Thus that Arch was of Saphir which ended at the Hyacinth Pillar, and that was of Hyacinth which went towards the Diamond, and so on.

Above the Arches and Chapters of the Pillars on the inward Front a Cúpola was raised to cover the Fountain; it was surrounded by the Planetary Statues, Heptagonal at the bottom, and Spherical o' top; and of Crystal so pure, transparent, well polished, whole, and uniform in all its parts, without Veins, Clouds, Flaws or Streaks, that Xenocrates never saw such a one in his life.

Within it were seen the Twelve Signs of the Zodiac, the Twelve Months of the Year, with their Proprieties, the Two Equinoxes, the Ecliptic Line, with some of the most remarkable Fixed Stars about the Antarctic Pole and elsewhere, so curiously engraven, that I fansied them to be the Workmanship of King Necepsus or Petosiris the ancient Mathematician.

On the top of the Cúpola, just over the Centre of the Fountain, were three noble long Pearls all of one size,

Pear-fashion, perfectly imitating a Tear, and so joined together as to represent a Flower-de-Luce or Lilly, each of the Flowers seeming above a Hand's-breadth. A Carbuncle jetted out of its Calix or Cup, as big as an Ostridge's Egg, cut Seven-square (that Number so belov'd of Nature) and so prodigiously glorious, that the Sight of it had like to have made us blind; for the fiery Sun, or the pointed Lightning, are not more dazling and unsufferably bright.

Now were some judicious Appraisers to judge of the Value of this incomparable Fountain, and the Lamp of which we spoke, they would undoubtedly affirm, it exceeds that of all the Treasures and Curiosities in Europe, Asia and Africa put together. For that Carbuncle alone would have darken'd the Pantharb of Joachas the Indian Magician, with as much ease as the Sun outshines and dimns the Stars with his Meridian Rays.

Now let Cleopatra, that Egyptian Quean, boast of her Pair of Pendants, those two Pearls, one of which she caused to be dissolved in Vinegar, in the Presence of Anthony the Triumvir, her Gallant.

Or let Pompeia Plautina be proud of her Dress cover'd all over with Emeralds and Pearls curiously intermix'd, that attracted the Eyes of all Rome, and was said to be the Pit and Magazine of the Conquering Robbers of the Universe.

The Fountain had three Tubes or Channels of right Pearl, seated in three Equilateral Angles already mention'd, extended on the Margent; and those Channels proceeded in a Snail-like Line winding equally on both sides.

We look'd on them a-while, and had cast our Eyes on another side, when Bacbuc directed us to watch the Water: We then heard a most harmonious Sound, yet

somewhat stopt by starts, far distant, and subterranean, by which means it was still more pleasing than if it had been free, uninterrupted, and near us; so that our minds were as agreeably entertain'd through our Ears with that charming Melody, as they were through the Windows of our Eyes, with those delightful Objects.

Bacbuc then said, Your Philosophers will not allow, that Motion is begot by the Power of Figures; Look here, and see the contrary. By that single Snail-like Motion, equally divided as you see, and a five-fold insoliature, moveable at every inward meeting, such as is the *Vena cava* where it enters into the right Ventricle of the Heart; just so is the Flowing of this Fountain, and by it an Harmony ascends as high as your World's Ocean.

She then ordered her Attendants to make us drink: And to tell you the truth of the matter as near as possible, we are not, Heav'n be prais'd! of the nature of a Drove of Calf-lollies, who (as your Sparrows can't feed, unless you bob 'em on the Tail) must be ribroasted with tough Crab-tree, and firk'd into a stomach, or at least into an humour to eat or drink: No, we know better things, and scorn to scorn any Man's Civility, who civilly invites us to a Drinking-bout. Bacbuc ask'd us then how we liked our Tiff? We answer'd, That it seem'd to us good harmless sober Adam's Liquor, fit to keep a Man in the right way, and in a word, meer Element; more cool and clear than Argyrontes in Ætolia, Peneus in Thessaly, Axius in Migdonia, or Cydnus in Cilicia, a tempting Sight of whose cool Silver Stream caus'd Alexander to prefer the short-liv'd pleasure of bathing himself in it, to the Inconveniences which he could not but foresee would attend so ill-tim'd an Action.

This, said Bacbuc, comes of not considering with our selves, or understanding the Motions of the Musculous

Tongue, when the Drink glides on in its way to the Stomach! Tell me, Noble Strangers, Are your Throats lin'd, pav'd, or enamel'd, as formerly was that of Pythilus, nicknam'd Theuthes, that you can have miss'd the Taste, Relish and Flavour of this Divine Liquor? Here, said she, turning towards her Gentlewomen, Bring my Scrubbing-brushes; you know which, to scrape, rake, cleanse and clear their Palates.

They brought immediately some stately, swindging, jolly Hams, fine, substantial Neats-tongues, good Hung-beef, pure and delicate Botargos, Venison, Saucidges, and such other Gullet-sweepers. And to comply with her Invitation, we cramm'd and twisted till we own'd our selves thoroughly cured of Thirst, which before did damnably plague us.

We are told, continu'd she, that formerly a Learned and Valiant Hebrew Chief, leading his People through Desarts, where they were in hopes of being famish'd, obtain'd of God some Manna, whose Taste was to them, by Imagination, such as that of Meat was to them in Reality before: Thus, drinking of this miraculous Liquor, you'll find it taste like any Wine that you shall fancy you drink. Come then, fancy, and drink. We did so; and Panurge had no sooner whipp'd off his Brimmer, but he cry'd, By Noah's Open-shop, 'tis *Vin de Beaulne*, better than ever was yet tipp'd over Tongue, or may ninety six Devils swallow me. Oh, that to keep its Taste the longer, we Gentlemen Topers had but Necks some three Cubits long, or so, as Philoxenus desir'd to have, or at least like a Crane's, as Melanthius wish'd his.

On the Faith of true Lanterners, quoth Fryar Jhon, 'tis gallant sparkling Greek Wine; Now, for God's sake, Sweetheart, do but teach me how the devil you make it.

It seems to me Mirevaux Wine, said Pantagruel; for before I drank, I suppos'd it to be such. Nothing can be mislik'd in it, but that 'tis cold, colder, I say, than the very ice, colder than the Nonacrian and Deræan Water, or the Conthopian Spring at Corinth, that froze up the Stomach and Nutritive Parts of those that drank of it.

Drink once, twice or thrice more, said Bacbuc, still changing your Imagination, and you shall find its Taste and Flavour to be exactly that on which you shall have pitched. Then never presume to say that any thing is impossible to God. We never offered to say any such thing, said I; far from it, we maintain He is Omnipotent.

CHAPTER XLIV

HOW THE PRIESTESS BACBUC EQUIPT PANURGE, IN ORDER TO HAVE THE WORD OF THE BOTTLE

When we had thus chatted and tippled, Bacbuc ask'd, Who of you here wou'd have the Word of the Bottle? I, your most humble little Funnel, an't please you, quoth Panurge. Friend, saith she, I have but one thing to tell you, which is, That when you come to the Oracle, you take care to hearken and hear the Word only with one Ear. This, cry'd Fryar Jhon, is Wine of one Ear, as Frenchmen call it.

She then wrapt him up in a Gaberdine, bound his Noddle with a goodly clean Biggin, clapt over it a Felt, such as those through which Hypocras is distill'd, at the bottom of which, instead of a Cowle, she put three Obelisks, made him draw on a Pair of old-fashion'd Codpieces instead of Mittens, girded him about with three Bagpipes bound together, bath'd his Jobbernol

thrice in the Fountain; then threw a handful of Meal on his Phyz, fix'd three Cocks Feathers on the right-side of the Hypocratical Felt, made him take a jant nine times round the Fountain, caused him to take three little leaps, and to bump his A—— seven times against the Ground, repeating I don't know what kind of Conjurations all the while in the Tuscan Tongue, and ever and anon reading in a Ritual, or Book of Ceremonies, carry'd after her by one of her Mystagogues.

For my part, may I never stir, if I don't really believe, that neither Numa Pompilius the Second King of the Romans, nor the Cerites of Tuscia, and the Old Hebrew Captain, ever instituted so many Ceremonies as I then saw performed; nor were ever half so many Religious Forms used by the Soothsayers of Memphis in Egypt to Apis, or by the Embrians, or at Rhamnus to Rhamnusia, or to Jupiter Ammon, or to Feronia.

When she had thus accoutred my Gentleman, she took him out of our Company, and led him out of the Temple through a golden Gate on the right, into a round Chapel made of transparent speculary Stones, by whose solid Clearness the Sun's Light shined there through the Precipice of the Rock, without any Windows or other Entrance, and so easily and fully dispersed it self through the greater Temple, that the Light seem'd rather to spring out of it, than to flow into it.

The Workmanship was not less rare than that of the Sacred Temple at Ravenna, or that in the Island of Chemmis in Egypt. Nor must I forget to tell you, that the Work of that round Chapel was contriv'd with such a Symmetry, that its Diameter was just the heighth of the Vault.

In the middle of it was an Heptagonal Fountain of fine Alabaster, most artfully wrought, full of Water,

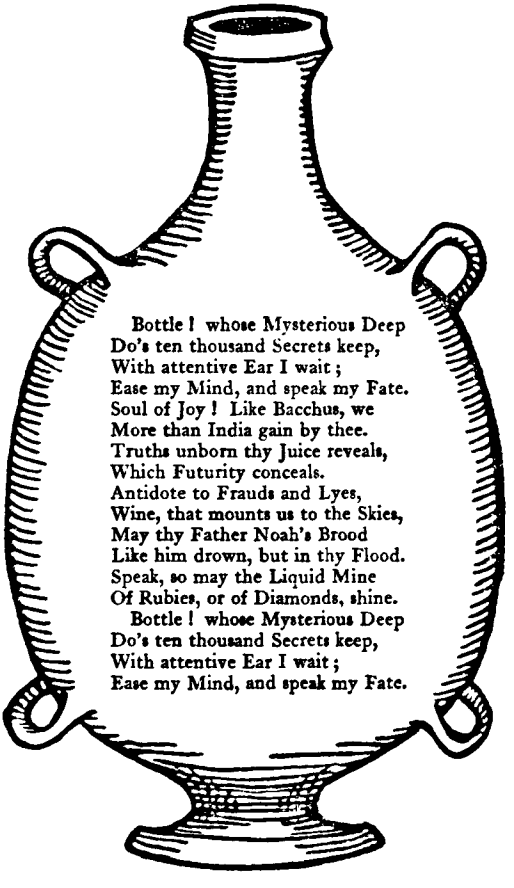
which was so clear, that it might have pass'd for Element in its Purity and singleness. The Sacred Bottle was in it to the middle, clad in pure fine Crystal, of an oval shape, except its Muzzle, which was somewhat wider than is consistent with that Figure.

CHAPTER XLV

HOW BACBUC THE HIGH-PRIESTESS BROUGHT PANURGE BEFORE THE HOLY BOTTLE

THERE the Noble Priestess Bacbuc made Panurge stoop and kiss the brink of the Fountain; then bad him rise and dance three Ithymbi. Which done, she order'd him to sit down, between two Stools placed there for that purpose, his Arse upon the Ground. Then she opened her Ceremonial-Book and whispering in his Left-Ear, made him sing an Epileny, inserted here in the Figure of the Bottle.

When Panurge had sung, Bacbuc throw'd I don't know what into the Fountain, and strait its Water began to boil in good earnest, just for the world as doth the great Monastical Pot at Bourgueil, when 'tis High-Holiday there. Friend Panurge was list'ning with one Ear, and Bacbuc kneeled by him, when such a kind of Humming was heard out of the Bottle, as is made by a Swarm of Bees bred in the Flesh of a young Bull kill'd and drest according to Aristæus's Art, or such as is made when a Bolt flies out of a Cross-bow, or when a Shower falls on a sudden in Summer. Immediately after this was heard the Word *TRINC*. By Cob's Body, cry'd Panurge, 'tis broken, or crack'd, at least, not to tell a Lye for the matter; for, even so do Chrystal Bottles speak in our Country when they burst near the Fire.


Bottle! whose Mysterious Deep
Do's ten thousand Secrets keep,
With attentive Ear I wait;
Ease my Mind, and speak my Fate.
Soul of Joy! Like Bacchus, we
More than India gain by thee.
Truths unborn thy Juice reveals,
Which Futurity conceals.
Antidote to Frauds and Lyes,
Wine, that mounts us to the Skies,
May thy Father Noah's Brood
Like him drown, but in thy Flood.
Speak, so may the Liquid Mine
Of Rubies, or of Diamonds, shine.
Bottle! whose Mysterious Deep
Do's ten thousand Secrets keep,
With attentive Ear I wait;
Ease my Mind, and speak my Fate.

Bacbuc arose, and gently taking Panurge under the Arms, said, Friend, Offer your Thanks to Indulgent Heaven, as Reason requires, you have soon had the Word of the Goddess Bottle; and the kindest, most favourable and certain Word of an Answer that I ever yet heard her give since I officiate here at her most Sacred Oracle: Rise, let us go to the Chapter, in whose gloss that fine Word is explain'd. With all my Heart, quoth Panurge; by Jingo, I am just as wise as I was last Year: Light, where's the Book. Turn it over, where's that Chapter; Let's see this merry Gloss.

CHAPTER XLVI

HOW BACBUC EXPLAIN'D THE WORD OF THE GODDESS BOTTLE

Bacbuc having thrown I don't know what into the Fountain, strait the Water ceas'd to boil, and then she took Panurge into the greater Temple, where was the enlivening Fountain.

There she took out a hugeous Silver Book, in the shape of a Half-tierce, or Hog'shead of Sentences; and having fill'd it at the Fountain, said to him; The Philosophers, Preachers and Doctors of your World feed you up with fine Words and Cant at the Ears; now, here we really incorporate our Precepts at the Mouth. Therefore I 'll not say to you, Read this Chapter, see this Gloss; No, I say to you, Taste me this fine Chapter, swallow me this rare Gloss. Formerly an Ancient Prophet of the Jewish Nation eat a Book, and became a Clerk even to the very Teeth; now will I have you to drink one, that you may be a Clerk to your very Liver. Here open your Mandibules.

Panurge gaping as wide as his Jaws would stretch, Bacbuc took the Silver Book, at least we took it for a real Book, for it look'd just for the world like a Breviary; but, in truth, it was a Breviary or Flask of Right Phalernian Wine as it came from the Grape, which she made him swallow every drop.

By Bacchus, quoth Panurge, this was a Notable Chapter, a most Authentic Gloss o' my word! Is this all that the Trismegistian Bottle's Word means? i' troth I like it extreamly, it went down like Mother's Milk. Nothing more, return'd Bacbuc, for Trinc is a Panomphean Word, that is, a Word understood, us'd and celebrated by all Nations, and signifies Drink.

Some say in your World that Sack is a Word us'd in all Tongues, and justly admitted in the same Sense among all Nations; for, as Æsop's Fable hath it, all Men are born with a Sack at the Neck, naturally needy, and begging of each other; neither can the most powerful King be without the help of other Men, or can any one that's poor subsist without the rich, though he be never so proud and insolent; as for Example, Hippias the Philosopher, who boasted he could do every thing. Much less can any one make shift without Drink than without a Sack. Therefore here we hold not that Laughing, but that Drinking is the distinguishing Character of Man. I don't say Drinking, taking that word singly and absolutely in the strictest Sense; No, Beasts then might put in for a share; I mean drinking cool delicious Wine. For you must know, my Beloved, that by Wine we become Divine; neither can there be a surer Argument, or a less deceitful Divination. Your Academics assert the same when they make the Etymologie of Wine, which the Greeks call ΟΙΝΟΣ, to be from *Vis*, Strength, Vertue and Power; for 'tis in its

power to fill the Soul with all Truth, Learning and Philosophy.

If you observe what is written in Ionian Letters on the Temple-gate, you may have understood that Truth is in Wine. The Goddess Bottle therefore directs you to that divine Liquor, be your self the Expounder of your Undertaking.

'Tis impossible, said Pantagruel to Panurge, to speak more to the purpose than does this true Priest; you may remember I told you as much when you first spoke to me about it.

Trinc then: What says your Heart elevated by Bacchic Enthusiasm?

With this, quoth Panurge,

Trinc, Trinc, by Bacchus, let us tope,
And tope again; for, now I hope
To see some brawny juicy Rump,
And tickle 't with my Carnal Stump.
Ere long, my Friends, I shall be wedded,
Sure as my Trap-stick has a red Head;
And my sweet Wife shall hold the Combat,
Long as my Baws can on her Bum beat.
O what a Battle of A—— fighting
Will there be! which I much delight in.
What pleasant Pains then shall I take
To keep my self and Spouse awake!
All Heart and Juice, I'll up and ride,
And make a Dutchess of my Bride.
Sing Iō Pæan! loudly sing
To Hymen, who all Joys will bring.
Well, Fryar Jhon, I'll take my Oath,
This Oracle is full of Troth;
Intelligible Truths it bears,
More certain than the Sieve and Shears.

CHAPTER XLVII

HOW PANURGE AND THE REST RIM'D WITH POETICK FURY

WHAT a Pox ails the Fellow, quoth Fryar Jhon? stark staring mad, or bewitch'd, o' my word? Do but hear the chiming Dotterel gabble in Rhime. What o' Devil has he swallow'd? His Eyes rowl in his Logger-head, just for the world like a dying Goat's. Will the addle-pated Wight have the grace to sheer off? Will he rid us of his damn'd Company, to go shite out his nasty rhiming Balderdash in some Bog-house? Will no Body be so kind as to cram some Dog's-bur down the poor Cur's Gullet, or will he Monk-like run his Fist up to the Elbow into his Throat to his very Maw to scoure and clear his Flanks? Will he take a Hair of the same Dog?

Pantagruel chid Fyrar Jhon, and said,

Bold Monk, forbear, this I'll assure ye,
Proceeds all from Poetick Fury;
Warm'd by the God, inspir'd with Wine,
His Human Soul is made Divine.
For without Jest,
His hallow'd Breast,
With Wine possest,
Cou'd have no rest,
Till h' had exprest
Some Thoughts at least
Of his great Guest.
Then strait he flies
Above the Skies,
And mortifies,
With Prophesies,
Our Miseries.

And since divinely he's inspir'd,
Adore the Soul by Wine acquir'd,
And let the Toss-pot be admir'd.

How! quoth the Fryar, the fit Rhiming is upon you too! Is 't come to that? Then we are all pepper'd, or the Devil pepper me. What would not I give to have Gargantua see us while we are in this Maggotty Crambo-vein! Now, may I be curst with living on that damn'd empty Food, if I can tell, whether I shall scape the catching Distemper. The Devil a bit do I understand which way to go about it; however, the Spirit of Fustian possesses us all, I find. Well, by St. John, I'll Poetise, since every Body does; I find it coming. Stay, and pray pardon me, if I don't Rhime in Crimson; 'tis my first Essay.

Thou, who canst Water turn to Wine,
Transform my Bum by Pow'r Divine
Into a Lantern, that may Light
My Neighbour in the darkest Night.

Panurge then proceeds in his Rapture, and says,

From Pythian Tripos ne'er were heard
More Truths, nor more to be rever'd.
I think from Delphos to this Spring,
Some wizard brought that conj'ring thing:
Had honest Plutarch here been toping,
He then so long had ne'er been groping
To find, according to his Wishes,
Why Oracles are mute as Fishes
At Delphos: Now the Reason's clear,
No more at Delphos they're, but here.
Here is the Tripos, out of which
Is spoke the Doom of Poor and Rich.
For Athæneus does relate
This Bottle is the Womb of Fate.
Prolific of mysterious Wine,
And big with Prescience Divine:
It brings the Truth with pleasure forth,
Besides, you ha't a Penny-worth.
So, Fryar Jhon, I must exhort you
To wait a Word that may import you,
And to enquire, while here we tarry
If it shall be your luck to Marry.

Fryar Jhon answers him in a Rage, and says,

How Marry! by St. Bennet's Boot
And his Gambadoes, I'll ne'r do't.
No Man that knows me e'er shall judge
I mean to make my self a Drudge,
Or that Peelgarlick e'er will doat
Upon a paultry Petticoat.
I'll ne'er my Liberty betray
All for a little Leap-frog play,
And ever after wear a Clog
Like Monkey, or like Mastiff-Dog:
No, I'd not have upon my Life,
Great Alexander for my Wife,
Nor Pompey, nor his Dad in Law,
Who did each other clapper-claw.
Not the best he that wears a Head,
Shall win me to his Truckle-bed.

Panurge pulling off his Gaberdine and Mystical Acoutrements, reply'd,

Wherefore thou shalt, thou filthy Beast,
Be damn'd twelve Fathoms deep at least;
While I shall reign in Paradise,
Whence on thy Loggerhead I'll piss.
Now when that dreadful Hour is come,
That thou in Hell receiv'st thy Doom,
Ev'n there, I know, thou'lt play some trick,
And Proserpine shan't escape a prick
Of the long Pin within thy Breeches.
But when thou'rt using these Capriches,
And Catterwawling in her Cavern,
Send Pluto to the farthest Tavern,
For the best Wine that's to be had,
Lest he should see, and run Horn-mad;
She's kind, and ever did admire
A well-fed Monk, or well-hung Fryar.

Go to, quoth Fryar Jhon, thou old Noddy, thou doddipold Ninny, go to the Devil thou'rt prating of; I've done with Rhiming, the Rhume gripes me at the Gullet. Let's talk of paying and going; come.

CHAPTER XLVIII

HOW WE TOOK OUR LEAVE OF BACBUC, AND LEFT THE ORACLE OF THE HOLY BOTTLE

Do not trouble your self about any thing here, said the Priestess to the Fryar; if you be but satisfied, we are. Here below in these Circumcentral Regions, we place the Sovereign Good not in taking and receiving, but in bestowing and giving; so that we esteem our selves happy, not if we take and receive much of others, as perhaps the Sects of Teachers do in your World, but rather if we impart and give much. All I have to beg of you, is that you leave us here your Names in Writing in this Ritual. She then open'd a fine large Book, and as we gave our Names, one of her Mystagogues, with a Gold Pin, drew some Lines on it, as if she had been Writing; but we could not see any Characters.

This done, she fill'd three Glasses with fantastick Water, and giving them into our Hands, said, Now, my Friends, you may depart, and may that Intellectual Sphere, whose Centre is every where, and Circumference no where, whom we call GOD, keep you in his Almighty Protection. When you come into your World, do not fail to affirm and witness, that the greatest Treasures, and most admirable Things are hidden under Ground, and not without reason.

Ceres was worshipp'd, because she taught Mankind the Art of Husbandry, and by the use of Corn, which she invented, abolish'd that beastly way of feeding on Acorns, and she grievously lamented her Daughter's Banishment into our Subterranean Regions, certainly foreseeing that Proserpine would meet with more excel-

lent Things, more desirable Enjoyments below, than she her Mother could be blest with above.

What do you think is become of the Art of forcing the Thunder, and Cœlestial Fire down, which the wise Prometheus had formerly invented? 'Tis most certain you have lost it; 'tis no more on your Hemisphere; but here below we have it. And, without a Cause, you sometimes wonder to see whole Towns burn'd and destroy'd by Lightning, and Ethereal Fire, and are at a loss about knowing from whom, by whom, and to what end those dreadful Mischiefs were sent. Now they are familiar and useful to us; and your Philosophers who complain that the Antients have left them nothing to write of, or to invent, are very much mistaken. Those Phænomena which you see in the Sky, whatever the surface of the Earth affords you, and the Sea, and every River contain, is not to be compar'd with what is hid within the Bowels of the Earth.

For this reason, the Subterranean Ruler has justly gain'd, in almost every Language, the Epithete of Rich. Now when your Sages shall wholly apply their Minds to a diligent and studious Search after Truth, humbly begging the Assistance of the Sovereign God, whom formerly the Egyptians in their Language call'd, the Hidden and the Conceal'd, and invoking him by that Name, beseech him to reveal, and make himself known to them, that Almighty Being will out of his infinite Goodness, not only make his Creatures, but even himself known to them.

Thus will they be guided by good Lanterns. For all the Ancient Philosophers and Sages have held two things necessary, safely and pleasantly to arrive at the Knowledge of God and true Wisdom; first, God's gracious Guidance, then Man's Assistance.

So among the Philosophers, Zoroaster took Arimaspes for the Companion of his Travels; Esculapius, Mercury; Orpheus, Musæus; Pythagoras, Aclophemus; and among Princes and Warriors. Hercules in his most difficult Atchievements, had his singular Friend Theseus; Ulysses, Diomedes; Æneas, Achates; you follow'd their Examples, and came under the Conduct o an Illustrious Lantern: Now in God's Name depart, and may he go along with you.

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